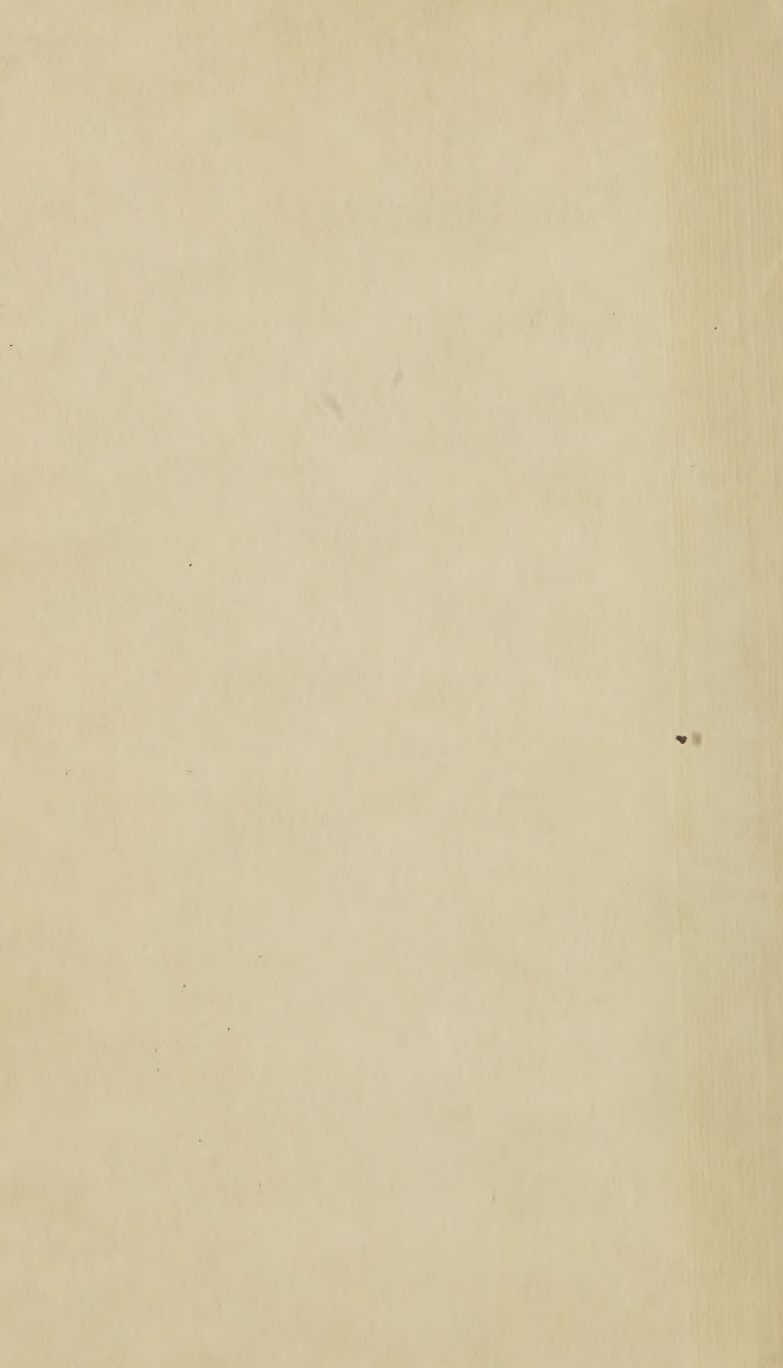
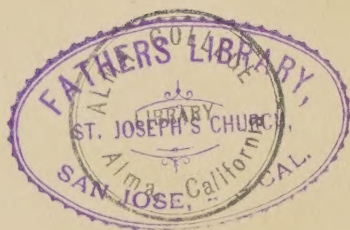


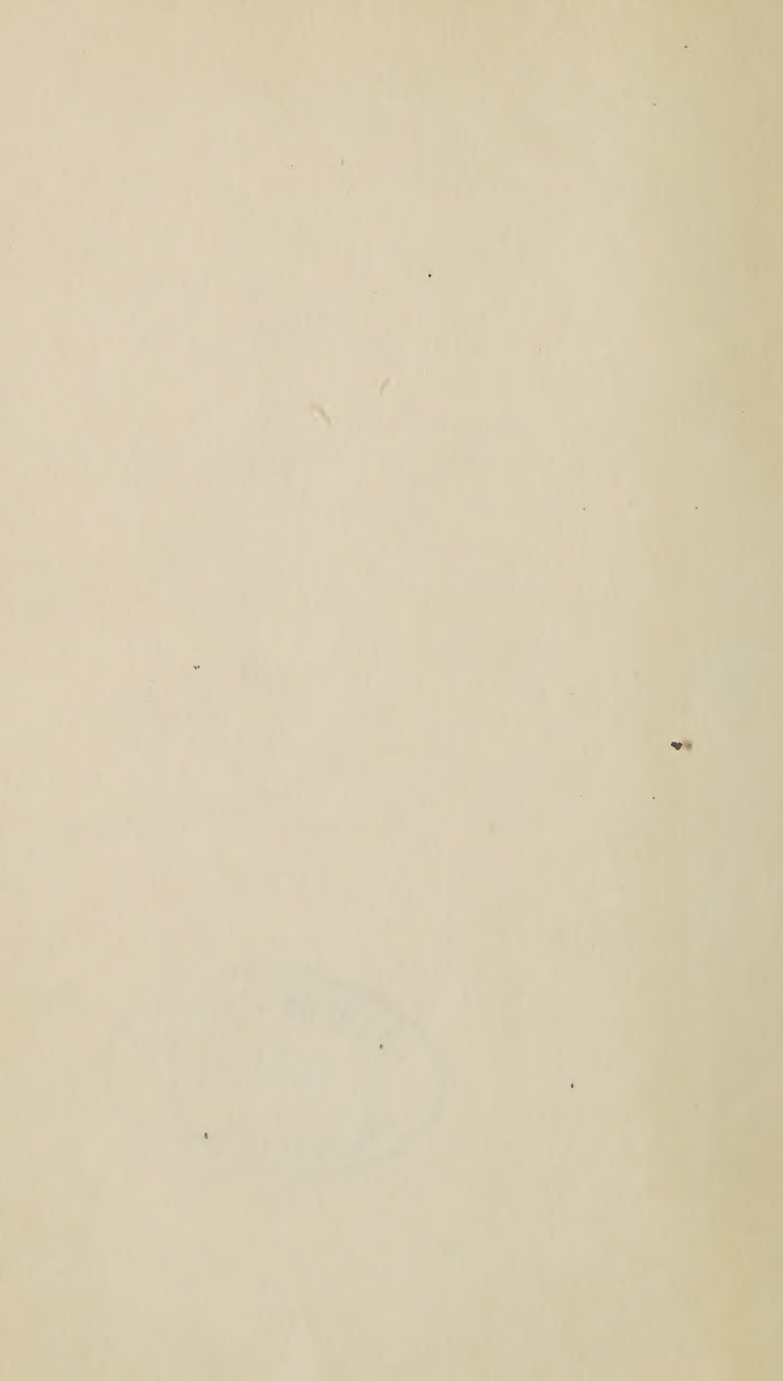
Along the
MISSION TRAIL



In the Philippines



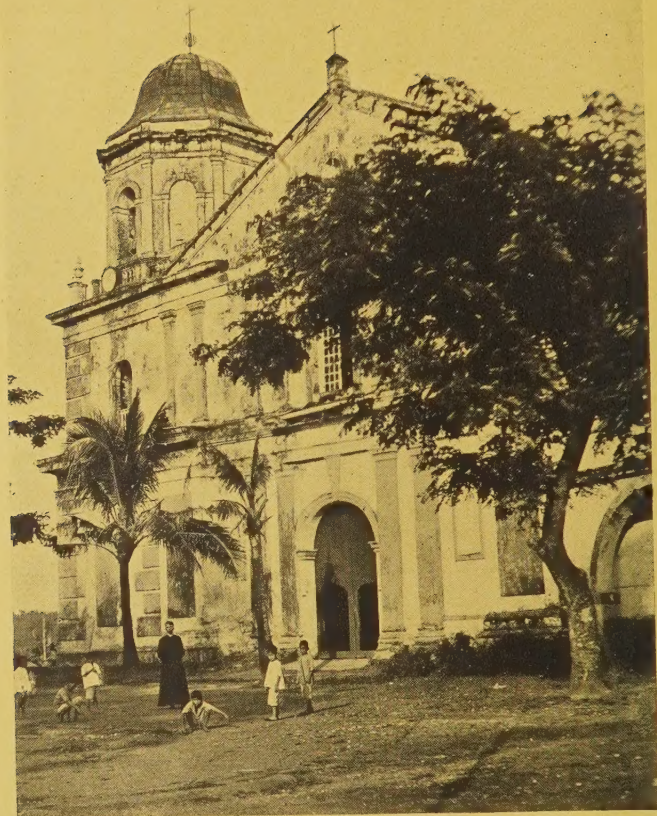




Along the Mission Trail



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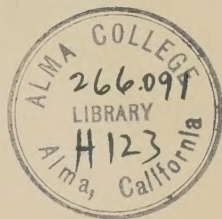
The Church at Antipolo. This place of pilgrimage is the best known in all the Philippines. The statue of Nuestra Señora de Paz y Buen Viaje (Our Lady of Peace and Prosperous Voyages), which surmounts the shrine within the church, is perhaps the most famous anywhere outside of Europe and the older Christian countries. During the months of April and May the principal pilgrimages to Antipolo are made.

Along the Mission Trail

I. In the Philippines

By

BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D.



1925

MISSION PRESS, S.V.D.
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Permissu Superiorum

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SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

TO THE
FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD
IN ITS YEAR OF GOLDEN JUBILEE
AND TO THE
CANDIDATES AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY IN AMERICA
WHO IN THE SAME YEAR CELEBRATE THE SILVER JUBILEE
OF THE
SOCIETY'S ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES
THIS SERIES OF MISSIONARY TRAVELOGS
IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED



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Foreword

Having witnessed the quite unusual thoroughness with which the Very Rev. Superior General of the Society of the Divine Word made the regular Visitation of his missionaries who are laboring in the various pueblos of the Province of Abra, belonging to this Diocese, I could not but hope that his gifted secretary and inseparable companion, the Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, might be moved not to remain content with the drawing up of the official report which such a Visitation demands, and with the communications promised, as I was given to understand, to several organs of the press, but to give permanent form to the whole of his personal and local observations, as well as to the harvest of his manifestly intelligent and painstaking inquiries into present conditions and into the causes from which these conditions developed. That would mean a book, to be sure, and not a small one, either. But it was safe to foretell that it would be a book that could not be included in the slighting observation of the venerable Kempis that "Of making books there is no end". It was sure to be a useful, enlightening, edifying, and most interesting book, — a book that was certain to be a most impressive apologetic of the magnificent apostolate of the Church in the life of her heroes and heroines, far beyond the beaten track of the tourist; that would show the missionary at home, where the recital of the ordinary com-

modities and securities of life in Christian lands sounds like a fairy tale; that could dispense with all artifices and licenses by which authors captivate the mind and heart of the reader; that would tell of facts stranger than fiction.

I am delighted to know that Father Hagspiel has decided to give to the friends of the missions and to Catholics generally such a book. To judge from some advance pages that I have seen, I feel more confident than ever that its appearance will be an event in the field of missionary literature. Even those who have become accustomed to expect from the pen of the author things of more than ordinary and even exceptional merit on the great subject of Catholic Missions will not be disappointed, and will thank the Father for having enabled them to see, with him, the missionary life as it really is in the Far East, with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, its trials and rewards, — simply, though graphically, set forth without any efforts at embellishment.

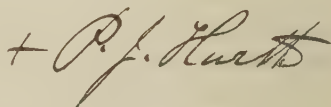
If it has been said above that the Visitation of the Very Rev. Superior General of the Divine Word Society was made with unusual thoroughness, that remark is due to the observations which forty-five years of priesthood and over thirty years of service in the foreign mission field have given me more than usual opportunities to take. During these long years I have had to become more or less interested in a goodly number of special missions and commissions and investigation committees sent out by certain governments into their dependencies, as an extra-

ordinary measure of securing the benefits of civilized rule to the subjects inhabiting the outlying parts of the realm, the success of which, as is generally known, is gauged chiefly by the greater or less degree in which the political effects are produced which its promoters have aimed at. Along with these inspectionary measures of the civil authority I have come into more or less actual contact also with not a few official ecclesiastical Visitors of various ranks in the hierarchy, on tours of spiritual inspection, as it were, with the purpose of taking cognizance of the actual state of Church affairs and devising means for remedying drawbacks, and giving a new impulse, if possible, to religious activities. Needless to say, this latter class of Visitors or Inspectors has always been distinguished most favorably from the former. As a rule, seriousness characterizes their proceedings. No mere effect is aimed at. The real facts are wanted, — and wanted, so far as possible, from first sources. That robs the tour of the ecclesiastical Visitor, from the start, of all the amenities of a vacation trip. But getting facts at first source in missionary countries, far away not only from railways but even from anything that could be called a fairly good road, means hardships of a kind which may discourage the European Visitor in spite of all high-minded resolves, and dissuade him from venturing on trails which seem too ominous of danger. The Father General of the Divine Word Society with his intrepid companion knew of no such misgivings. They seemed to be eager to get to the most remote mountain village within the sphere of the

Abra Mission. Their question was not, "How can we get there?" but simply, "Does a priest go there? If so, we shall get there, just as the missionary does." Nor were such visits hurried, but made leisurely, to get a sufficiently intelligent idea of the people there to be evangelized. Nothing was taken on mere report: — with the aid of the missionary as interpreter they knew how to draw into conversation those simple mountaineers and study their general character. — No Visitor was ever known to enter so thoroughly into details in order to get correct notions about the land and its people. Everybody was impressed and edified.

Of the above we have been witnesses here. I have no doubt that the same method was followed in the missions of the Dutch East Indies, of New Guinea, of China, and of Japan, so that Father Hagspiel is rarely equipped for writing his books; and it seems to me quite safe to prophesy that they will speedily win for themselves a host of delighted readers.

Vigan, P. I., Nov. 28, 1924

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "P. F. Hagspiel". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "P" and a long, sweeping underline.

Bishop of Nueva Segovia

Introduction

In the fall of the year 1921, events so shaped themselves that I was invited to accompany the Superior General of our Society on a tour of visitation including all our mission fields in the Philippines, the Little Sunda Islands, New Guinea, China, and Japan. The whole period of absence covered about eighteen months; and during that time and since, I have received many requests for information about the native people with whom we came in contact. I have also been asked concerning my impressions of the countries and of present social and religious conditions, and especially of the particular work of our Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word and of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. Moreover, many inquiries have been made about the real missionary situation of today in the Far East and about the prospects for the future. Since it was impossible to answer these requests separately, it was finally decided that I should present the whole matter of my findings, made up largely of diary reports, in a series of five popular mission travel-books under the general title, "Along the Mission Trail." The entire narrative is designed to appeal to the average Crusader, or to Catholic young men and young women between the ages of sixteen and twenty; although the text has been prepared to entice also readers whose age limitations lie outside those here defined.

I do not seek to place before my readers any elaborate or scientific treatise, nor do I wish to confine myself to dry statistics alone. My chief desire has been to take those who are ready, or whom I can induce to travel with me, step by step, along the road.

Each book will be after the manner of an informal narrative of events and experiences. Scenes of interest visited will also be described; and though I do not propose to give a history of the countries through which we passed, nevertheless, I have told as much of their story as has bearing on the work of religion within their borders.

This present volume, therefore, — “Along the Mission Trail in the Philippines,” — begins an account of the experiences of two travelers in the mission fields, — of travels which were undertaken with a serious purpose in view, and which began on the second of November, 1921. People with whom we came in contact on our journeys — bishops, priests, sisters, lay folk, and other persons from all departments and stations in life — were, almost without exception, more than kind to us. Indeed, we experienced, everywhere, true Catholic hospitality and good-will, all of which greatly aided us in attaining to the ends for which we came, — to get into the heart of the mission fields and to observe them from within. I can truthfully say that we have lived with the missionary; we have felt the heat of the sun that burns him, tasted of the scanty fare that sustains his life, slept in his rude bed, and shared his cabin with all its tropical

discomforts. We have offered holy Mass in rough shacks, and have admired native Catholic children receiving instruction in schoolrooms which were little better than what, in our own country, we might use for woodsheds or storerooms. The mission trail in the Philippines possesses an attribute that can be described in two words: abject poverty.

This first volume is intended to cover the work being done by the Society of the Divine Word in its own mission districts in the Philippine Islands. However, much is recounted by the way — the trip itself, side-scenes, incidents, and all sorts of experiences and adventures describing actual, present-day conditions in the vast mission world of the Far East.

B. H.

Techny, Ill., May 1, 1925

CHAPTER I

"Come Over and Help Us"

Father General's Visit — Appeal of the missionaries of the Society — Decision — The value of the mission trip as a survey of the field — Reservations and passports — Equipment — Ready to start on All Souls' Day — Ave. Maris Stella! — Good-by to Techny — Our splendid Mission Clubs — Along the old Oregon trail — Magnificent scenery — Our traveling companions — Jerry's solution of a great difficulty — Into Oakland and across the ferry — With the Franciscan Fathers.

It was the fall of 1921. Father Superior General had come to the United States to visit the American Province of the Society of the Divine Word (with headquarters at Techny, Illinois), and firmly intended to return to the Mother House at Steyl, Holland, on November 12. But our missionaries working in the Philippines, Dutch East Indies, New Guinea, China, and Japan, kept urging him so strongly and so constantly to come over and help them solve, by his personal observation and counsel, the many problems that confronted them, especially those that had followed in the trail of the Great War, that he found it impossible to resist their entreaties.

The next consideration, after his final yielding to their appeals, was the choice of some one to share the trip with him. The choice fell upon me. I was to consider whether I could arrange my own regular duties in such a way as to enable me to accept the opportunity to become the companion of Father General on this visitation tour of the Far East. If I could arrange for the more impor-

tant part of the editorial work relating to our two magazines — *Our Missions* and *Little Missionary* — so that the minor affairs of these two papers could be handled by other members of the household in my absence, I was to consider myself as booked for this journey to and through our great mission fields.

Needless to say, this order was acted upon with alacrity. I realized at once what a chance this was — what splendid advantages such a trip would offer. I would see MISSION LIFE, not only in one mission territorial section, but at least in five; not in one nation but at least in five distinct racial divisions, as it were. I would come into actual contact with experienced and devoted men and women who were giving their lives to the saving of souls. Surely, I felt, such an experience as this would be, was being offered to enable me with God's help, to realize more keenly the mission needs abroad, and to carry out more efficiently mission propaganda at home.

No wonder, then, that I gratefully accepted the generous offer of my superiors. But I well knew that this was to be no pleasure trip. It was to be real mission work — a genuine MISSIONARY JOURNEY, combining the theory and practice of mission science.

Our first step was to make inquiries about a Pacific steamer. Besides Father General and myself, two other missionaries were to sail with us — Father Mohr, S.V. D., regional superior of our Niigata district in Japan (who was on his way back from Europe, where he had attended the General Chapter), and Father Dusemund, S.V.D., who had just been assigned to our Abra mission, in the Philippines. We succeeded in obtaining reservations on the S. S. *Shinyo Maru* of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Oriental Steamship Company).

Next came the all-important matter of our passports and visés — certainly a tedious and tiresome job. Photographs had to be taken, blanks had to be filled out, witnesses were required; and after all this red tape and the payment of a fee of ten dollars, our applications were forwarded to Washington. The following description will give travelers some idea how to procure a visé. [The visé itself is merely the endorsement of a properly authorized official of the country through which you wish to pass.] In order to get a British visé to go through New Guinea and Australia, and to pass through Hongkong and Singapore, on our way from Manila, we were told that we must procure a missionary permit from the British Passport Control Officer in New York. This official notified us that, having taken up the matter with the Australian commission in New York, our petition must needs be forwarded to the Australian government. The process appeared to be interminable, but at last we were granted the privilege of "setting foot" in Hongkong and Singapore when our steamer made these regular ports: but the "setting foot" had positively to be accomplished "within thirty days from the date thereof" (i. e., November 1), according to the wording of the document which we received. This limitation made the whole privilege worthless, as we would not arrive in Manila before December 5, not to speak of our departure. After pointing out to the Chicago British consul the unreasonableness of this clause, he extended the visés for the two seaports "for one year." In Father General's passport there was, however, another restriction. It was as follows: "Accommodation in Hongkong cannot be guaranteed. Applicant will be required to leave the Straits Settlement for his ultimate destination by the first available steamer." For this extension we paid \$2, for Father General (an Aus-

trian citizen), and \$10 for myself (an American citizen). When we asked for permission to visit our missions in New Guinea, we were told that the decision on this would be forwarded to us during our stay in the Philippine Islands.

We found things much simpler, however, at the other consulates. The Japanese consul asked no questions, but signed the documents and charged us \$2.50. The Dutch consul, yet more simply, gave us permission to visit Timor and Flores or any of the Dutch East Indies, for the relatively nominal sum of \$1.50; while, simplest of all, the Chinese consul sent us blithely on our way to the Flowery Republic with an entrance fee of but one dollar.

It was a great relief to get these passport matters disposed of, and none of our other traveling preparations required so much time and effort. In the way of clothing we carried with us one light suit each, a light cassock, an extra light coat, and a raincoat. We also kept close at hand a selection of medicines that might prove useful.

But the matter of greatest concern to me, before leaving, was the planning-ahead for our two mission magazines. All the work of arrangement and provision had to be crowded into two months; but fortunately I was able to complete what had to be done, and to leave the rest in competent hands. Finally, on All Souls' Day, November 2, we were ready to start on our journey.

The date, November 2, always possesses a special significance for all members of our Society, for it marks the anniversary of the death of Fathers Nies and Henle, missionaries who were martyred during the night from November 1 to November 2, in 1897, in our mission field of South Shantung. Incidentally I may mention here that out of fifty-three missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word who labored in pagan lands during the

years 1883—1914, thirty-two died before they had finished five years of service; ten served from five to ten years; seven remained in harness for twenty to thirty years — all, whether living or dead, became victims of that great charity which freely offers life itself for the sake of one's fellow men. Is it any wonder that, on such a day as this for departure, my whole soul thrilled with the joy of eager anticipation?

On All Souls' Day Father General and I started our three Masses very early in the morning, at five o'clock. Immediately after breakfast, at eight o'clock, the bell called the whole community to the chapel, and the entire congregation sang the *Ave, Maris Stella*, accompanied by the organ. What emotions filled my heart during the singing of this hymn! "Hail, bright star of the ocean" — that ocean upon which we were about to embark — "star of life's ocean, Mary!" I had heard this beautiful anthem on many, many different occasions, — at professions, and especially when I set out from Europe to America, — but never before had it made such an impression upon me. O Mary, Star of the Sea — thou to whom this, our first mission house in the United States, is dedicated, take us under thy maternal protection, lead us, guide us, preserve us from evil! Show thyself a mother. . . May the Word Divine . . . born for us, thine Infant, . . . hear our prayers through thine. . . Help us to fulfil the mission on which we are leaving for the Far East. Make our way secure: . . . bring us safely home again to our dear ones, to whom we shall be united in spirit. . .

At the conclusion of the hymn, Father General gave a short and touching farewell address in Latin to the whole community. He pointed out the purpose of our mission, and declared that we were not dreading the inconveniences of the extended journey we proposed to

make, or any of its perils or hardships, but rather felt depressed at the thought of being without our greatest treasure, our Eucharistic Lord, for many, many weeks. He recommended us to the prayers of the community and imparted his fatherly blessing to all.

We then left the chapel, the Fathers, Brothers, and students following us to the entrance. A good friend in Chicago had sent his car to take us to the city, and it was waiting. But now it seemed as if we should never be done with our farewells, for our big family crowded about us, shaking hands, and all talking at once. Finally, we got into the automobile (Father Provincial accompanied us), which moved away slowly, then gathered speed, and soon carried us completely out of their midst. The hurrahs and hand-clappings followed us until the sound was lost in the distance. . . "Good-by, dear St. Mary's; good-by!"

And then, in no time, we were down on the shore road, passing the blue waters of old Lake Michigan.

The familiar twenty-mile ride into Chicago soon came to an end. When we arrived at the Union Depot, our good Father Joe (Rev. Joseph Eckert, S.V.D., pastor of St. Monica's Church for Colored), appeared to bid us a long farewell and to give us divers counsels how to take care of ourselves on the two-thousand-mile trip before us! My greatest surprise at this juncture came as I was almost ready to board the *Pacific Limited*, which was to definitely start us on our way westward, at 10.45 a.m. Delegates from the *Ever-Ready Mission Club* (a Chicago organization working exclusively in the interests of our Fathers) surrounded us, bringing many little gifts and comforts for the traveler, all previously provided and prepared for us, and now offered with the kindest tact and affection. Among these souvenirs of departure I discov-

ered an Eversharp pencil and an accompanying notebook containing the addresses of the club members. I hope it is hardly necessary for me to add that the hint was taken. I had previously visited all our mission clubs in Chicago: I count their members among the most faithful and efficient aids of our Society. They have accomplished remarkable things for Techny and for the various mission districts confided to our care. Whenever there has been an urgent need, I have long known that I could always rely on our splendid mission clubs for instant response and emergency aid. And so now, on the point of leaving, I was made happy in the thought that, no matter how long I might be gone, these zealous girls and women would continue their noble work in behalf of our missions. Among the number who came to say good-by, I cannot refrain from mentioning little seventeen-year-old Cecilia , a convert from Judaism. I had been privileged to receive her into the Church (at the Holy Ghost Academy, Techny); and ever since, when making my customary monthly visit to St. John Berchmans' Church (Chicago), to hear First Friday confessions, I had never failed to find Cecilia present for the sacrament. And now she had come to the station, so she said, to thank me for all the spiritual favors that had been hers since she became a child of holy Mother Church! What wonderful appreciation and devotion abides in the hearts of many of our faithful converts! God bless them.

But here the cry, "All Aboard!" compelled the saying of the last good-bys, and we soon found ourselves seated in our proper places in the tourist coach. Father General suggested that we recite the *Itinerarium Clericale* — the Church's prayer for a safe journey; and this we quietly did, with heartfelt fervor.

We found ourselves well provided with eatables of all kinds sufficient to last us until we should reach San Francisco. This had been a last thoughtful attention from our good Techny Sisters: there was even a Thermos bottle, filled with hot chocolate.

The trip across the continent lasted practically three days and three nights, although we had selected the most direct route — we left Chicago on Wednesday and arrived in San Francisco on Saturday. In pursuing our journey we passed from the state of Illinois into and around Iowa, to Omaha, then across Nebraska, just touching the border line of Colorado as we climbed upwards and 'over' Wyoming into Utah, to the City of Ogden. Here we proceeded via the *Southern Pacific*, till we crossed the Great Salt Lake, following along the well known highway to the Pacific — the *Overland Route* — the *Oregon Trail*. This is one of the most remarkable natural highways known to history, crossing the Rocky Mountain regions, with their great canyons, their yawning precipices, and tumultuous waterways. No engineer laid out the course of this great Trail or determined its grade and curves; marked its fords, built its bridges, or surveyed its mountain passes. At first, immense herds of buffalo and other game roamed wild over the great thoroughfare. Then came the Indians. The Indians were followed by the missionaries, fur traders, and explorers. Finally, the Mormons claimed the country, but the gold seekers followed hard upon them, with all the now long famous accompaniments of the Overland Stage Coach and the Pony Express. Nine tenths of the early immigration to California passed along the valley of the Platte River. Originated for civilization, planned, if one may say so, by the Creator for the advancement of mankind, daring traders and trappers blazed a trail along its water route

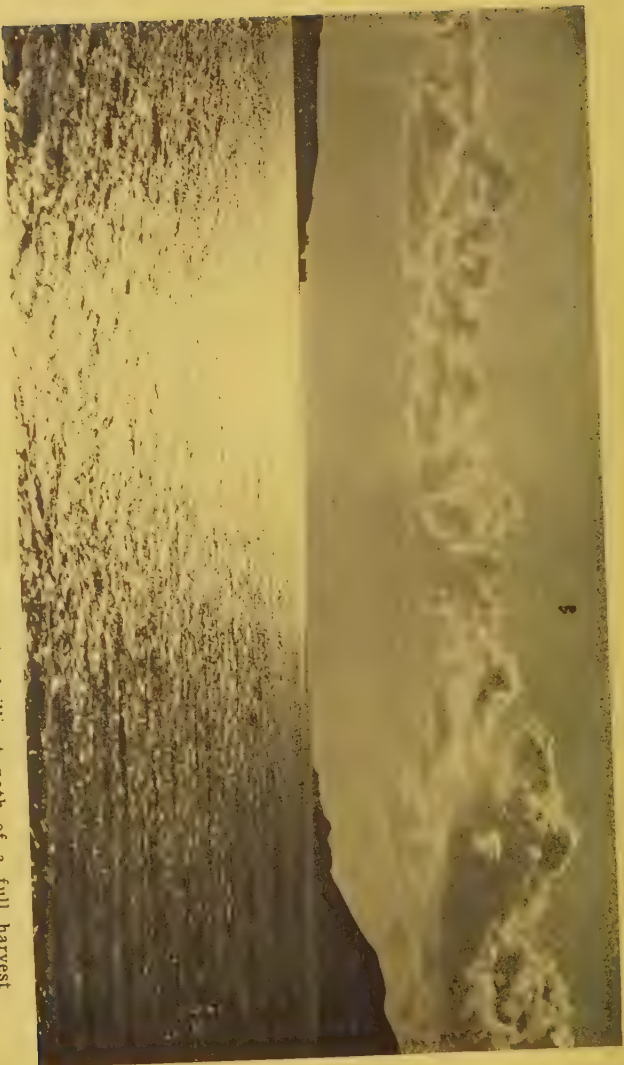
for the emigration of an adventurous people. Here, in 1851, passed that intrepid Belgian priest, Father Peter J. de Smet, who pronounced the natural thoroughfare, though no one had yet touched it or improved it, one of the finest highways in the world.

Of course, the entire scenic panorama fascinated us exceedingly, and we were frequently moved with the thought that the very stage upon which the buffalo had formerly passed and the desperado and the Indian had acted out their life parts may now be viewed from a Pullman window or the platform of an observation car. And so, though we knew we were leaving Techny a thousand miles behind us, we took extreme pleasure in the beauty of mountain and valley spread before our eyes. Here and there groups of Indians and cowboys lent a picturesque effect to the landscape. When our train moved through a magnificent gorge, just before reaching Ogden, the scene was one to impress itself forever upon the mental vision. Mountains rose before us in all their glorious majesty; on the left a river of crystal clearness wound its way through the dark and rocky soil. The sun was just rising, and over a good road on a mountain slope a huge flock of sheep were being driven, — some two thousand of them, — herded by big Western men in chaparajos and sombreros, on horseback, or on their queer wagons. The whole presentation looked as though it were a picture flashed on a screen — almost too beautiful to be real. All along the route glimpses of this sort made one marvel. Even the wild desert has its peculiar attractions.

Nor were our traveling companions uninteresting. There were three Chinese going to Hongkong, chattering away; and as I listened to their shrill voices, ascending the scale to end always on a high key, I told myself that this would have been like my own tongue had my youth-



Southwest View of St. Mary's Mission House and the Holy Ghost Church, at Techny,
Illinois — the starting-point for our journey to the Far East



Looking outward through the Golden Gate, following the brilliant path of a full harvest moon, to the watery expanse of the vast, mysterious Pacific, beyond

ful desires been granted. There was a jolly Irishman — he was a policeman of San Francisco, returning home with his wife and two attractive youngsters. There was also a member of the sect of the Disciples of Christ, accompanied by his wife. The latter lady created much merriment by telling our characters, presumably gaining her knowledge from the general contour of our faces! The pastime afforded a little amusement and helped to while away the hours of travel. I also took great pleasure in the policeman's youngsters; and the five-year-old boy gave us all a hearty laugh. His good mother had been telling him little stories from the Bible, and he was quite disgusted with the folly of Adam and Eve!

"That old Satan would never have got me to eat the apple," he asserted manfully.

"How do you know he wouldn't?" I asked him.

" 'Cause," said Jerry, his large blue eyes fixed on me, — *'cause I'd have marked that tree!'* "

Which, after all, is a simple solution — if Adam and Eve had only thought of it!

The train was now traversing the edge of the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The glorious Wasatch Mountains rose on one hand; on the other gleamed America's "Dead Sea." The trip was novel indeed for us. I had often read that this lake is among the most remarkable bodies of water in the world, more salty than any except the Dead Sea of Palestine. In every five pounds of water there is one of salt, and the water is so heavy that it is impossible for one to sink in it. Coming to look at it with my own eyes, — a wide expanse, indeed, covering over two thousand square miles, — I found that it exercised a weird fascination over me. Only too soon, however, we were again in the desert, with its dull, dusty

sage-brush, its greasewood and creosote bushes. On Saturday morning we awoke in California — and could immediately feel the effect of the different climate. No longer did white stretches of “alkali flats” dazzle our eyes; in their place were splendid palms, eucalyptus trees, and beautiful flowers. We crossed Benicia Bay in a huge ferry-boat; a two hours’ run brought us to Oakland, and there we were greeted, at the Oakland pier, by Fathers Thümmel, Dusemund, S.V. D., Koppers, S.V. D., and by Father Mohr, S.V. D., also, who had made a side trip into Portland and other parts of Oregon.

In about twenty minutes the steamer shouldered her way through the last five miles of water that separated us from San Francisco. At last we had arrived in this great modern city of the West, built, like Rome, upon seven hills! We found Brother Joseph, of the Maryknoll Procure, waiting for us. We arranged for the transfer of our baggage to the S. S. *Shinyo Maru* and then went directly to St. Boniface’s, where the good Franciscan Fathers extended their hospitality to us.

There were various business matters to attend to. I procured tickets for the steamer, secured the visés from the Chinese consul, and then took a trip with Brother Joseph through San Francisco’s Chinese quarter. It is an intensely interesting district, and the Chinese have surely done as much as possible to make it a China-in-miniature.

CHAPTER II

Our Stay in the Golden Gate City

At St. Joseph's Hospital — Visits from Little Missionaries — The three Bromhams — Few traces of the Great Fire — Golden Gate Park and its visitors of many nationalities — China-in-San-Francisco — Beautiful churches — The Japanese and Chinese Mission — Good friends.

We should have been glad to stay with the Franciscan Fathers until our departure; but I had already made arrangements to stop at St. Joseph's Hospital, and the Sisters sent a car for us on Saturday afternoon. The hospital is beautifully situated on Buena Vista and Park Hill Avenues; and here, as elsewhere, we found that there is always something to see in this splendid city, no matter in what direction one looks, — something of definite attraction to arrest the sight, — either the ocean, the far-away mountains, or a forest or a green-crowned hill.

I am sure that San Francisco will never lose its personal distinction, so long as any San Franciscan lives. Let me make myself clear by way of example: Sutter Street is named for General Sutter, associate of John Marshall who discovered gold in California and so brought to San Francisco its first stream of sturdy fortune-hunters. A very great many streets are similarly named, to perpetuate the achievements of early citizens towards the making of San Francisco what it is — just *San Francisco*.

Thus it is easy to recall the days when San Francisco was the bustling center — the living core of that tumultuous state of mind known as the *gold frenzy*, when men were too busy, too careless, too passionately eager, to care

to surround themselves with the guarantees of orderly government, and so fell an easy prey to the maraudings of the midnight malefactor and the desperado. The Bay was then filled with ships that brought seekers of wealth from all over the world; and the ships lay idle in the stream, for their crews deserted them to find good or bad fortune in more stirring ways. Men lived in tents, in shacks, in anything that would shelter them from the weather. San Francisco has now emerged from those early experiences into sedate growth, but she still possesses the spirit of adventure.

The afternoon of our arrival at St. Joseph's was spent in writing; and a number of our Little Missionaries, who had heard of my coming to San Francisco, called on me. In accord with my usual experience, I found that they had expected to see a man with gray hair and a long, venerable beard! Well, I'm not anxious for the gray hair, as yet; and as for the long, venerable beard — never! I very much enjoyed my chats with my friends — the little conferences brought the mission work closer home to them and to me; and it was true that these particular young folks had certainly proved their value as missionary aids.

That night Father General, complying with Sister Superior's request, gave a spiritual conference to the entire community. The next day being Sunday, we said Mass in the chapel of the hospital; and later in the morning I again had the pleasure of receiving some visitors — more Little Missionaries and friends of our Society, in this beautiful City of the Golden Gate. I was especially pleased to see the three Bromham children, who, for years (in fact, ever since the *Little Missionary* came into existence), have proved very great helpers in extending the influence of our magazine in this city. There was Rose

Bromham, now seventeen, who first started the good work by sending in an initial order for two hundred and twenty-five copies, and who had for years, with the permission of the Franciscan Fathers, sold the copies at the door of St. Boniface's Church; this work she continued to carry on, month by month, until she graduated. Then her sister Bertha continued what Rose had established. When it should come time for Bertha to leave school, Gertrude was to take up the work, and was even at the time gaining experience by helping Bertha! And these three lovely children were encouraged in this work for the missions by a truly Catholic mother. Oh, if we had a thousand — yes, thousands — of such mothers and children in our dear country! — what a help to the mission cause it would be, and how our churches themselves would be benefited because of it!

During our stay in San Francisco we naturally seized the opportunity to talk to a number of people about that never-to-be-forgotten April in the year 1906. San Franciscans do not speak of the disaster as the earthquake, but as the Great Fire; and it was really the fire that followed the *quake* that did the most harm, destroying many fine churches and whole business districts. But one must search now to discover any traces of the occurrence.

Of all the descriptions of the happening, we enjoyed most that related by an eye-witness, an old gentleman who was spending his last days in St. Joseph's Hospital. With the vivacity of a youngster he told his tale, as if the catastrophe had happened but the day before. Within a period of three days an area of four square miles in the heart of the city had been reduced to ashes. The loss of life, fortunately, was comparatively nominal — four hundred and fifty persons — but the property loss exceeded two hundred million dollars in value. "However, all

turned out for good," said the old man, with the wisdom of age; "the affair put the *fear* of God into a few hearts, and the *love* of God into a good many."

But the best part of our San Francisco stay was yet before us. Through the kind offices of one of our Chicago friends, arrangements had been made for us to meet some new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews of San Francisco. These good people subsequently offered us their car and their services on a sight-seeing tour. They called for us about one o'clock of the Sunday afternoon, and for five hours we enjoyed a continuous panorama of all the beauties of the city. We first went to the new church of the Jesuits — St. Ignatius'. Opposite the church is the Jesuit college, and both are handsome buildings. Then we motored out to Golden Gate Park, where open-air games were in full swing: we found the museum, the aviary, and the horticultural buildings crowded. Thousands of people were sitting under the trees or listening to the band. The Park stretches for three unbroken miles to the ocean. The more energetically disposed visitors are sure to climb the hill to the famous Cliff House and to make their way along the heights above the Bay. Wherever we went, at one angle or another, we caught a glimpse of the "Golden Gate" through which we were to pass on the morrow.¹

People of all nationalities, apparently, made up the crowds, and one could hear all languages spoken by those gathered in various groups, from parties of foreign soldiers

¹ The Museum of the Legion of Honor, in Lincoln Park, is a replica of the museum bearing the same name in Paris. It is a gift to the people, by Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Spreckels of San Francisco, in commemoration of the soldiers of California who laid down their lives in the Great War. It has been erected on a high promontory, and is the first landmark visible to those who enter the "Golden Gate" from the Pacific, just as the Statue of Liberty is the first object which strikes the eye when entering the harbor of New York.

belonging to a visiting warship, to family groups of Chinese holding their babies decked out in gorgeous attire. Of Chinatown I had already had a passing view, when I went there with Brother Joseph; but now there was a chance to make a more thoroughgoing inspection. We found the whole quarter interesting. It is not Chinatown, but China-in-San-Francisco. The old customs, rites, and practices of the Chinese residents have full sway, with the exception of slight modifications imposed by the United States government. The Chinese follows his own trade in his own particular fashion, but he is also housekeeper, cook, and chambermaid for those who can buy his services. Stately and imperturbable, he will shoulder all responsibility and acquit himself faithfully and honestly.

The Chinatown of San Francisco shared in the city's great disaster, and it has certainly shared in its great rebirth. There is nothing more impressive to be found within the city limits, nothing that is more actually an *imperium in imperio*. But the Chinaman is given neither to emulation nor imitation. Here in San Francisco he is merely unmoved by the wave of reform and change that is sweeping over his native country; or, if he is moved, he shows little of it. But then, he *shows* little of anything. Within he may be a veritable volcano of seething emotions, but they never reach his placid exterior. It may be that he sees so much of the white man that he is indisposed to copy him. In this strange and magnificent Oriental colony one feels that there are mysterious energies at work, and that its secretive inhabitants are keeping their own counsel, asking nothing better than to be misunderstood and unobserved. Every now and then some weird crime is committed in Chinatown, but those who know say that the victim had been duly sentenced by a secret tribunal, whose inexorable judgment is admitted

by the people. No one is arrested. No one is punished. But it is not to be supposed that Chinatown is lawless; it is as safe as Market Street. Its vendettas are for domestic purposes only, and its rival "Tongs" war only with each other.

We went down to Pier 36, where our baggage had been deposited, curious to take a look at the steamer that was to be our boarding-house for the next few weeks. All was hustle and bustle, with loading, scrubbing, and cleaning going on. But we were soon ready to leave these surroundings and to turn again to the city; we wished to see a few more churches. The church of the Paulist Fathers possesses the same characteristic that one is bound to note in all Paulist churches — simplicity. Then away we went to the cathedral, where Vespers had just been sung, then on to the old and new Mission Dolores, built in 1792, and thence to the beautiful St. Paul's Church. We visited St. Anthony's last; here the Franciscans are in charge. After a hurried but appreciative inspection of the edifice, we proposed to return to St. Boniface's. But our kind friends insisted upon our dining with them, and we yielded. When we came to say good-night, at about seven o'clock, they added to our indebtedness by again offering their car, to take us to a few more places of interest, and finally to convey us to the pier.

Next morning Mass was offered early by Father General, and almost immediately after, the hospital *auto* took us to the Maryknoll Procure, where Brother Joseph had requested me to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to renew the Blessed Sacrament. After breakfast, kind Mrs. Matthews looked in on us once more, offering to drive us to the Jesuit mission. This institution has a most interesting history. It is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, and its establishment dates from January 15, 1914. A short time previous to

the actual foundation, the Reverend Albert Breton, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, as a consequence following upon the zeal of a pious Catholic lady for the conversion of her Japanese servant, had an opportunity to meet a few of the Catholic Japanese in this big city. At his suggestion they formed a little group or congregation, and twice a month thereafter the zealous missionary came from Los Angeles to give them the consolations of religion.

The growing need of a permanent missionary for the scattered Japanese Catholics in the archdiocese induced Archbishop Riordan to apply to the Jesuit Fathers for assistance. The Reverend Julius von Egloffstein, S.J., an ardent student of the Japanese and Chinese languages, was appointed, on January 15, 1914, to start the mission. To his aid was called Brother Francis E. Masui, S.J., a native of Japan, the first Japanese to become a Jesuit temporal coadjutor since the days of the terrible Japanese persecution. On March 21, of the same year, the good Brother arrived in San Francisco; and in imitation of their earlier brothers in the Society of Jesus, — St. Francis Xavier and Brother Fernandez, — Father Egloffstein and Brother Masui began to cultivate this little vineyard of their Master.

The first location of St. Francis Xavier's Mission was in a rented house at 2158 Pine Street. The quarters soon proved to be too small for the rapidly growing congregation, and on the first of August a larger house, at 2011 Buchanan Street, was rented. Here, on September 14, 1914, the Sisters, known as Helpers of the Holy Souls, opened a much needed kindergarten.

On November 29, Archbishop Riordan blessed the chapel of the little mission. By this time the congregation had increased to about forty Japanese Catholics, and

after one year, thirty Japanese children were in attendance. Much praise is due to the untiring zeal and self-sacrifice of the Sisters in charge. After a time the struggling mission attracted the attention of the Japanese Consul, Mr. Yasutaro Numano, a non-Catholic, who gave it considerable material aid. He also wrote a letter to the missionaries, expressing his good-will towards their efforts.

From July 1, 1917, Father Egloffstein was provided with a young assistant, the Reverend Pius Moore, S.J., whose apostolic zeal for the Japanese had attracted widespread attention during his years of study in Spokane, Washington. Classes were now opened for the adult Japanese desiring to study the English language, and about forty persons presented themselves as students. It was during the month of July, 1919, that the zealous Father Breton, P.F.M., arrived in San Francisco from Japan, with six Japanese Sisters and postulants of the Visitation, for his missionary work among the Japanese in Los Angeles, where the field was most extensive and very promising. At this really crucial moment came the inspired thought: What a wonderful aid for the San Francisco mission if real Japanese Sisters were to labor there! The idea was from God, and was immediately acted upon. Father Moore besought good Father Breton for at least two Sisters, explaining to him the crying need of San Francisco. The point was won: two Japanese Sisters were promised; and the next month (August 16) Sister Julia and Sister Catherine arrived at the mission.

The appearance of the two Japanese Sisters on the streets of San Francisco was a novelty, and the zeal with which they sought souls for Christ among their country people must have been a rebuke to those who, forgetting the image of God, had observed only the dark side of the Oriental. What a bright future now loomed up in the

mind of Father Moore for his cherished mission! But through the brilliant vision burst forth the Cross, held by the Crucified Hand. Father Moore was soon called upon to hand his mission over to another, and to assume the rectorship of St. Ignatius' College.

Again Father Egloffstein was called to his beloved children; and though now broken in health, he threw himself heart and soul into his life work, receiving wonderful assistance from the Japanese, and from good Brother Masui. On Easter Sunday, 1920, seven Japanese received baptism. But on the nineteenth of March, Father Egloffstein had asked for the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and on April 20 our Blessed Lord called him to his eternal reward. His last message to his beloved Japanese, which he gave at the request of Father Moore, was simply this: "Tell them that, forty years ago, I offered my life for them, and that now I give my death for them."

The Very Reverend Father Provincial (Francis Dillon, S.J.) sent the Reverend Augustine A. Dinand, S.J., to relieve Father Moore of some of his burdens. Father Dinand arrived at his post July 31. About seventy-five children now attend the mission school which, from the beginning, has been under the care of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, with the assistance of the Japanese Sisters since 1919. Sister Catherine was subsequently called to Japan, but Sister Julia, Sister Mary, and Sister Agnes remained to attend to St. Francis Xavier's. Mother Angel of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, who replaced Mother St. Felix of the same noble Society (Mother Felix was pioneer Helper of the Holy Souls in Japanese missionary work here in San Francisco), has been laboriously working at the mission since 1914.

I have been informed that the year 1924 shows signs of even greater progress in the Japanese mission work in San Francisco. Thus the hand of God is seen guiding, slowly but surely, and in spite of many difficulties from within and without. The one greatest need at present is for more Japanese Sisters, for they work wonders with their people, here in California.

We also paid a most interesting visit to the Chinese mission, in charge of Sister Ursula of the Sisters of St. Joseph. In both the Chinese and Japanese missions the children gave some recitations and sang to us. There were three hundred children in the Chinese institution; and it is really a model of its kind. There were clubrooms for the older boys and girls; and the Sisters have spared themselves no labor, no exertion, to develop Christianity in these young souls. Father General and I were surprised at and edified by all we saw; the results already obtained and those which the future promises are astonishing to contemplate.

After changing our cash into travelers' checks at the office of the American Express Company, we hurried to the pier. There 'our' *Shinyo Maru* was now hurling forth huge clouds of black smoke, and boys and men were still busy loading the great ship which was to carry us along the Pathway of the Sun, across the Pacific into the land of mystery and expectation.

We sorted our baggage, sending some to our cabin and more into the baggage room in the hold. Then we took leave of our hostess, Mrs. Matthews, who had extended to us very great and very many kindnesses during our stay. Among several parting gifts which a good friend made to each of us, by way of remembrance, we each found a package of confections and a bottle of *lavender water*, "the water to be used in case of sea-sickness,"

she said, with a twinkle in her eye. But we later discovered that 'lavender water' was merely a facetious title for some "medicine" of the good old kind!

Father Dusemund put in an appearance at this juncture, and was soon followed by Father Mohr who had been staying with the Jesuit Fathers. At last we were ready to depart.

CHAPTER III

Off for Honolulu

The final links severed — The disappointing fog — The wreck of the Rio de Janeiro — "Safety first!" — A unique good wish — Amusements aboard — A floating hotel — Our fellow Catholics and others — A glorious sunset — The simple life.

The *Shinyo Maru* was supposed to leave at one o'clock for this her fiftieth voyage across the Pacific. About half an hour before the moorings were cast off, two more friends came to bid us Godspeed: they were Father Moore, S.J., and Father Breton, of whom I spoke in my last chapter. The latter had returned but a short time before from Japan, and was at the time making ready for an indefinite leave to that country. Father Breton told us the story of a Japanese convert residing in San Francisco (he had been converted in Japan) who was so anxious to make his confession that he wrote out the whole thing, and mailed it back to his bishop in his native country. The bishop (a member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society), moved by this act, directed Father Breton (appointed for the Japanese mission) to proceed from France to Japan by way of the United States, in order that he might hear the confessions of the Japanese Catholics in the large cities along the western coast. This had occurred some years before, and it was this incident that had first brought Father Breton to this country. After his first arrival on the Pacific Coast, he stayed on and on, and finally established the Japanese mission in Los Angeles, which is now conducted by the Maryknoll

Fathers. In Japan, Father Breton has since started a native Sisterhood and is waiting the decree from Rome in order to announce the community as an accredited religious Congregation.

With the sounding of the signal for friends of passengers to leave the ship, we said good-by to our visitors, and soon became interested in the strenuous activities going on at the pier. There was a tension of excitement to be observed on all sides, together with the mingling of many voices. There was a smile on this face, — tears on that. It was a scene from life — all serenity, then confusion; all happiness, then sorrow. Varicolored paper ribbons fluttered from the sides of the ship, adding a touch of color; and as smiling or tear-stained faces were lifted, hands were extended, and all held to these last frail links between land and sea. At one o'clock the ship's bell rang; a few moments afterward the gangplank was raised, and slowly, majestically, the *Shinyo Maru* moved out into the Bay. The farther we proceeded, the more enthusiastic and boisterous became the crowds . . . "Good-by, good-by!" "Sayonara!" were incessantly repeated, with hats and handkerchiefs everywhere fluttering, until distance made recognition and hearing impossible.

We left the railing and went down into our state-room, but we were almost immediately called for luncheon — our first meal on board. To our great surprise and chagrin, when we came on deck again, we found that a heavy fog was settling over the Bay, and we could see nothing. The tooting of the lighthouse whistle kept up incessantly, and our ship's bell rang at regular intervals, while the shrill noises of horn and siren from other steamers and boats trying to cross went on without interruption. Our steamer could not proceed: it was too dangerous; so we remained at anchor. When we awoke the next

morning we did not know where we were — whether on the waters of the Bay or moving out into the ocean. After we had offered holy Mass we discovered that the *Shinyo Maru* was in exactly the same position as the night before, still waiting for more favorable weather. By and by, with the rising of the sun, the fog lifted a little, anchor was raised, and we passed through the "Golden Gate." An officer called attention to a white cross erected at the northern extremity. "That," he said, "commemorates those who perished when the *Rio de Janeiro* struck the rock in a fog, and the whole ship with all on board went down, with the exception of five or six persons. The most curious thing," he added, "was that no trace of the ship was ever to be found. Nobody knows where she is lying — some say there must be an immense cave underneath that rock. Perhaps she is hidden right there," he pointed. "You see," he concluded, applying the moral, "it doesn't pay to be in a hurry in a fog like this. Our commander is most conservative and believes in safety first."

Safety first! The words recurred to me a little later, for hardly had we passed through the "Gate" when another fog enveloped us. It was thicker and more impenetrable than that of the day before; and again the anchor was lowered, and again came the sensation of being lost in a white mist. The tooting, whistling, and bell-ringing gave us an odd feeling — a sense of helplessness, making us realize more fully how helpless man is, and how mighty is the Master of the Universe, who holds us in the hollow of His hand.

Next morning, when we began the celebration of Mass, we found we had not moved an inch; but just when we had finished our thanksgiving the weather cleared, and in a few minutes our ship began to speed



The S. S. Shinyo Maru, — our ship for the trip out, — a principal vessel of the fleet
of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (T. K. K. Line)



Cathedral, and Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in Honolulu

along the northern coast, until we passed through a fleet of buoys and directed our course southwestward to Honolulu. Up to this time I had failed to notice a stack of mail that had been delivered in our stateroom before our departure. Both Father General and I had received all sorts of good wishes, letters, and telegrams. These came from Pittsburgh, and Louisville, and many other cities, all wishing us a safe voyage and a happy return. Quite unique was the message to Father General from a faithful friend, a priest in Milwaukee:

*"Sanctus Raphael, cum Tobia,
Sanctus Gabriel, cum Maria,
Sanctus Michael, cum omni coelesti hierarchia
Adsint vobis in via."*¹

November 9 was dreary and chill, though the fog had disappeared. But shipboard life had begun, each person settling down to chosen occupations or pursuits of amusement. Usually, I am told, the priests like the long walks — regular tramps in fact, for it takes but eight or ten turns about the spacious deck of one of the larger Pacific steamships to make a mile. And this proved to be the rule with our party: but it was frequently interesting to watch others engaged with deck-golf, tennis, shuffleboard, bag-punching, or other exercises in the open-air gymnasium. There were eight hundred passengers on board; Chinese and Japanese made up a large majority. When to this number is added a ship's crew of two hundred and ninety persons, comprising officers, stewards, cooks, and servants, one begins to realize what great floating hotels these vessels are. We did not make many acquaint-

¹ "Holy Raphael, with Tobias; Holy Gabriel, with Mary; Holy Michael, with all the heavenly host, be with you on your journey."

ances, though we were interested in finding out how many Catholics there were with us. We discovered five, without counting a venerable Brother of the Christian Schools, named Michael, who had been in the mission service for twenty years, in Penang, Singapore, Hongkong, and Manila, and was returning to his field of labor, after a furlough, — in order, as he said, that his bones might be laid to rest, when his time of work should be over, among those to whom he had devoted the best years of his manhood. There were two Irishmen going to Shanghai, where they had held influential positions, and three Filipinos, — a physician, a student, and an old lady, — all voyaging to their homes in Manila. We invited them to Mass on Sunday, and they appreciated the opportunity. The capacity of the *Shinyo Maru* is two hundred and forty-six first-class, seventy second-class, and seven hundred and two steerage passengers. Actually, there were one hundred and one first-class, sixty-four second, and six hundred and thirty steerage travelers, and more for each class were expected to board at Honolulu. About one half of the stewards were Japanese, and the remainder were Chinese. *Gombeï*, our cabin boy, was a Jap; but *Leon Kwan*, from Hongkong, — our table steward, — was a Chinaman. Leon was ever amiable and cheerful, and always most anxiously alert to please us. Gombeï exhibited less attractive qualities; but then, just at this time the war rumors about Japan and America were prevalent, and perhaps the boys of Japan were filled with patriotic emotion. As a matter of fact, I was solemnly assured, in both San Francisco and Honolulu, that Japan and America would come to grips in 1925.

We made about three hundred and fifty miles a day, — some fifteen or sixteen knots an hour; but the boat is capable of running twenty-one knots or more. The Pa-

cific was on its very best behavior while we traveled the distance that separated us from Hawaii; but I was assured that on certain occasions it came far from living up to its name. The idle days gave me plenty of time and opportunity to study that wide and glorious watery expanse, and I found a great fascination in doing so. The sea itself seems a richer, deeper blue than the Atlantic, I think, while the daily periods of sunrise and sunset cause all known colors to focus on the waves and to merge into myriads of shades surpassing all description. One sunset alone, here, was worth more than any landscape ever painted by mortal hands. Standing in the bow of the vessel, upon several occasions, at the edge of evening, we saw the orb of day, in the form of a disk, just beginning to dip below the horizon, while above it floated clouds in whole troops and scattered divisions with stragglers above and below, shaded and tinted with all hues, which the placid waters copied. In a few moments the twilight deepened, and this great ball of fire descended into the depths, while the clouds and mist above it proceeded to form themselves into fantastic shapes for miles on either side, apparently guarding Old Sol's exit. Then came the time for imagination's phantasy to run riot. The cloud masses began to arrange themselves like hills and mountains of colored rock. Rivers and streams appeared, spanned by natural bridges: nor was this all. Underneath these bridges and upon what seemed like thrones hewn out of the rock, sat statues of men resembling the patriarchs of old, with their long beards and graceful mantles dyed in hues of Eastern splendor by the last rays of the departing sun. We watched this stirring scene of mist and cloud for the space of full half an hour — never in all my life had I seen anything like it, and never do I expect to see anything like it again. Then came

nightfall, with the great moon casting its silvery radiance on the restless waves; and there were brilliant stars, with neither smoke nor dust of cities to intercept our view. Ah, it is easy to lose *self* in the consideration of heavenly things, when heaven itself appears to be near! Even the boat, for all its solidity, seemed but a thing most frail and inconsequent in the grasp of those mighty billows, heaving and tossing unceasingly. Here I commenced to think what they must be like in stormy weather, — higher still, angry, threatening, leaping upon and hurling beneath everything, living or dead, which by adverse fortune chanced to defy or obstruct the tempestuous progress . . . yes, yes, I often felt that I had occasion to be grateful that fair weather prevailed on our way to Honolulu.

We observed a regular order of daily life on board, arising in the morning at five o'clock, saying morning prayers and making the meditation on deck, with the stars shining down upon us, to remind us of the eternal vigilance of God, who maintained His perpetual watch over sleeping and waking souls. At six o'clock we offered Mass in our cabin, two of us at a time, — thank God, we were able to say Mass every day! Breakfast was served at half after seven; and from then until noon we attended to our correspondence, made our spiritual readings, chatted with our fellow-passengers, or went for long tramps, round and round the deck. At noon we made an examination of conscience, recited the Angelus and other prescribed prayers. Dinner followed, with a long *after-nap* lasting until two or three o'clock. I was surprised at the lassitude which attends traveling aboard ship. Personally, I came so much under its thrall that the circumstance troubled me. There was a more or less constant sense of fatigue, an inability to exert oneself, so that writing or

reading, in which I am accustomed to take great pleasure when on *terra firma*, were now like so many penances. Really, this dullness of mind and body is indescribable. I came to feel like a conqueror whenever I succeeded in getting down the daily notes that I should need later on. But I am forgetting our schedule: From three o'clock to five we usually finished the Divine Office, and anticipated some of that of the next day. Supper was served at half past five; and after supper we four priests held a sort of colloquy — on missionary matters mostly — in our cabin; though often we merely indulged in the exchange of views and experiences: and we found these talks most enjoyable. When they came to an end, we joined in reciting the Angelus or the Salve Regina, and then, after another turn on deck, we retired. Can you imagine a more simple life than this? Yet we were starting out on really great adventures, both in the spiritual and material worlds, and were to be involved in the peril of waters and the terrors of the great deep, . . . in peril of unknown dangers in strange lands. But God's mercy encompassed us.

Not a sign of life appeared upon the ocean, no boat of any kind, until we approached the harbor of Honolulu. Every day at noon a notice was posted to indicate our latitudinal and longitudinal whereabouts, and also to show the distance covered during the past twenty-four hours, the difference of time on our watches, and the distance to the next seaport. A few of our readers may be interested to note the method of posting these reports:

November 10th.

Latitude, 34-13n.

Longitude, 136-11w.

Distance run, 364 miles.

Difference in time, 24 min.

To Honolulu, 1661 miles.

Maki, commander.

November 11th.

Latitude, 31-17n.

Longitude, 136-27w.

Distance run, 361 miles.

Difference in time, 26 min.

To Honolulu, 1300 miles.

Maki, commander.

CHAPTER IV

Molokai — the Shrine of a Hero

*The Chinese Professor and the German engineer —
Thoughts on Father Damien — Anniversary of a First
Communion Day — The Sonoma from Australia —
The four apostles from Techy — On land at last.*

It is always interesting to find out why and for what purpose your aboard-ship-neighbors are crossing the ocean. Some are on well-deserved vacations; some go for health and rest; some, for idle pleasuring; and others, to transact business. Many, especially those in the steerage, were going home to Japan, alone or with wife and children, after having lived for a certain number of years in California or the Hawaiian Islands. Usually these people had saved a few hundred dollars and were now returning to their native land in order to live a little more comfortably for the rest of their lives. However, there were Orientals of quite different stations in life, and with quite different motives for voyaging homeward again. I became acquainted with a Chinese gentleman: *Chi-Lu-Fu* was his name. He had graduated from the National University of Peking and had studied economics for two years in the University of California. He was going to Peking to become instructor in the university from which he graduated. He was well educated, and I found his conversation very interesting. His views on religion in general, and on Buddhism in India and China, showed that he had deeply considered these subjects.

We talked of China — of reconstruction work there, of the country's social and political conditions, of religion

in China, for the lower classes of people and for the intellectuals: of the military as the land's greatest obstacle to real progress. And finally, as the discussion went on, an endeavor was made to show him that only a strong religious faith could effect a really lasting reform in his great republic. We did not convince him, of course: but I believe we gave him some worthy material for thought. He was a clever fellow, and had seen many attempts made to accomplish advancing spiritual and cultural conditions among his people: but he was forced to admit that the truths of Christianity had never been really tried as yet, never applied as a whole. The day may dawn when this man, too, will begin to question: "Why not this, since all else has failed? God's Church alone is left."

Then, there was a German engineer and his wife, from Dresden. Both had held splendid positions in Tokyo for seven years, and were returning after a vacation. I had many talks with the gentleman, who was a pure materialist; and yet I think our conversations and discussions were mutually enjoyable. He had the vaguest, most incoherent ideas about Christianity. Formerly a member of the Lutheran Church, he regretted not having renounced his religion long since. To him Protestantism was an utter failure, and he could see no hope for its future. Worse still, he felt that Christianity in any form did not hold out any real promise for the world. What did? Buddhism? — perhaps! Thus do we see, occasionally, the mind of man wandering within the labyrinths of worldly conjecture, without an infallible guide. I thanked God, as every Catholic should thank Him, daily, for the gift of Faith — God's perfect bestowal upon the human race. But our conversations on shipboard had at least one good result, I know. They dispelled many a poor fellow's wrong views on Catholicity, history, social reform.

and other subjects which only the apprehension of the Catholic Christian can properly reach and elucidate.

The first-class passengers had music and dancing privileges which the second-class and steerage passengers did not enjoy. Many, however, spent most of their time resting or sleeping; some walked the deck for miles, each day; then there were plays and games, and occasionally Japanese theatricals, after both ancient and modern traditions. As our course veered southward, the weather naturally became warmer, until the climate seemed almost tropical. I often thought of Techny: November in Techny and November aboard the *Shinyo Maru* indeed represented widely diverging experiences, in more senses than one. For a few days we found the heat really oppressive while we said Mass, although we rose very early for the celebrations.

On November 14, we found ourselves within a day's journey of Honolulu, and we were glad to anticipate a change of events and the chance of temporarily disembarking. That night, November the fourteenth, will be ever fixed indelibly in my memory. I had been studying the steamship company's sailing map of the Hawaiian Islands, and I had discovered that our ship would pass by the Island of Molokai on her way to Honolulu!

Molokai! The very sound of the name thrills the heart of every Catholic. Molokai . . . and Father Damien, apostle of the lepers: the two words are inseparable. Damien, the victim who offered himself on the altar of sacrifice — he, who voluntarily joining the leper colony in 1873, had lived with and succored these people, and had suffered among them until he contracted the disease and died. This was he of whom Robert Louis Stevenson wrote in words of glowing tribute, paying to him the highest homage one person can pay to another, when he

referred to him as "the man who shut with his own hands the door of his own sepulcher." Greatly had I wished that I might be able to stop at that island, if only for one hour, to visit the spots made precious by Damien's former presence. But the demands upon us required that we should proceed directly to the Orient; so this trip was impossible; but nevertheless I wanted to see the *spot* — Molokai — from a distance, although I learned that we should pass in the night.

I awoke at half past eleven o'clock, precisely. Quietly, so as not to disturb the others, I peered through the port-hole of the cabin. Surely, I thought, *there* must be Molokai, in the distance! Towards the southwest I perceived a shadow, as of a mountain range. I slipped out on deck; but even then I was not certain whether I had sighted the shrine of my desire, or whether I had seen a low-lying, mountain-like cloud. Nevertheless, I returned to the cabin, and could not resist waking Father Mohr; but though we both tried to calculate the distance and location, we could not come to any satisfactory decision. We both went to bed again, I with the thought of arising again, in two or three hours, when we should have approached nearer. As if a good angel had roused me, I climbed out of my berth again at 1.30 a.m. There it was before us, indeed! — Molokai, the Island of Damien — the amphitheatre of so many heroic deeds! It looked like an illusion, in the silvery moonlight, under the bright stars . . . Had it looked so to him, the young apostle, when he stepped upon its shores and bade a last farewell to the steamer sailing away to civilization and leaving him . . . alone? What were his thoughts on that first silent night of his exile, spent under the pandanus tree, with filth and disease and all the horrors of decadent humanity to be exposed to his gaze at the break of day? Damien, Da-

mien! What a name to urge one to the heights of abnegation and self-sacrifice! The great light turned and returned its rays upon us! Immortal shrine! As great as any erected in any part of the world in commemoration of any deed of heroism or glory! Battle-field of a soldier of Christ! My whole being thrilled with an overpowering, exalted emotion. Just to look at Molokai in the moonlight made the love of God glow in one's breast — compelled one to burst forth: 'O God, Thou hadst given Thine only Son to the cross, to be the life and hope of all men, and did not Damien take up Christ's cross and follow Him — to Molokai?'

Then, swift as birds on the wing, came the thoughts of other days. I had read very much of Father Damien in past years; his life had always held the greatest fascination for me, and on several occasions I had published articles and stories about him. And now I recalled a masterly lecture on Damien, given not so long since, by Mr. Anthony Matré, K.S.G., of Chicago, to the religious of the communities at our Techny headquarters, and remembered how, at the end of it, I was privileged to bless the audience with Father Damien's own crucifix, afterwards handing the precious token to many present, that they might kiss it.

There are today six hundred lepers on this Island: the work of Damien has never ceased. Good Brother Dutton, a veteran soldier of the Civil War, who, upon hearing that Father Damien had contracted leprosy, went to care for him and act as his secretary, is still laboring in their midst. And the Picpus Fathers, together with the Franciscan Sisters of Syracuse, are now doing great work for these people, continuing Damien's labors and saving souls.

This experience of passing Molokai was awe-inspiring; I felt it to be an unforgettable night-watch, and I went and summoned my companions to join me, that they, too, might be filled with Damien's spirit and exalted at the passing sight of his exile home.

When Father General's alarm clock aroused us at half past four o'clock (for we desired to say Mass earlier than usual that morning), we were facing the northwest corner of Oahu, the fairy island on which Honolulu is situated. Diamond Head stretched far into the blue, like a giant lizard guarding its treasure. We started Mass in time to be finished when we should enter the harbor. For me the day was, in itself, memorable, because, twenty-five years before, on the fifteenth of November, I had received my first Holy Communion in the *Collegium Marianum* of Pelplin. At that time even my wildest dreams of the future (and they were vivid) did not include the thought that on the twenty-fifth anniversary of that date I should offer holy Mass on the waters surrounding the Hawaiian Islands. And so my memory went back to those who had approached the communion rail with me, for the first time, on that day. Where were they now? — scattered in every direction, all over the world. A number have passed away; some have died upon the battlefield. Comparatively few of us had reached the goal that all had hoped for . . . "many are called, but few are chosen." Surely, one can but say, "*Gratia Dei sum quod sum!*" But I made a special memento in my Mass that day for all those bound to me by these sweetly precious early associations.

When I came on deck to make my thanksgiving, I found that we were at anchor, facing Honolulu and waiting for officials to come on board and examine health con-

ditions before permitting us to land. What a beautiful scene now presented itself before our eyes! A haze lay upon the city and mountains of Oahu. Over the distant range of Molokai the sun was rising in all its splendor, while the moon's pale reflection was disappearing behind the clouds. And as the haze and mist disappeared from the mountains, the greater was the delight we experienced at the beauty of the land. Mark Twain had long ago described it for us, when he said: "I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud racks."

And then from the south appeared a steamer . . . it was the *S. S. Sonoma* coming to Honolulu from Australia: this was the boat upon which our four Techny Sisters S.Sp.S., were to leave, a few weeks later, for their work among the Papuans of New Guinea.¹

We were called hurriedly to breakfast, in order that the meal might not cause us any delay, later on. The officials, conveyed to our steamer by little motor-boats, came aboard: the examination did not last long. As we moved on slowly toward the pier, the whole boat began to take on a new appearance of animation. All the deck passengers were in holiday attire; and all appeared to be anxiously anticipating the spending of a day, once more,

¹ These four American Sisters were the first of their congregation to be sent from our country to work in that part of the mission field; therefore I shall here name them: Sister Clara of St. Aloysius' parish, Chicago; Sister Matritia of St. Agnes parish, St. Paul, Minn.; Sister Dolorosia of the Sacred Heart parish, Lilleyville, Illinois, and Sister Frances of the Holy Redeemer parish, Rochester, New York. All had received their appointments to go at the beginning of October, and all would soon bid farewell forever to parents and relatives, and would set out for the land to which the love of God called them. Well might the congregation of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, at Techny, be proud of these four pioneer apostles.

on *solid ground*. A score of Hawaiian boys sent up shrill cries in the water around us: "Money! Money! I dive! I dive!" All were ready to perform marvelous tricks of fancy diving, if perchance some of the passengers would deign to throw out a few dimes or nickels.

At eight o'clock the boat was made fast and the bridge lowered. Joyfully we set foot on land, after our eight days of sea experience.

CHAPTER V

The Paradise of the Pacific

A visit to the cathedral — The happy, flower-decked children — Good Bishop Libert and his companions — Father Maximin becomes our guide — "The end of the world" — Up to the Pali — The legend of the Bird-man — The statue of King Kamehameha the Great — Discovery of Hawaii — The Kapiolani Girls' Home — When the children visit Molokai with Sister Flaviana — The Brothers of Mary of Dayton, Ohio, and their splendid school.

When we left the steamer, Father General said to me: "I wonder what Divine Providence has in store for us this day." We were looking forward to many interesting hours, for through the kindness of our Frater Botelho (a Techny scholastic who came to St. Mary's Mission House from Hawaii), arrangements had been made with the Picpus Fathers of Honolulu — they had been his earlier teachers — to take care of us during our stay in the city. But we were not disappointed at finding no one at the pier. In the first place, the steamer was two days late; and in the second, the early morning hour of arrival (eight o'clock) was rather inopportune. It was just possible that no one yet knew that our steamship had docked.

We went to the post-office, to get rid of the letters and cards which we had been writing for the last few days, and then directed our steps to the Cathedral of Our Lady of Peace, at Fort and Beretania Streets. The children were on their way to school: happy, cheerful-look-

ing boys and girls they appeared, — the girls particularly, because of the bright wreaths which they wore. And we had many another occasion, throughout the day, to note this love of flowers; for nearly every other child we met wore a garland. And there is another feature of the place, not entirely disassociated with the first impression of the flower-garlanded children, and that is the great variety of racial types to be seen: there are white, yellow, brown, and black skins in every shade of each color. Hawaii is the melting-pot of the Pacific — nowhere else is there to be seen such a curious and polyglot population.

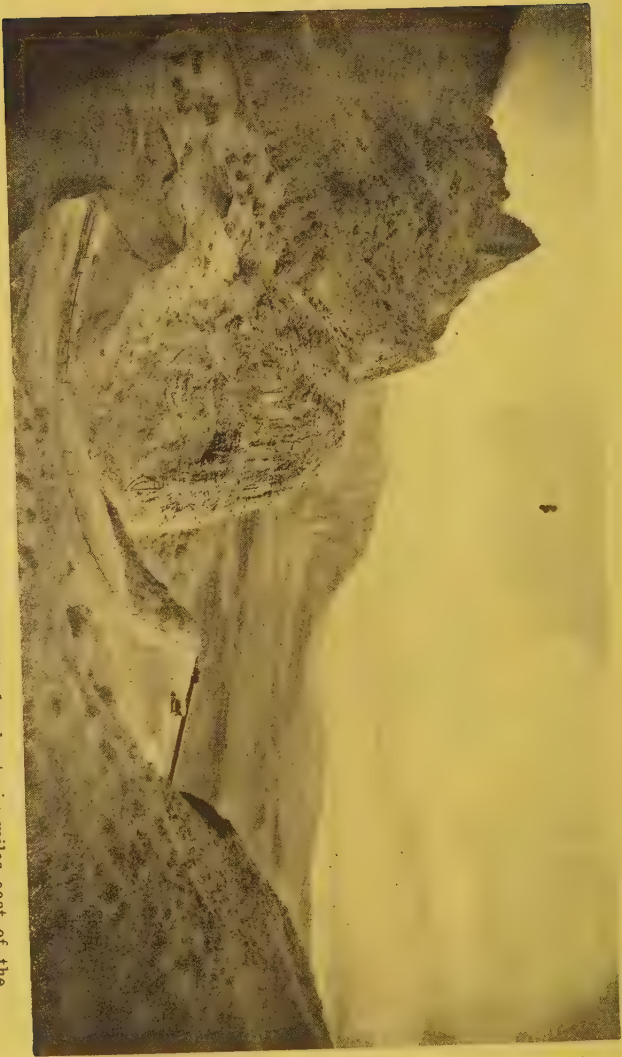
But what a flood of peaceful happiness came over us to be in a Catholic church once more! As we knelt there in that beautiful cathedral, our hearts immediately flowed out in thanks to our Lord and Master for our safe voyage and for His watchful care over us during the past eight days. We felt the sweet comfort and privilege of again worshiping our Eucharistic Lord in the tabernacle, whom we had missed so much. We had been in the edifice but a short while, however, when one of the Fathers called us to the bishop's house. There we found Bishop Boeynaems — *Right Reverend Libert Hubert Boeynaems, Vicar Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands*, to give him his official designation — waiting to greet us. In spite of his formidable title, or perhaps because of it, he is usually spoken of as Bishop Libert; but I presume the chief reason for this familiarity of address lies rather in the fact that the bishop was long the people's dear 'Father Libert' before his elevation to the episcopacy. He is a lovable, venerable, kind man; an amiable, tender-hearted shepherd, who, during his forty years of service in these islands, has attracted all by his simplicity of character and goodness of soul.

At this time we also met several others of the cathedral household: Father Matthias, provicar; Father Stephen, vice provincial; Father Valentine, secretary; Fathers Ulric, Victorinus, Philip, and Alphonse, assistants. While talking to the bishop and the Fathers, we were told that the Provincial, Father Maximin, had just left for the pier, to meet us, having started as soon as word was received that the *Shinyo Maru* had arrived. Even while we were speaking, he appeared; and arrangements were speedily made for a sight-seeing tour, for the steamer was to leave at five o'clock in the afternoon. Father Maximin, who, by the way, is one of the jolliest of mortals, hails from Treves, but has been in Hawaii for over twenty years. He soon had his car in readiness for us; and away we went, greatly appreciating his company and guidance.

In Honolulu we were soon made familiar with the usual accompaniments of the modern city — voriferous taxicab drivers, spacious hotels, miles of good roads, morning, afternoon, and evening papers, large department stores, a university and fine schools, a country club with golf courses, a Carnegie library, electric trolley cars, factories (we saw one industry of this kind — a canning factory where over a million cans of pineapple are put up in a day), a world-famous agricultural station, and many other evidences of progressive Americanism. But there was one characteristically American feature that, thanks to the modern instinct of Hawaiian women, we found utterly lacking: there were no billboards. Aroused a few years ago, by the alarming increase of these garish signs that were spoiling lovely vistas, here and there and everywhere, of mountain and valley and turquoise sea, some of the women of Hawaii notified the merchants of Honolulu and the mainland that they would purchase no goods



The Royal Palm Avenue of Honolulu. It extends for miles beyond and above the port, and everywhere the interstices between the stately growths afford wondrous glimpses — now of the city, now of a luxuriant valley, — a pineapple plantation — a rich forest growth, — or of the tumbling sea in the dim distance.



The Famous Pali (cliff or precipice) of Honolulu, which stands about six miles east of the city, towering some 1214 feet above the level of the sea.

so advertised. Because of this there is not a single advertising billboard on the Island of Oahu today.

But we relinquished with good grace the more ordinary sights of the city, for we were really out for novelties. Therefore we were glad to hear Father Maximin announce: "I am a *Kamaaina* (old-timer); you are a *Malihini* (newcomer); so I shall now perform a prodigy for you: I am going to bring you to the end of the world." Then he hastened to add, by way of explanation: "Some people call it the jumping-off place." He kept his word; but we soon found that we were to be initiated into the experience by degrees. We first went through the Chinese-Japanese district of the city, where enamel-work bearing the Hawaiian coat-of-arms,¹ photographs, picture postcards, grass skirts, shells, corals, wreaths, and hat-bands made of feathers, and the ukelele ("the dancing flea") may be bought in their native haunts. Then we speeded through the more modern and fashionable streets, where homes, gardens, and roadways presented an appearance of the most marvelous beauty, because of the lavish display of flowers and foliage. Never, elsewhere, is one privileged to see such hedges of hibiscus, such masses of *Bougainvillea*, and oleanders as big as trees. But we soon perceived that we were continually gaining higher levels, until mountains began to loom up on every side, to the right and to the left of us. Wonderful is this Island of Oahu, and well does it deserve its title of "Gibraltar of the Pacific," for coral cliffs and promontories guard most of the one hundred and seventy-seven miles

¹ It was Kamehameha the Great who gave Hawaii its motto:
Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono.
The life of the land is righteousness.

of coast. But onward we flew, until, quite suddenly, we found ourselves arrived at "the end of the world," as promised. No place in the island is more familiar than the *Pali* — a Hawaiian word for precipice. It is surmounted by a curious cone-shaped peak that lures you from the city below. The *Pali* is the 'Pass of the Winds' — the meeting-place of all the young hurricanes of the Pacific. Thick-growing, slim eucalyptus trees, fan-shaped travelers' palms, springlike puhalas, gnarled and twisted banyans, feathery tamarinds, broad-leaved bananas, mangos, algarobas, and, dotting the whole landscape, royal palms, with their lightning-rod tops, spread before our vision. Then we came abruptly upon the rim, and looked down twelve hundred feet on a panorama that is one of the wonders of the world. Land and sea, coral reefs and mountains, stretch before the eyes. And away in the distance Father Maximin pointed out two neat little Catholic churches with schools. But anon we turned our gaze to the fertile plateau of the Wahiawa pineapple region; then to the green embroidered avenues of Honolulu; and finally to the rich agricultural districts of windward Oahu.

The legend of the Bird-man of *Pali* has been told by many travelers.

Namaka, the bird-man, entered into a contest with Pakuanui, on *Pali*. The latter could not handle Namaka, who was "slimy as a fish"; but in close encounter within a narrow place, he gave him a kick that knocked him (Namaka) over the precipice. Of course, Pakuanui expected Namaka to be at once dashed to pieces. But Namaka flew away from the edge, like a bird, spreading out his arms as if they were wings!

In a rock near the top of the mountain a tablet is inscribed to the victory of King Kamehameha the Great.

who conquered ten thousand opposing warriors. The tablet reads: "Erected by the Daughters of Hawaii, in 1907, to commemorate the battle of Nuuanu, fought in this valley in 1795, when the invading Kamehameha I drove the forces of Kalanikupule, King of Oahu, to the Pali, and hurled them over the precipice, thus establishing the Kamehameha dynasty."

In Honolulu we saw the statue of this king who achieved the victory and united all the islands under his rule. The statue was erected to commemorate the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook, in 1778, though legends say that they were first found by shipwrecked Spaniards in 1527 and again by Juan Gaetano in 1555. King Kamehameha died in 1819, and the first American Protestant missionaries came a year later. In 1827 the first Catholic missionaries arrived.

We drove slowly down the winding road until we were well within the picture we had seen above, with mountains on the left hand and the ocean on our right. In Hawaii, if you ask a direction, you are apt to receive in return the reply, "*Mauka*," meaning 'toward the mountain,' or "*Makai*," 'toward the sea!' We were carried through banana lands, rice plantations, taro patches, picturesque pastures, and cocoanut groves. In the course of conversation, Father Maximin told us, in an amusing way, how he had very nearly joined the Society of the Divine Word, some thirty-eight years before. At that time he had corresponded with our Father Dier, who was then a student in the Mother House at Steyl; but it appeared that the latter's letters were so filled with serious ascetic reflections that Father Maximin gave up all hope of ever climbing to such lofty heights. We assured him that we were very glad that things had turned out just as

we found them with him, since he was making such a splendid guide for us, in this Paradise of the Pacific.


He was not satisfied, however, until he took us, through the Portuguese district, to the volcano or tufa cone, from whose five-hundred-foot summit another delightful view of Honolulu may be obtained. While here, Father Maximin gave us a detailed explanation of the panorama spread out before us: he pointed out the Catholic and Protestant churches, the Shinto temples, and the beautiful Waikiki beach. We should have liked to stay there for hours, but our time was limited. Our machine brought us back to the cathedral rectory; and now, as Father Maximin had to attend to class, Father Ulric came with us, taking us hither and thither until the noon hour. One place visited with Father Ulric was, naturally, of the greatest interest to us: I refer to the Kapiolani Girls' Home, where sixty-four children of Molokai leper parents are being cared for by a community of the Franciscan Sisters of Syracuse, New York. Sister Flaviana, the superior, told us the interesting story of these children: it is a similar tale, for one and all. The little ones born on Molokai are taken from their parents soon after their birth, and are brought to a nursery. When they are about a year old, they are conveyed to Honolulu, the boys being taken to the Boys' Home, and the girls to the Kapiolani Home. Once in a while arrangements are made so that the children can visit their parents. The trip to Molokai is a journey of three days from Honolulu, but the Sisters know what intense happiness these visits bring to the poor fathers and mothers who are waiting for death, and so they go to great lengths to bring about these occasional meetings. When the boat touches Kalau-paupau, the port of Molokai, the lepers are always found waiting on the banks, crying for very joy. As soon as

the children go ashore, they are marched to the visitors' house: and here the front room is separated from the remainder of the cottage by a glass wall, through which visitors can see and speak to the lepers. Visitors cannot go out of this enclosure until they leave for the steamer, which remains about an hour. On one occasion, however, the children stayed a week. The parents and other friends could speak to them freely enough, but they could not touch them or exchange any gifts. In Father Damien's time nearly all the people lived at Kalawao, which is three miles from Kalaupapau. Father Damien is buried beside the concrete church which he built, and the children always make a pilgrimage to this spot. When they last made a visit, Sister Flaviana said that they brought back three little babies. There is always deep sorrow as well as joy for the poor, unhappy parents, in these visits; for there are always many of them who know that they are not likely to see their little ones again. The children of the home are beautiful, and attractive, and we were charmed with their singing of Hawaiian songs.

The final visit of the morning was paid to the splendid school of the Brothers of Mary, from Dayton, Ohio. Of course, they knew all about the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade and about our last great convention at their Mother House in Dayton. There were over a thousand boys in this school — American, Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, and other nationalities. Brother Adolph, the superior (he had previously taught for years in Yokohama), and two other Brothers took us around. We were well pleased with all we saw. Neatness, cleanliness, and order prevailed. We visited a number of classrooms in which lessons were going on, and the boys made the finest impression on us. The Brothers assured us that they could easily have five hundred more boys, if they

only had accommodations sufficient to receive them. Every one of the Brothers seemed satisfied and happy to such a degree that I was astonished. The Brothers themselves attribute this to the types of boys they are teaching. They are all so anxious to learn that shirking is unknown; and they are zealous, obedient, and polite. One Brother declared that in the three months he had been teaching he had not had a single cause for complaint.

At last Father Ulric urged us to return to the cathedral rectory, as it was close to noon; but I was so absorbed in this school that I could scarcely bear to leave it. There are one hundred and fifty subscribers of the *Little Missionary* among the students, and the fact only increased the interest felt by all parties to this visit.



CHAPTER VI

To the Land of the Rising Sun

Hawaiian history — Discovery of Hawaii — The choice of the Hawaiian flag — The early missionaries — Father Bachelot and the algaroba tree — Catholics in the Islands — The story of the Punchbowl — Waikiki beach and the aquarium — St. Augustine's-on-the-Beach — The Sacred Heart Church — The night-blooming cereus — I meet Captain Courageous.

At table we were given a brief history of "the loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean," and I was glad of it, because I wanted very much to learn all that I could about Oahu and its charming city.

The territory of Hawaii includes innumerable islands, extending from Hawaii on the east to Ocean Island, nearly fifteen hundred miles to the southwest. Large steamers ply between the four principal islands of the group, so that the visitor can, if he so desires, proceed from one to another without difficulty. Oahu, Maui, Kauai, and Hawaii are now equipped with wonderful roadways, and it is therefore a pleasure to travel through them.

When Capt. James Cook, the English explorer, landed, in 1778, he was greeted as the god *Lono*, who, so the Hawaiians had been taught, was to come to them on a floating island. He was given a temple and worshiped as a deity; but his men were overbearing and ruthless, and failed to respect the sacred fences and the temple, or even the sacred images within it. In a conflict with the natives, in an endeavor to recover a stolen boat, Cook was wounded; and as soon as the natives discovered that

this new "god" could be injured, they set upon him and killed him.

Very little even of traditional history of Hawaii, prior to A. D. 1000, is contained in the folklore of the Pacific Islanders; but it is said that there was one, Hawaii-loa, who sailed from the West to the islands, to which he gave his own name. Tradition goes on to relate that he and his companions came in a canoe hollowed out of a single log by tools cunningly made of rock and hard lava, for they had no metals. Some of the later Hawaiian canoes were seventy feet long and were capable of carrying fifty men. For a long time the natives continued to make them from the giant kao trees of the country. These were cut high up on the mountains, with stone axes, and were then dragged shorewards with ropes of vines.

When discovered, the islands were inhabited by a handsome, semi-civilized race — a happy and kindly people, who were fond of music and of the beauties of nature, but given over to peculiar forms of ritualistic practices which served them for religion, the *tabu* being the chief characteristic. There were several days in the month when no one could stir abroad, could fish or swim, without being in danger of sentence of death by the king-priests. The *tabu* was especially severe on the women, who were not permitted at any time of the year to eat the choicest foods, such as bananas, cocoanuts, turtle meat, etc. No woman could eat in the presence of a man, or in the house in which he ate, or have her food cooked in his oven. Two ovens and two houses were, therefore, required for every family.

The kings of Hawaii were men of giant stature, with absolute power over life and death. They were believed to be equal to gods, and the common people were made to lie prostrate on the ground when they came forth. A

royal feather cloak worn by one of these kings is now shown in the Bishop Museum in Honolulu. The natives value it at one million dollars. It is said that the garment was one hundred years in the making: for the feathers of the *mamo* (a rare bird) only were permitted to be used, and these feathers are as delicate and slender as the hairs of a human head: moreover, but a single feather under each wing of the *mamo* possessed the requisite color, texture, and length for the royal cloak. The bird was caught by glue spread on the trees: and after the two feathers were removed (one from each wing), it was again set at liberty.

The figure of Kamehameha I, the Great, stands forth, undoubtedly, as one of the greatest personages of all time, according to the Hawaiian conception. Father Maximin told me an interesting story of the great king's choice of a flag for his nation. According to the tale, he selected the emblem that he considered to be the most beautiful, — the Stars and Stripes; but as England protested against this, the king then, in place of the stars, put the crosses of the British flag on the blue field. The legend is a curious one, in view of the fact that the flag of the United States of America came to be, later, the flag of the islands. America was the first to recognize the independence of these islands, in 1842: France and England accorded the same recognition, two years later. The Hawaiians can truly say that they were not taken over by, but rather that they took over, the United States; for, in 1893, the Committee of Safety issued a proclamation declaring the monarchy to be abrogated, and established a provisional government "to exist until terms of union with the United States of America shall have been negotiated and agreed upon." On August 12, 1898, the American flag

was raised over the Executive Building in Honolulu, and Hawaii became United States' territory.

The growth of religious and Catholic life and its present status in the islands was naturally of the greatest interest to us. It is said that Kamehameha I made an effort to learn something of Christianity. When he heard that the people of Tahiti had embraced the new Faith, he inquired of a foreigner about it, "but the man could tell him nothing." Again, just before his death, he asked an American trader for the story of the white man's God; but as a native afterward said: "he no tell him." This greatest of the Hawaiians prepared the way for the coming of Christ among his people, but he himself apparently died without ever adequately hearing the Gospel message. However, there are now eight Catholic churches in Honolulu, and the sermons in the cathedral and other churches are preached in English, Hawaiian, and Portuguese. The Portuguese are the best and most practical Catholics in the islands. They emigrated, not directly from Portugal, but from Madeira and the Azores.

Problems concerning racial integration and the perpetuation of native stock in Hawaii have become greatly complicated with economic and industrial conditions. This region, agriculturally one of the richest in the world, has achieved great importance through the development of the pineapple and sugar industries, the former with an export trade of \$30,000,000 a year, and the latter with an export trade of \$100,000,000 a year. These great industries have called into the country a teeming foreign population of various admixtures of the laboring classes; and the coming of these outsiders has resulted, as has almost inevitably been the case wherever similar circumstances have been brought about in the islands of the Pacific, in a gradual but progressive depletion of the native

tribes. Shortly after the islands were discovered by Captain Cook, they became a center of the then important whaling industry. Just prior to this, the native population was estimated to be 400,000. However, in 1823 the missionaries obtained a more accurate counting, showing 142,000 souls. Today, the native stock has dwindled to fewer than 24,000 people. Between the years 1852 and 1875, the Chinese continued to come to the islands, in small numbers; but during the ten years following 1875, more than 25,000 arrived. In 1886, after various requests had been made that the Hongkong government should check the influx of Chinese, immigration was practically stopped by an act requiring a passport for admittance. Meanwhile, the Portuguese had gradually drifted into the islands, until, in 1877, it was reported that some five hundred had settled there. They were well liked and were found to be industrious, and an effort was made to secure more of them. By 1884, over 9,000 had arrived. Portuguese immigration continued, spasmodically, until 1913. At the time of the census of 1920, there were 27,000 Portuguese in the Territory. Some Spanish immigrants were included among the Portuguese, and vice versa; for the Spanish were also assisted to migrate to Hawaii. Then the Porto Ricans were brought in, — a few in 1900, and more from 1906 on. But while these Latin representatives were being added to the population of Hawaii, the labor situation had become more and more critical. These people insisted on coming by families, and it was often necessary to provide passage for five or six persons in order to obtain one who would be immediately available as a laborer. Furthermore, a small number of Japanese had arrived by 1868, and these became model colonists; but at this time the Japanese were not much given to leaving home. Only in 1884 did the Japan

government officially consent to the settling of its subjects in Hawaii. Once started, however, the immigration of the Japanese swept everything before it; as many as 20,000 arrived in the single year of 1899, and 18,000 Japanese newcomers were reported in 1906. Japanese immigration was never considered a menace by the local government. It was only when Hawaii became a Territory of the United States, subject to our immigration laws, that any effort was made to stem this inflowing tide. The first attempts evoked so much disapproval that, as a concession to the labor demands of the islands, Orientals were allowed to enter Hawaii, although they were forbidden to proceed from Hawaii to the mainland. From 1906 Japanese immigration dwindled, and the later immigrants consisted mostly of women and children and relatives of those already in Hawaii. Not a few were Japanese who had been in Hawaii at one time but had returned to Japan. At the time of the last census (1920) there were nearly 110,000 Japanese in the islands, and they constituted forty-two per cent of the total population. Finally, still another Oriental element was added to the population of Hawaii in the coming of the Koreans. They began to arrive about 1901, and they number, at the present time, about 5,000.¹

The first Catholic priests arrived in Honolulu on July 9, 1827. They were the Reverend Alexis Bachelot (prefect apostolic), the Reverend Abraham Armand, and the Reverend Patrick Short. The first two priests were French, and the third was Irish. All were members of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (called also the Society of Picpus, from the name of the street in Paris in which the mother house is situated).

¹ Louis R. Sullivan, "The Labor Crisis in Hawaii," *Asia*, July, 1923.

Protestant missionaries had arrived from New England in 1820, and had obtained the support of the king and chiefs. As soon as our missionaries began to make converts, opposition arose against the Catholic converts, and the priests were banished. Fathers Bachelot and Short were sent to Lower California.

But in 1836, Father Robert Walsh, an Irish priest of the same Congregation, arrived in Honolulu; and through the intervention of the British consul, he was allowed to remain in the islands. In 1837 Fathers Bachelot and Short returned from California; but religious opposition still continued. In the same year there arrived from France Father Louis Maigret, who afterward became bishop and first vicar apostolic of the Hawaiian (then called *Sandwich*) Islands. He was not permitted to land at this time, however; but was forced to leave the country in company with Father Bachelot, who, worn out by labor and trials, died at sea shortly afterward.

In the year 1840 the Right Rev. Bishop Rouchouze came to Honolulu. He was the first vicar apostolic of Oriental Oceanica, appointed in 1833, with jurisdiction over Hawaii, Tahiti, the Marquesas, and other islands. In 1841 Bishop Rouchouze returned to France, in search of laborers and necessary mechanical equipment. He found both, and during the same year a ship left France with a number of priests and Sisters and a cargo of supplies. The schooner in which they sailed, — the *Mary-Joseph*, owned by the mission, — was never heard from after its departure from France. It must have sunk with all on board: no soul was ever found to tell the story of the catastrophe. This was a severe blow for the mission, and retarded its development for some years. On August 15, 1843, the newly finished cathedral of Honolulu was dedicated, and eight hundred Catholics received Holy

Communion at the time. On July 11, 1847, Pius IX appointed the Very Rev. Louis Maigret vicar apostolic, to succeed Bishop Rouchouze, taking charge of the Hawaiian mission as a separate vicariate.

Within sixteen years after the advent of the first missionaries, in the neighborhood of one hundred primary schools were established in various parts of the islands. When the need for high schools and colleges became imperative, the Brothers of Mary accepted the charge; and on July 3, 1882, the cornerstone of St. Louis College was laid.

At the present time there are sixty-five thousand Catholics in the islands, and twenty thousand of them are in Honolulu: the cathedral parish alone numbers 3000 souls. There are also some 47,000 Filipinos, we learned: they do not lead exemplary Catholic lives, however, but simply use the church for baptisms, weddings, and funerals. When Bishop Hurth, of the Nueva Segovia diocese of the Philippine Islands, passed through Hawaii, sometime ago, he promised to send the Picpus Fathers two Filipino priests; but up to the time of our visit he had not been able to do so. Undoubtedly the one great obstacle to the assuming of pastoral care of these Filipinos is the variety of their dialects. They speak Batan, Ibanag, Ilocano, Pampangan, Pangasinan, Bicol, Tagalog, Visayan, etc., and it is almost impossible for the Picpus Fathers to take proper care of them. They do the best they can; but priests of their own race and tongue are needed to arouse the spirit of Faith.

It seems quite fitting here, by way of transition to other topics, to state that Father Bachelot, when he first came to the islands, brought with him seeds of the algaroba tree² (which had been given to him by the King of

² The botanical name is *prospis juliflora*.

France) and planted them. The tree has been of greater benefit to the islands than any other tree subsequently imported. The remains of the first one to grow are still shown in the grounds of the cathedral, where an appropriate tablet is attached. The algaroba now grows extensively all over Hawaii and has even become the subject of the poet's praise:

“When the algaroba spreads its aisles of beauty, rest,
and shade,

Unconsciously the plea of prayer and chant of praise
are made.

Where once were sunburned, barren spots, these shrines
of beauty grow,

As ten thousand lovely chapels named for Father Bach-
elot.”³

It is true that the tree will thrive in places so dry that scarcely any other tree or shrub can live; and it grows to a height of seventy feet, bearing an immense quantity of pods filled with beans which contain much sugar. Honey-bees are fond of the nectar of the flowers, and the wood is also greatly valued for fuel.

The pineapple was brought to Oahu some years ago, from the East Indies. It grew so profusely that the markets were overloaded, and those who had planted it extensively lost a great deal of money and decided to destroy it. A few, however, rescued some of the uprooted plants, and after using the fruit in every conceivable way, began to can the surplus. Thus started the industry that, by 1923, shipped five million cases of canned fruit to the markets of the world.

The sugar planters in Hawaii are incessantly engaged in a war of extermination waged against the insect ene-

³ Philip Henry Dodge.

mies of the cane. These enemies are of many varieties and wreak their injuries in many different ways. There are, particularly, the cane borer, — a sort of beetle, — and the hopper, a kind of plant louse. They first effected their entrance on importations of cane seed and cuttings; and as years passed, they became so numerous as to threaten the utter destruction of the sugar industry of the islands. With such a menace to contend with, the Hawaiian planters proceeded to organize an experiment station. It was soon ascertained that the pests had been imported as stowaways on Australian seed cane. Research in the Library of the British Museum, London, informed the entomologists that the native habitat of the hopper is Queensland, Australia. Therefore, visiting that country, they spent weeks hunting its natural enemies; and were eventually rewarded by practical discoveries. One enemy was found to be an almost microscopic insect which, much as a mosquito attacks a human being, steals upon and attaches itself to the hopper's body, stinging it and laying a tiny egg beneath its skin. When this egg hatches, the larva has such a tremendous appetite that by the time it is grown the hopper's interior department has been devoured and the parasite emerges ready to place its egg in some other animated combination of incubator and larder.

The entomologists found another insect which, from the sugar-growers' standpoint, has an even more successful plan of campaign against the hopper. It goes about seeking hopper's eggs in which to lay its own. Since its young hatch much more quickly than the hopper's, they come to life in time to eat the hapless embryo hopper and to grow strong enough, as a result of that feast, to lay eggs, in their own turn, in the eggs of other hoppers.

The sequel of the tale is, obviously, that these two hopper's enemies were introduced into Hawaii; and they have gradually forced the hoppers to sound a retreat.



Children of the Kapiolani Home, Honolulu, Hawaii. Their parents belong to the leper colony of Molokai.



The Peerless and Sublime Mount Fuji. When rendered visible by atmospheric conditions, it is the most prominent feature of all Japan.

There is still another classic illustration in Hawaii of the incalculable value of the work of entomologists. A wealthy Hawaiian visited Mexico, and found there a shrub which he greatly admired and which he decided to take back to Honolulu with him. It was the lantana, growing some five feet tall, possessing a rich foliage, and bearing a brown, red, and yellow flower. The slips grew wonderfully, and the shrub, away from its natural enemies, began to sweep over the island. Neither Canada thistle nor krautweed ever spread more like wildfire in a new environment than did the lantana. In contrast to the great benefit of Father Bachelot's algaroba, it ruined whole pastures, and even the cultivated fields were ruthlessly invaded by it. Again Hawaii went to her entomologists for relief. Going to Mexico, the "bug specialist" visited the natural habitat of the lantana, and there found a fly whose special mission in life appears to be to lay its eggs in the bud of the lantana. When these hatch out, the youngsters feast upon the lantana seeds. Brought to Hawaii, this fly, with no natural enemies, spread rapidly, and in a few years the Mexican shrub was relegated to the category of conquered dangers.⁴

I have been relating bits of information and lore which came to us through the hours of pleasant companionship we spent with Father Maximin. But time was flying away rapidly, and the good Father was now determined that we should see Waikiki beach in all its glory, and the famous aquarium. Thus there came another turn in our interests, with several new points of vantage. Father said he regretted that he could not bring us to the punchbowl, but that *that* would take too long. The

⁴ "The Hawaiian Islands," Gilbert Grosvenor, LL.D., *National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1924.

punchbowl, it appeared, is a dead crater where, in early times, the natives offered human sacrifices. For the most part it is as red as clay, though a tinge of green suggests bronzes of uncertain antiquity. "On this mountain top," related Father Maximin, "a Hawaiian myth has it that a man was first made to rule over this land. The old gods made him from the clay of the crater; and then a woman from his shadow, to keep him company. Of course, this is an old myth, but there are yet to be found some of the pagan natives who still believe in gods and fairies, — in shark men, owls, and ghosts, — and who will tell you stories of the goddess of the crater, if you care to listen."

But Father was interrupted in his narrative by the arrival of a street-car; it was airy and open, just fitted for this climate. This we boarded, while Father Maximin informed us that we should have a worth-while trip; for the aquarium in Kapiolani Park is filled with "impossible fish," so-called because they are so gorgeously colored that it does not seem possible they can be real. *Kihikihi* the Hawaiians call one of these fish, and the Hawaiians' friends, the *white folk*, have named him the Moorish Idol. Yet he is only a fish, and not a very large one at that. He is rainbow-hued, perhaps three-quarters of an inch across the 'shoulders,' but six inches up and down, and eight from the ends of his two tails. And so he looks like a three-quarter moon. Soft vertical bands of black, white, and egg-yellow run into one another on both sides, and a long, white plume trails downward in a semi-circle. He is the last word in form, translucent harmony of color, and of motion. He moves about with rhythmic dignity and grace. *Kihikihi* has a rival in *Nainai*, who has been given an alias, the *Surgeon Fish*; he is light-brown, with an orange band on his sides.⁵

⁵ "The Pacific Triangle," by Sydney Greenbie.

Near the Park is Waikiki,⁶ an all-the-year-round bathing-place where the water maintains, usually, a temperature of seventy degrees. Along the beach are numerous villas and hotels. Here we saw some of the famous "surf-board riding." Picking out a comber, as the riders call it, they fling themselves astride their surf-boards, and ride at lightning speed on the crest of an enormous roller. We did not see the riding in outrigger canoes, which, Father Maximin assured us, is most exciting, particularly when the natives pit themselves against American crews.

We then paid a visit to two other churches — the first, St. Augustine's-on-the-Beach, of which Father Valentine is pastor. It stands in a neat little garden, at the very entrance of Kapiolani Park. One could see its cross-tipped arch of natural stone, which led into an avenue of stately date palms and through to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, and thence to the chapel. It is without windows. Its altar was erected by a convert, the daughter of a Hebrew. The entrance leading to the chapel is of lava stones.

We visited, next, the Sacred Heart Church, which possesses splendid stained-glass windows from France and a fine altar in *rigalico*. Here we met the amiable Father Stephen, who regretted that he could not at the moment show us "one of the most beautiful sights in Hawaii," for, on a stone wall opposite the church is a magnificent growth of the hibiscus, the night-blooming cereus, which blooms after sunset during July, August, and September. "The flowers," said Father Stephen, "range from eight to twelve inches in length, and have large white deep calyxes, shading into rich yellow tints near the heart."

⁶ Wai (ei as in height) kee'kee.

But here we were again summoned away; it was time to start back to the cathedral, by way of the street-car. Now we saw the little children coming home from school, the girls still wearing their *leis*, or flower wreaths. Father General had not made this afternoon's excursion with us, and we returned early so as to have an hour's adoration in the cathedral. After that, we attended to the writing of cards to our friends, and then bade good-by to hospitable Bishop Libert and his priests. Truly, they had given us a royal reception. We shall never forget it. "*Retribuere dignare, Domine . . .*" ('Make unto them a worthy return, O Lord'). We parted with the bishop's blessing; and after one more visit to our Eucharistic Lord in the cathedral, we made off for the *Shinyo Maru*.

A busy scene now met our gaze. Crowds of Hawaiians and Japanese were thickly scattered about the pier. There were venders who offered garlands and wreaths; and many friends and acquaintances bought them in order to decorate those from whom they must soon part. The words, "Mahalo mi," ('thanks, many thanks'), constantly mingled with "Aloha oe," ('good-by, good-by'). One hears the word "aloha" continually. Its meaning is so beautiful that it needs to be explained: Good wishes . . . sympathy in every thought and mood. . . every sorrow . . . every joy . . . every success . . . every loss . . . I welcome you . . . I bid you farewell . . . my good wishes go with you: all this it means, and more. Hawaii could hardly be the Hawaii it is without "Aloha oe!"

And seldom does the departing guest board his steamer without being bedecked with strings of *lei* — crimson flowers of the *ohia* tree, wound around neck and shoulders. I stood at the railing, gazing down at the throng. Sad faces met my eyes — faces down which tears were

falling like rain; and there were other faces, some of which were flushed with happiness and various indecipherable emotions.

I turned aside. What a wonderful day it had been! I felt that I had crammed my brain with history, reminiscences, magnificent scenery, and sights never to be forgotten. Beside me stood a hardy-looking fellow, who met my sober expression with a gay smile. He saluted me, respectfully, and at once began to converse with me. He was an Austrian from Los Angeles — a real globe-trotter, who had just finished a bicycle trip through Oahu and was now on his way to Hongkong, Calcutta, Egypt, and Europe. Traveling alone, and as happy as a lark, the man certainly did not lack courage.

At five o'clock sharp our boat left, and the *Sonoma* left at the same time. A small tug pulled us from the pier, and the *Sonoma* bade farewell in the clear notes of our old home favorite. I listened, while a cornet from the *Sonoma's* marine band sent over across the waters the dear strains of "Home, Sweet Home." My friend, whom I dubbed *Captain Courageous*, still lingered beside me. He chuckled.

"I never hear a ship's band," he said, "but I think of one of the best things I ever read. At one time a commander of a British war vessel, here at Honolulu, set his band to playing 'Dixie,' alongside a United States steamer; and the United States band retorted with the 'Wearin' of the Green.' " I was to discover that *Captain Courageous* was a great reader as well as a great traveler.

Majestically now we moved out into the open ocean; the *Sonoma* turned toward San Francisco, and we to the Land of the Rising Sun, as the great orb of day set behind the clouds.

CHAPTER VII

The Other Side of the World

Placid hours — The Bay of Yokohama — Fujiyama, the holy mountain — Thoughts and hopes — Monsignor Reiners welcomes us — The Fathers of the Paris Missionary Society — On to Tokyo! — General impressions — Industry of the people — A word about the emperor — The school of the Brothers of Mary — The Catholic University of the Jesuits — The Ladies of St. Maur — The Sacred Heart Academy.

The days that followed on board our ship were repetitions of those that had gone before. We kept our daily rule, and I tried to make notes of the wonderful things I had seen and heard in Honolulu. I realized to the full the extent of the Catholic development that had taken place there in less than a hundred years. Father General and our entire party kept a bit to ourselves, save that Captain Courageous joined us occasionally, with a grin and a story. Otherwise, the days passed rather uneventfully.

Saturday, November 26, was the eve of the first Sunday in Advent. The preceding night had been a stormy one — to conclude, as it were, our three weeks' sojourn on the watery wastes of the Pacific; and now the wide and peaceful Bay of Yokohama welcomed us. The bulky figures of clumsy junks, their brown sails cut in peculiar patterns and hanging at peculiar angles, with each sail lined with tiny wooden ribs like the lattice-work on a Japanese lantern, were all about us. Among these junks loomed the huge bulks of many bigger steamers. For at least two hours we had sailed past a low-lying shore line,

before we came in sight of the steep cliff to the southward which forms the great outer harbor. Each aspect of the panorama excited, in turn, our admiration and our wonder; but the insistent, dominant point in the landscape was *Fujiyama*! On screens, fans, and porcelains had I seen this pictured idol of Japan, this queen of mountains, which rises 13,000 feet out of sheer sea-level, perfect in form, snow-capped, majestic, blazing against the western sky. But here before me was the reality, and now all feeble representations faded into insignificance.

I began my Office as I paced the deck. How well certain parts of the Advent Office could be applied to this great, progressive, but, alas, pagan country of 56,000,000 inhabitants, which we were now approaching! I proceeded to offer my devotions for the conversion of Japan, and in particular for the nearly six million pagans residing within the boundaries of the Niigata mission entrusted to the care of our Society. *Rorate coeli desuper et nubes pluant justum*: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just One!" The Advent Antiphon seemed especially well adapted and fitting for my contemplation. *Alma Redemptoris Mater, coeli porta, Stella Maris, succurre cadenti, surgere qui curat populo*: "Gracious Mother of our Redeemer, Portal of the heavens, Star of the sea, come to the rescue of thy people and succor those about to fall." And again I mused: 'When will the time come when we may look upon Japan and apply with truth the sacred responsories of Terce for this season?' . . . *Timebunt gentes nomen Tuum, Domine; et omnes reges terrae gloriam tuam!* — "Let the people fear Thy name, O Lord, and let all the kings of the earth behold Thy glory."

The fiery disk of the sun went down like the great red ball on the Japanese flag. The top of the "Holy

Mount'' of Japan was draped with a light cloud. As we continued to gaze with delight upon it, the whole particular scene seemed filled with the spirit of our Faith. God grant that the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church may speedily be acknowledged as the Church of Japan — that the bright sun may soon dissipate the clouds! May her many gods be overcome by the power of the one true God; may her many religions give way before the sweet doctrines of the religion of Christ . . . and may our glorious Church rise here to such heights of achievement that, like Fujiyama, it may cause the world to stand lost in joy, while gazing upon it with profound admiration!

We turned once more in the direction of the city, dimly discerning the outlines of the famous Bluff, where most of the European and American residents dwelt. It is almost impossible to imagine that this section is no more, and to realize that at that time one of the most dreadful disasters in history was soon to fall upon this city and Tokyo. Officials came on board, almost directly, for the usual passport and health examinations — a tiresome affair for all concerned; but one had to go through with it. At five o'clock we began to move slowly toward the pier, where an immense crowd of relatives and friends awaited the incoming travelers. There were shouts and cries of welcome and salutation on all sides. The pier was miserably lighted and the paper lanterns which the people carried gave them a spectral appearance. But while the big ship was being moored, we discovered Monsignor Reiners, the prefect apostolic of our Niigata mission district, among the crowd. Up to this moment we had been mere onlookers, placidly viewing the excitement about us; but now, with Monsignor Reiners waiting, we became as anxious as those surrounding us to leave the vessel and

go ashore. Joyful were our greetings as we stepped out on the pier. As we left the gangway of the steamer, we were informed that we were not to start for Kobe until ten o'clock on Monday morning; so we knew that we were to have sufficient time ashore to get a real glimpse of Japanese life as well as some necessary mission information.

Monsignor Reiners and Father Mohr were obliged to remain for a time in the Department of Customs, to secure free entry for the different useful things which Father Mohr had procured for his mission through the kindness and generosity of American friends and benefactors. That we might not be bothered with this, for we could be of no assistance, Monsignor Reiners engaged three 'rickshaws,' — one for Father General, one for Father Dusemund, and one for me, — and off we went through the dimly lighted streets, to the Bluff. Our runners were clad in skin-like blue pants and loose blue and white coats — a grotesque costume. It was our first 'rickshaw' experience, and Father General continually pitied the poor fellows. It is true that, when one finds oneself riding in such a vehicle for the first time, one cannot shake off the feeling that it is not right to be pulled by a human being instead of an animal. The occupation seems, to our Western minds, a lowering of man's dignity.

We proceeded straight to the rectory of the European church, and there we were tendered the heartiest of welcomes by the Fathers of the Paris Mission Society, who had charge. The parish had three hundred and fifty members, comprising some twenty or more nationalities; and so we knew it to be truly "catholic" in every sense of the word. There was also another Catholic church in Yokohama, for the Japanese, which had eight hundred and fifty parishioners.

The next morning — Sunday — it was decided that we should spend a day in the capital of Japan, as Tokyo is only eighteen miles east of Yokohama. We offered Mass at six o'clock, and started off. On our way to the depot, we went into a little store to provide ourselves with pictures and postcards. There was ample time, in the midst of these transactions, for the observation of Japanese life, habits, and customs, and I drank all in with avidity. And it is saddening to think now, as I write these lines and recall with what keen relish I took in the whole significance of the life and the people there, that doubtless very many of these cheerful, smiling, happy people whom I saw that day have since been hurled into eternity by the disaster of September, 1923.

The first marked impression I received was that of the smallness of everything, — of the people, their stores, their streets, their vehicles. All seemed drawn to a miniature scale, in my eyes. The homes were petite and entirely open to the gaze of passers-by. Along the sidewalk were lines of clogs and shoes belonging to household inmates, — foot-gear, you know, is always religiously removed (that is, by the Japanese) when one enters a house in Japan. I could see that the mattings on the floors were spotlessly white. Ah yes, to me the houses were gingerbread structures, with frail-looking walls of lattice work covered with paper. Another thing which at once caught my attention was the immense number of children, — on the streets and in every nook and corner: happy little children, smiling and confident. Here, indeed, there was no race suicide. But the reverse of this happy picture of Japan which is first presented to the casual glance of the visitor, lies in the fact that there are, on an average, thirty suicides a day in the Sunrise Kingdom.

The nation is growing rapidly, and it is not at all surprising that the people are looking for a place in which to live; for Japan is too small to support its teeming millions. They are a hard-working race. I have never seen such industry outside of Germany: indeed, they reminded me of the German people, working from morning until night. The large stores of Tokyo, Yokohama, and Kobe keep open until eight or nine o'clock in the evening. But everywhere is scrupulous cleanliness: in fact, the neatness and order manifested everywhere becomes compellingly impressive. More remarkable still is the combination of Oriental and Western civilization; this characteristic is to be found in all departments of daily activity, — in the buildings, the means of transportation (railroads, street-cars, and the like), general conveniences, the dress and other significant manifestations. The Japanese take the best of our good things and manage to fit them very nicely into their scheme of life.

Within forty-five minutes of the time of starting from Yokohama we were in Tokyo, and Monsignor Reiners at once called our attention to the main entrance of the Tokyo depot. No one, except the emperor and the members of his family, is permitted to use this entrance.

Here a word or two may be said about the emperor. The intense patriotism of the Japanese is the real cause of the anti-foreign spirit which is still, most unfortunately, rife among them. Their country is, to them, the "Land of the Gods"; their nation, the Elect People living under the special protection of Heaven, whose blessings are transmitted to them by the benevolence of a superhuman sovereign directly descended, in unbroken line, from the Sun Goddess. But things strange and marvelous to Japanese ears are being voiced everywhere about this mysterious and sacred personage. Having

descended from the very god of gods, according to tradition, the person of the emperor has been held in a reverence which has had many of the characteristics of divine worship. Today it is known that the emperor is virtually insane . . . and can he, who is a god, lose his mind? Even those who cling to the belief of their emperor's divinity, know that he has been declared imbecile by competent authorities, and is guarded, day and night, in a mansion specially set aside for his confinement.

But we were now in Tokyo, and we at once proceeded to matters which we had in mind. First, we went to inspect the great primary and secondary school of the Brothers of Mary. This very large institution has had an existence of some thirty-five years in Tokyo. In the primary department there were two hundred and fifty boys; in the secondary school, six hundred and fifty; and constant applications which were reported to us proved that the Brothers could easily increase their student registry by three hundred more, had they the means of accommodation. The director of the school, Father Heck, narrated to us, briefly, some of the details of his thirty-three years' experience in Japan. It was really remarkable to hear what the Brothers have accomplished in the training of Japanese boys, many of them pagan, who later come to look upon their Alma Mater with both pride and reverence. It is not alone the fact that large numbers of these pupils have remained favorable to the principles of the Christian religion; but, frequently, others have accepted these principles absolutely, and have even sought the fold of Mother Church. The same work with the same salutary results was being carried on by all the other Catholic institutions in Tokyo. And now, though the earthquake caused such terrible destruction and brought such misery and ruin in its train, the indomit-

able spirit of the missionaries has calmly gone on, and has built up their work anew, wherever necessary.

The Jesuit Fathers of the *Jochi Daigaku*, the Catholic University, had invited us to luncheon, so we left our friend, Father Heck, to visit them. They made us feel at home immediately. There were nine Fathers who made up the faculty: eight of them had come either from Europe or America; one was Japanese. As in other large schools that we visited, a number of pagan professors and teachers were helping out — in some schools there are as many as twenty-five or thirty of these. There were, at the time, in Jochi Daigaku one hundred and fifty students. Strictly speaking, this is the *only* Catholic institute of higher learning for boys in Japan. It has been most successful since its opening in 1912, being held in high repute by both Christian and pagan educational authorities.

I shall never forget the few hours we spent with these Jesuit Fathers — doubly precious since the late catastrophe has robbed them of so many visible evidences of the labor of years. It was a treat to hear their opinions, to consider their views, and to learn of their experiences. We listened with pleasure and delight to Father Hoffmann, the efficient and cheerful rector of the institution; to Father Dahlmann, amiable writer and professor; to Father Gettelmann, and the others. The Holy See has recently entrusted the Jesuit Fathers with a new mission district in Japan, in Hiroshima, where they assume work under the leadership of Archbishop Doering, S.J., formerly of Bombay, India. The university building was a solid structure, and it was to have been enlarged when means were found available. Father Hoffmann took us up to the roof, and it was from there that we could best perceive how favorably the university was situated — in the

very heart of the capital and right near the imperial domain, comprising, in all, some six acres.

Under the guidance of Father Hoffmann we paid a brief visit to the Ladies of St. Maur. They conducted a large institution for girls, with eight hundred pupils. This beautiful building was completely demolished by the earthquake: and the Mother Superior with eight of her Sisters and twenty Japanese students perished. The famous *Joshi Seishin Gakuin* — the Sacred Heart Academy in charge of the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart — was established in 1909. We found forty-three members in the community, and some twenty native teachers on the staff. Of this institution, so splendidly equipped, with pupils gathered from all corners of the globe (there were twenty-five nationalities under this one roof), scarcely anything was left but a few standing walls. But with vigorous spiritual intrepidity these religious have built anew, though on less pretentious lines: and today their work goes on, with *capacity* classes and boarders, as has always been the rule with them.

This school was of special interest to me, as we had over one hundred and fifty subscribers for the *Little Missionary* there. I met our Little Missionaries immediately after devotions (Father General gave Benediction), and chatted pleasantly with them for some time. Again I had to regret their disappointment because I did not possess the long gray beard and snowy locks with which my Little Missionaries everywhere, and almost without exception, have described to themselves their Father Bruno.

CHAPTER VIII

On the Threshold

Back in Yokohama — The Catholic religion in Japan — Importance of diplomatic embassies — The Great War an object lesson — Different associations and societies for the study of the Catholic Faith — A Catholic Japan the salvation of the Orient — The famous Amida — On to Kobe — Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples — Through the glorious Inland Sea — At Nagasaki — "The relics of the martyrs are here" — Passing the island of Formosa — On the threshold of the "Pearl of the Orient."

But the time had come to leave Tokyo and return to Yokohama. We were well satisfied with our little trip to the capital city, and felt that we had seen and learned a great deal in a short time.

On the Bluff in Yokohama there were two institutions not very far from the European church — St. Joseph's College for boys (under the care of the Brothers of Mary), and a school for girls, conducted by the Ladies of St. Maur. St. Joseph's College is made of cement, and was reported to be the only building left standing in Yokohama after the earthquake. When I visited it, that Monday morning, I found with the Brothers a certain Father Walter, a veteran missionary with long and profitable years of missionary service spent in Japan to his credit. His statements concerning Japan's missionary outlook confirmed many others that I had heard and was yet to hear. He said that Catholics should rid themselves of the impression that mission work in Japan is unfruitful because of the modern and materialistic tendencies of

the people, or because Protestants had, in times past, taken a better advantage than Catholics of a then more favorable condition of affairs. The fact is that a new era is at hand in the country; for the steady labors of the missionaries through the past years have evidently created a feeling which seems to promise great returns for holy Mother Church.

Missionaries everywhere voiced similar sentiments of cheerful expectation of a very bright future. The Japan of today is positively not the Japan of twenty, or ten, or even five years ago. Perhaps it will be well, here, to present a few of the missionaries' reasons why it is not.

In the first place, it is a fact that, ever since the Mei-ji Government in 1867, an increasingly favorable disposition toward Christianity has, with a few exceptions, been noticeable on the part of the Japanese authorities. This was so up to the time of the Chinese War, when there came a period of unfriendliness which increased during the entire period of the Russian-Japanese conflict. But conditions are better now, and an attitude of expanding cordiality towards Catholicism continues to be noted. Moreover, the conviction has gained ground with the Government, of late, that a pronounced religious sentiment is necessary for a nation; and Catholicity is being inquired into seriously, as a type of religion which might well answer the needs of the people.

Secondly, Japanese officials realize the importance of the diplomatic embassies at the Vatican, many of which have been definitely re-established since the Great War. The fact is sufficient evidence for them to show that the Western governments recognize in the Catholic Church a potent world influence.

Thirdly, Japan has often come into close touch with the Vatican. Monsignor Petrelli was sent by the pope

to congratulate the emperor when he ascended the throne; Monsignor Fumasoni-Biondi became the first apostolic delegate; and the crown prince, — now prince regent, on his trip to Europe, — paid a visit to the Holy Father, accompanied by a Catholic commander, Captain Yamamoto.

Fourthly, the war has been an object lesson of the strength of the different religions. In all European countries Catholicity has been the one stable power to uphold authority, as may be observed in considering the status of Belgium and Holland and even the present outlook in Germany; for Germany has not yet fallen a prey to Bolshevism and anarchy, and that this is so is due mainly to the moderate Catholic stand of the Central Party. On the other hand, the Japanese are coming to believe that Protestantism has said, practically, all that it has to say to them. Catholics must not be misled by the apparently great success of Protestantism in Japan. The American Protestants themselves know well that, in so far as convert-making is concerned, they have been unsuccessful, and that they are actually facing spiritual and religious bankruptcy, — at least, so far as their Japanese program is concerned.

Fifthly, Catholic literature is coming into the country, more and more of it, each year, from the United States and from Europe. It is being translated into Japanese, and is sold even in the secular book stores.

Sixthly, the results of the quiet but persistent work of the Brothers of Mary and the various Sisterhoods are really wonderful. Many former pupils have become converts, and these, together with the other loyal graduates who have nevertheless remained pagans, hold influential positions with the government, and with the important

mercantile and manufacturing interests. The Catholic University, too, has accomplished notable results of a similar kind during the short time of its existence.

Seventhly, one of the most promising of all signs has been the formation of the Catholic Young Men's Association, at the Brothers' School in Tokyo (Rear Admiral Yamamoto is a graduate of this school). It is very significant, also, that clubs or societies have been formed and are still being formed for the sole purpose of studying the Catholic religion. Among them is St. Luke's Society at the Imperial University in Tokyo; and similar clubs are in operation among the working people. One in particular (in Tokyo) of these latter may be mentioned; it is composed of seventy electricians. All the members of these clubs are pagans.

Eighthly, vocations for the priesthood and the religious life are decidedly on the increase.

These reasons indicate why Catholics of America must change their minds in regard to mission work in Japan. The salvation of this country would mean the salvation of the Orient. I hope my readers will pardon this digression, but our position toward Japan should be thoroughly understood, and all mistaken conceptions about it should be removed. During the recent catastrophe, the priests, Sisters, and Brothers stood loyally by their adopted country. Two priests — Fathers de Noailles and Lebarbey — and nine Sisters lost their lives. The Christians fled with the others from the area of destruction; but as soon as the worst was over, they returned, and found their priests waiting for them, ready to resume Catholic life in tent or shack, — ready to rebuild on the ashes, with Catholic faith, hope, and charity, glowing more strongly than ever in their hearts.

We could not restrain our wonder and pleasure at all that we had seen in this one day. Much as we should have liked to do so, we had not the time during this transit to visit Kamakura (southwest of Yokohama); but we received a description of it which lost nothing in coming from the lips of Monsignor Reiners. The famous colossal bronze statue of Amida, the Buddha, at this place, has withstood all sorts of disasters, down through the ages, — floods, tidal waves, and earthquakes (even the last). Sixteen million devout Japanese Buddhists confess their faith in Amida, “of boundless light and life,” as the legend runs. The Catholic missionary knows that Christ, the true Victor over death and hell, cannot reign in these hearts until they give up the idol that has taken His place. There is no doubt that Amida, represented as gentle and self-sacrificing, is dearly beloved; and “one feels tempted to repeat,” said Monsignor Reiners, “the words of the Jesuit missionaries who labored in Japan three hundred years ago, to the effect that it was the Evil One himself who had conceived this Amida, to deceive millions and keep them from the true Saviour.”

In Yokohama, the next morning at ten o'clock, Monsignor Reiners accompanied us on shipboard for Kobe, thus giving us the time we needed to discuss matters of common interest. When we arrived at Kobe, good Father Fage, pastor of the Seven Dolors' Church, and Procurator of the Osaka diocese, welcomed us: he has lived in Japan for twenty-five years and more. In his present parish there are some three hundred Europeans; but even among the non-Catholics and pagans he is well and favorably known as the “ever-cheerful” missionary, and we had reason to believe the title to be well deserved. There is at Kobe, as in Yokohama, a parish for the Japanese, with eighteen hundred Catholics and two resident priests.

Kobe, the third largest city of Japan, has 600,000 inhabitants. Father Fage was kind enough to take us up the side of the mountain range which encircles the city's environs, and from this height we had a commanding view of town and country. On the day of our arrival and the next day, Wednesday, we visited six Shinto shrines, a Chinese pagoda, and four Buddhist temples. Again and again we were able to observe the close hold Buddha has upon this people. *NAMU AMIDA BUTSU! . . . HAIL, O BUDDHA OF BOUNDLESS LIGHT AND LIFE!* The Japanese write these words in just six characters. It is their confession of faith. When they pray thus, they are convinced that the words uttered ensure everlasting bliss. In more than twenty-eight thousand temples this phrase is daily sung and recited. On thousands and thousands of stones, before temples and above graves, these words are carved.

There is a statue of Buddha in every temple I visited in Kobe. In some instances the figure is represented as standing; in others, as seated; and in every image the gaze seems fixed on another world. I asked Father Fage what the real belief in Buddha amounted to, — not the belief in the minds of Buddhist priests and theologians, but the belief in the hearts of the people: what had this Buddha done to have secured so many followers? The good Father made answer in the following manner:

"Centuries ago," — and remember, the Orientals have little regard for time, — "there lived a certain Hosobasatsu. He made forty-eight vows; but there was one that was most important. In it he swore not to enter into perfect bliss until he had assured paradise for all who trusted in him during life. He thus became the great Amida Butsu; and to all who pray the *Namu Amida Butsu*, he grants the joys of paradise!

"The Catholic missionaries," continued Father Fage, "have a deep appreciation of the sympathetic side of Amida's character. Yet one realizes the tremendous abyss between Amida, the human creator of Japanese Buddhism, and Christ, the Saviour of the world. Amida has left his followers a gilded image of stone or bronze. He himself has entered Nirvana (nothingness). But the simple and devout among those who believe in him hope that he is enthroned somewhere, and that he will save them for all eternity."

'We are indeed in a pagan country,' I thought; 'and yet the hand of God is not shortened! All, all are His people. He is great and mighty, and in the end He must prevail.'

At half past four o'clock on Wednesday, after dinner at the *procure*, we took our departure from Kobe, bidding Father Fage and Monsignor Reiners, not good-by, but *au revoir*, since we expected to see them again in a few months. At six o'clock of that day we sailed into the beautiful Inland Sea, which is perhaps the loveliest sheet of salt water in the world. It is two hundred and forty miles long, and is studded with islands. Many of these are in clusters which divide the watery expanse in such a way as to give the appearance of a series of lakes. Unfortunately, night came on so suddenly that we missed a great deal of the glorious scenery. We arrived at Shimonoseki at six o'clock the next morning, then passed out of the Inland Sea and proceeded southward to Nagasaki. The water immediately became rougher, as we glided between two green islands, and again, a short distance beyond, between two more, and thence along the western coast of Kiushu. The scenic panorama had changed, but there was no monotony. All was ever varying and beautiful, and one became enthralled with a cer-

tain charmed contentment, as if one could sail thus forever.

We reached Nagasaki at seven, and we secured a truly remarkable view of the harbor as we entered. It was too dark to see the houses distinctly, but there were myriads of lights glimmering all along the water-front and beyond. All the surrounding country in this part of Japan means much to the Catholic priest. Wonderful pictures of life interesting to the missionary are everywhere to be found, and everywhere one feels that the ground has been made sacred by memories of holy martyrs. I longed to see the sacred places, but Father Dusemund dissuaded us from attempting to land and to present ourselves to the bishop. He did not like the idea of calling on any one at so late an hour; and though Father Dusemund and I were a little disappointed, we were satisfied to abide by his wishes and to remain on board for the night. The great ship lay at anchor in the harbor, and throughout the night the process of loading by hand twenty-six hundred tons of coal was continued. A curious spectacle was presented — one of ceaseless, unremitting labor. The coal was loaded in baskets and sent up, hand over hand, with men, women, and children working side by side. There were surely a thousand people thus engaged, with twenty coal-boats ranged along either side of the steamer. They worked all the next day also, scarcely pausing for a moment's rest; and for luncheon each had a little bit of rice wrapped in a banana leaf. The women worked as hard as the men. I found out that the men received ten cents a day: the women, five; and the children, two or three cents. Moreover, they work for sixteen hours a day at such labor in Japan, and seven days a week.

The weather was quite cool throughout the morning. Our dear Father General tried to console us for our disappointment in not being able to visit the ground hallowed by the blood of the Japanese Christians of old. He spoke of the prayer at the beginning of Mass, when the priest bows down over the altar, saying, *Oramus te, Domine, per merita sanctorum tuorum, quorum reliquiae hic sunt* ('We beseech Thee, O Lord, by the merits of the saints whose relics are *here*'), reminding us that thousands of Japanese Christians were here thrown into the sea, so that we were actually in holy precincts, after all.

At ten o'clock we left for our first definite goal — Manila. We watched the settlements of the Japanese fishermen scattered along the shore, as we sailed out of the harbor; and we wondered how many Catholics there were among them.

This day was the vigil of the feast of St. Francis Xavier. We meditated on the life of the great saint, who, perhaps, on his holy mission, had traversed this very route. The night was quiet and still, the stars glittering with that brightness one never sees on land. It was an ideal hour and place for meditation. Equally auspicious was the entire day (December 3) of the feast itself. We discussed the life of the saint, his times, his thoughts, his high ambitions for Christ's kingdom. On Sunday, from eleven o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, we sailed past the superb island of Formosa, rightly named "the beautiful," where great mountains dip down into the silent sea. It had grown quite warm by the time (it was early, Monday morning) we sighted the rugged mountains of Luzon. While passing along the coast of the province of Zambales, we said Mass. Just as we finished, we entered the *Boca Chica*, the 'narrow channel,' and into the waters of Manila Bay. On one side was the

mountainous island of Corregidor, stalwart sentinel, rising steeply out of the water and hiding in its tropic growth many batteries and guns. The mountains, El Fraile and El Carabao, were close behind. On the other side, the splendid Mariveles reared its head, and in the distance five ranges seemed to spring from the sparkling ocean. Across the huge bay lay Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands; while Cavite, on the south shore, was almost invisible under the low-spreading greenery.

Flat — that is the word that occurs to everybody who sails for the first time into Manila Bay, which is large enough to hold all the warships of the world. Every kind of boat may be seen upon its waters — warships, native *prahus*, large ocean-sailing ships, and commercial steamers, big and small. The city is built on the lowlands — low, as we afterward learned, to the point of being level with the sea in some places, and subject to sudden floods in the big typhoons. But far behind those flats rose towering ranges of blue and purple hills, with here and there a softly-rounded mountain standing seemingly alone. While our ship was still miles from shore, we could see red roofs and the white gleam of domes and spires, the latter topped by crosses. Off to the right we were shown where the Spanish fleet had been sunk by Dewey, in 1898.

As usual, we had our inspection of passports and health examinations. Father General, being an Austrian, was subjected to a more rigid inquiry than either Father Dusemund or I; but it was over at last, and *Manila*, the "Pearl of the Orient," was ours. We could see the Ateneo and the dome of the cathedral; and as we approached the landing-place, Father Buerschen, S.V. D., superior of our Abra mission, was seen to be awaiting us. The Very Rev. Father Byrne, S.J., rector of the Ateneo,

and Brother McKenna, S.J., assistant procurator of San José (the Observatory), and also the Director of the School Brothers, all welcomed us joyfully. We were advised to take off our American clergy coats and don our cassocks, lest the Filipinos should be scandalized. I may also add that, during our stay in the Philippine Islands, we had to wear the *tonsure*.

Several autos were awaiting us, and after a short drive through the Luneta and the old Nipa section, we arrived at the Observatory, which was to be our temporary headquarters.

CHAPTER IX

The "Pearl of the Orient" in the Land of the Palm and the Pine

The great Observatory — Its various departments — Father Federigo Faura, S.J., its founder — Rev. José Algué S.J., his successor — Contrast between Hawaii and the Philippines — Up-to-date aspect of Manila — The work of Catholic charity — The city within the walls — Old Fort Santiago — The Church of the Immaculate Conception — At San Ignacio — A pilgrimage to Antipolo — The convent of the Good Shepherd — Feeding of the poor in honor of the "Immaculata" — In Assumption College — On to Pasig.

During my college years I had often heard our professor in geography talk of the great work being carried on at the Observatory of Manila in the Far East. Little did I dream that the day would come when I should not only see it, but actually live beneath its roof for a fortnight. I count this fortnight as one of the pleasantest of my life.

When we reached the magnificent building, Father General and I were shown around the vast departments, by the Jesuit priests in charge of the institution. The kind and genial Father Comellas, S.J., explained all that could be of interest to us and answered our questions. Father Coronas, another member of the staff, was equally kind. I am sure that every one who reads these lines will desire and expect to hear something of the magnificent achievements of this great institution, — scientific attain-

ments of the utmost importance and benefit to all mankind.

Briefly, then, let me narrate. The history of the Observatory dates back to 1865, when Father Federigo Faura, S.J.,¹ the founder of the institution, established a meteorologic department, with the object of discovering the laws governing the typhoons which so frequently visit these islands, in order to be able to give warnings of them several days in advance, and thus prevent as far as possible their disastrous effects. The three other departments of the Observatory — the seismic, concerned with the study of the earthquake and volcanic phenomena throughout the Philippines; the magnetic, which has for its object the determining of the amount and intensity of the earth's magnetic force; and the astronomic, which comprehends the three divisions of time service, general astronomy, and solar physics — were founded many years after the meteorologic. These four branches of special scientific endeavor now make up the oldest and best equipped of the several important observatories in the Far East: that at Batavia (Java) was founded in 1866; that at Siccawei, in 1872; and the Tokyo Observatory, in 1875.

For over nineteen years this institution was merely a private undertaking of Father Faura, who was, at that time, president of the *Ateneo Municipal*, a college in charge of the Jesuits. With only a few absolutely necessary instruments at his disposal, he made his observations. But this beginning was followed by years of research and study in the principal observatories of Europe. In 1878, Father Faura realized that in the not far distant future he would be able to render incalculable service, not only

¹ A street in Manila — the Calle Padre Faura — has been named in honor of this great Jesuit scholar.

to the inhabitants of the islands, but especially to maritime and commercial companies. A year after his return from Europe (in 1879) he predicted, for the first time in the Far East, not only the coming of a typhoon, but also its duration and probable course. He became world-famous when his pre-announcements of the typhoon of July 7, 1879, came true, the typhoon following the course he had predicted, through the provinces of the northern part of the island of Luzon. On November 18, of the same year, he announced a second typhoon which passed through Manila itself.

From that time on, the announcements from the Observatory were generally appreciated and heeded. In 1880, as soon as the cable connected the Philippine Islands with Hongkong, the requests from seamen and merchants for notices of typhoons became so numerous that the Spanish government of the Philippines finally acceded to the petitions; and on April 28, 1884, as a result of joint recommendations issued by private citizens, the public press, and the civil authorities, the Observatory was, by royal order from Madrid, declared an official State Institution, and was given State support. After the occupation of the Philippine Islands by the United States, in 1898, the American government immediately confirmed its official character, under the title of the Philippine Weather Bureau.

The personnel of the Observatory consists of five Fathers, all members of the Society of Jesus: the Reverend José Algué, director; Reverend Miguel Selga, assistant director; Reverend Miguel Saderra Masó, chief of the seismological and magnetical departments; Reverend José Coronas, chief of the meteorological department and Reverend Juan Comellas, chief of the astronomical division. These Fathers are assisted in their work by forty-four

employees, with one hundred and seventy-three employees besides, at work outside of the Observatory, in co-operation with the central station. All the officers and employees receive their salaries from the government. For the study and research work of all departments there is a common library, which consists of over eight thousand volumes. Besides these volumes, over two hundred scientific magazines are laid out regularly for the use of the entire staff. Father José Algué, S.J., became director of the institution when Father Faura died, in 1897: and now, even in spite of his advanced age, he is its soul. A number of practical instruments have been invented by this learned man. He has been a member of the Society of Jesus for over fifty-five years. He, with the other Fathers of his staff, spent the whole of our first evening with us, explaining the many ways in which the information sent out by the Observatory is being used.

The next morning we were invited "to see the city of Manila," which bears on its coat-of-arms the following inscription: "*Muy insigne y siempre leal ciudad*" — "*the very distinguished and always loyal city.*" Later, it was given the further title: "*La muy noble y siempre leal ciudad,*" "*the very noble and always loyal city.*" Although both Hawaii and the Philippine Islands are under American rule, they are like different worlds. The Land of the Palm and the Pine is a much bigger problem for the United States than Hawaii. The latter is nearer home, a smaller group of islands, and is quite Americanized. It is the commercial hub of the Pacific, an important coaling station, an outlying protection for the Californian coast. The natives are of Polynesian extract, to which has been added a course in American education; and these circumstances have produced a type of people decidedly unlike the Filipinos in character. The Filipinos clamor for inde-

pendence, and the Moros and their tribe must be carefully handled; while the Hawaiians are contented with their lot.

Manila seemed to me to be quite *up-to-date*, although many features novel to the visitor were at once to be observed — the *carromatas* for instance: little covered, two-wheeled carriages, drawn by stocky Filipino ponies — which were decidedly un-American in appearance. The streets in some of the most desirable parts of the town are wide, and the houses have overhanging balconies, in Spanish style. All day long, wherever one goes in Manila, the tinkle of a piano may be heard; and every house seems to possess a guitar at least. Native facility of playing these instruments seem to be a blessing derived, in the first instance, from the Spanish nuns, who taught them assiduously. But indeed, the Filipinos seem passionately fond of music of all kinds. Orchestras are a common form of organization with them, and the music on the Pacific steamships is supplied by Filipino professional musicians.

Occasionally one meets a dark-skinned boy, in red trousers, astride a carabao. These Filipino beasts of burden do not like white people, and sometimes charge upon them, stamping, and goring with their horns, though a small Filipino lad is able to control them perfectly. The fact that, originally, the native element in which the carabao maintained his existence was water, accounts, perhaps, for the further fact that he now possesses but little hair. Even today it is necessary for the creature to submerge himself in deep water at intervals. When the time arrives for this process to be undergone, the beast knows how to give the proper signal, and the driver must lose no time in watering him; otherwise, friend carabao proceeds to grow furiously, savagely mad. When I saw these animals, many of them with horns six feet across,

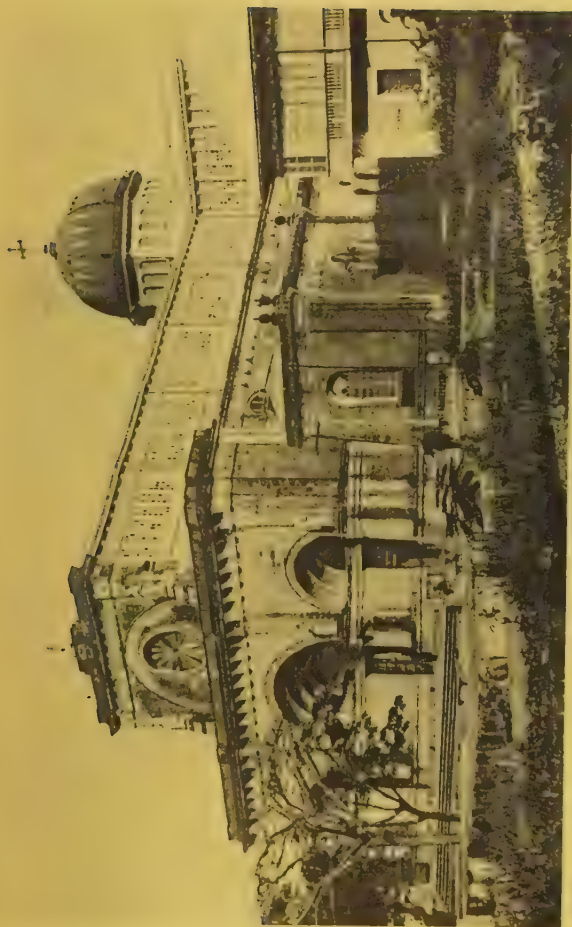
lumbering along the streets of Manila, I realized the real definition of the word *SLOW*. Great, gray, thick-skinned, hairless beasts they are, with their hides always caked with mud; and they *chew* and *walk* at exactly the same rate of speed.

Distinguished as the only Christian country in the Far East, the Filipinos accepted Christianity from their Spanish discoverers. Therefore, the Catholic Church is in every town and village; and the corollaries of Catholic Christianity — the hospitals, colleges, schools, seminaries, and orphanages — are to be found all over the islands. At the present time, five of the nine bishops are Filipinos, and a real type of indigenous Catholicity generally prevails. But these conditions are found to be particularly so in Manila. Here the Church, by a regular system of almsgiving, supports nearly all the poor. Many thousands of orphans and half-orphans are fed, clothed, and educated, free of charge, in the schools and institutions. Besides the cathedral, there are in Manila alone twenty-two churches, eight public chapels, and thirteen other chapels. The Knights of Columbus have a club for soldiers and sailors; and there is St. Paul's Hospital and Training-school for Nurses, the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, the *Hospicio* in Cavite (for the mentally deficient), St. Rita's Hall and Florida Hall (dormitories established in 1918 for young men pursuing their studies in Manila), and St. Mary's Hall (established in 1919 for young women). The chaplaincy of St. Rita's Hall has, since our visit, been taken over by the Society of the Divine Word. The Society has also established a central procure and printing plant in the city, for the convenience of the Missionaries, S. V. D., who are now laboring in several distinct provinces of the islands; and our Fa-

thers are also to administer a newly-to-be-established parish within the city boundaries.

The walled city of Manila — Manila Intramuros — possesses picturesque gates which serve to break the monotony of the old gray battlements. Barring the Great Wall of China, which is far more ancient, these walls are as full of interest as any piece of masonry in the Orient; but it is further true that every street, every old building, is rich with historical associations. Legend and story are wrought in the very stones. Yet these walls themselves have been the guarantors of all the remaining relics of earlier buildings; they bore the brunt of the attack in every conquest of the Philippines. They are two and three-quarters miles long and completely surround the old city. The first wall was built in 1570, of hewn logs. After several battles between Spaniards and Japanese, in 1590, General Desmarinas came from Spain with authority to begin in earnest the fortification of the city. A permanent structure of stone was begun at Fort Santiago, and this is standing at the present time. These walls have seen *Manila Intramuros* grow from a squalid swampy settlement to a solid municipality of bricks, stone, mortar, and tile. The first test of the new walls was given in 1603, in the Chinese revolt, in which 24,000 Chinese perished. Work on the walls then ceased until 1609; for with the extinction of the Chinese there was no available labor for the project.

To an engineer these walls present an interesting study, for they were built at many different times, and there were many years in between the different portions and stages of construction. While the old walls would be of no use in a modern siege, they served the Spanish well in their time. Up to sixty or seventy years ago the Sulu pirates from Mindanao roamed throughout Philip-



The Cathedral of Manila. Repeatedly shattered by earthquakes, it has been completely restored in recent years.



The Astronomical Department of the Manila Observatory. It is equipped with an equatorial telescope with object lens of 48 cm, two spectroscopes, two clocks (one for civil and one for sidereal time), and a photograph zenith telescope, the invention of the director, Father Algué, S.J.

pine waters and were a constant menace to every unprotected coastal town or city; and during three full centuries of strife and savagery the walls served Manila well. Of the seven gates, five still stand. Until 1862, the gates were closed from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning, and Spanish watchmen guarded the sleeping city.

Old Fort Santiago is an interesting place. Three national flags have, one after another for consecutive periods, floated above the ramparts. For three hundred and twenty-eight years the Spanish ensign alone held sway; for a few months after (in 1762), the British flag gained the ascendancy; and now our own Stars and Stripes prevail. If Fort Santiago had no other cause for renown, its glories of 1898 would be reason enough to make it famous. In the inner court Governor Merrit met the Spanish Governor-General, on August 13, and arranged for the surrender of the Spanish citadel. The next day, the articles of peace were signed. For a week after, no inhabitant ventured out of his house, but there was no pillage, no bloodshed, no plunder of war-victors. Every American has reason to be proud of the conquest of old Fort Santiago — one of the most interesting sites in the Oriental world.

As may be imagined, we wanted to see the many old and famous churches. The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception came first. We had caught sight of its massive dome from the bay, and now we were delighted with the structure itself, ornate and yet harmonious, in soft tones of gray. It possesses its own unique history. The Most Reverend Dominic de Salazar, O.P., was the first archbishop, and the cathedral was dedicated on December 21, 1581. On December 31, 1600, a terrible earthquake

destroyed the building. A second was finished in 1614, and destroyed in 1645. A third was built in 1654, and again ruined in 1863. The present cathedral was blessed on December 8, 1879, and Archbishop Harty during his rule restored to it its rich and harmonious unity and integrity of general appearance.

From the cathedral we went to San Ignacio's, which is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. Here we were particularly interested in two beautiful paintings in the sacristy, by Zaragoza, an artist who finally became blind. The first picture represents Saints Peter Claver and Alphonsus Rodriguez, beholding in a vision the latter's work in Central America. The second is well-known — that of St. Francis Xavier, dying alone, at the age of forty-six years, on the island of Sancian. The interior of the church leaves nothing to be desired in the way of beauty of decoration. The ceiling is a piece of intricate, elaborate paneling; the columns and arches are woven with exquisite tracery of leaf and scroll; while the pulpit, with its bas-relief of sacred subjects, executed with a fineness of detail most remarkable when it is considered that these represent the work of native artists under the direction of the missionaries, is well worth going a long way to see.

The inspection of these two churches occupied a good part of our morning. From them we repaired to the archbishop's palace; and in the afternoon we were privileged to accompany His Grace to the most famous place of pilgrimage in the Philippine Islands — Antipolo. The road leads up to the hill country, and the car took us there in an hour. Here is a church, built by the Jesuits in honor of Our Lady, which contains an historic statue. The place is a shrine; and during the month of May thousands of pilgrims visit it, and bathe in the adjoining

springs. The statue is dressed in a robe that is stiff with gold set with jewels of enormous value.

I should like to interpolate here, as a thing not utterly irrelevant, that the Filipinos are in general prone to resort to securing some appearance of religious sanction or approbation for all kinds of commodities and for the transference of merchandise. On many staple articles some religious token is invariably to be found, even when it comes to buying a bolt of cloth. For instance, a picture of the Blessed Virgin of Antipolo was received with a bottle of Scott's Emulsion: on one side of the card was the reproduction of the statue; and on the other, an advertisement of the medicine!

The church at Antipolo is very simple, with nothing to detract the interest from the high altar where, on Sundays, feast-days, and during the month of May, the statue is exposed. The always picturesque garb of the Filipino women, I was told, is best seen at the processions in Antipolo. And I found the report to be true, for here was indeed to be seen a moving mass of the richest and most vivid combinations of color, presenting an appearance comparable only to a changing field of gigantic and gorgeously variegated tulips. And all this display was provided in honor of "Our Lady of Peace and of Good Journeys," as she is called — protecting the voyager and the islands. The church contains an interesting fresco of the finding of the statue in a tree; and the statue itself is set in a solid silver shrine with the monogram of Mary on it.² Some quaint word carvings on the side walls of

² Equally well known with the Virgin of Antipolo is the image of the Child Jesus, in the Church of Santo Niño at Cebu. This image is said to have been left by Magellan's men. It was found when Legaspi came to Cebu in 1565, and the Augustinian Friars have preserved it ever since. The church was once burned, but the image was saved. It is made of wood, is about fifteen inches

the church attest to the fact that the image of the Virgin was brought from Mexico, to ensure the safety of the galleons from the anger of the sea and the attacks of the pirates who used to lie in wait in the San Bernardino Strait and the Cape Verde Island Passage. At the time the Spaniards discovered the Philippines, these savage and dreaded *Moros* (*Moros* = *Moors*: a Spanish designation, used because these pirate tribes profess Mohammedanism) were a terror to the other inhabitants, and they continued to be so until very recent years. They infested the southern seas and preyed upon the rich trade which the Spaniards carried on with Mexico. Stone walls and watch-towers were built at advantageous points to guard against them; but the bays and creeks which afforded opportunities for surprise and attack continued to be frequented by the treacherous warriors.

Since the American occupation the waters have been made practically free from their ravages, but on land they have continued to give trouble. The greater part of the *Moros* now live in the Sulu Archipelago and on the island of Mindanao. They range in degree of civilization from sea "gypsies" who wander from place to place, living for months in their rude outrigger boats, to settled communities which live by fishing and farming, and even by manufacturing some cloth, brass, and steel. Their villages are near the coast, along rivers, or about the shores of the interior lakes; and their houses are raised high on poles near or over the water, for they live largely on food from the sea. There is an interesting story told of one of these *Moros*: and I will here relate it.

high, black in color, and adorned with ornaments of gold. The feast is January 20, and pilgrims visit the shrine from all parts of the islands.

Some years ago, the governor of the Province of Mindanao and Sulu was an American of tact and sympathy. A certain Moro of the Sulu Islands was party to a feud, and eventually killed his man. While a short time before the affair would have been of little consequence other than that a relative or friend of the dead man would seek revenge, things had changed, even in remote Sulu. A file of Philippine constabulary went after the murderer. They trailed him for days, through the woods, and finally got him. He was taken to Zamboanga and tried for murder in the first degree. During the trial some extenuating circumstances were uncovered; it seemed that the man was not the aggressor and had reason to expect an attack. Therefore, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, instead of receiving the death penalty.

He was taken to San Ramon prison, where he became one of the model inmates, being obedient, industrious, willing, and always polite. The warden learned that he was a fisherman, and allowed him to go out upon the bay to fish, taking his word of honor not to escape. Every morning alone and unwatched, this man took his little canoe and paddled out to sea; and every night at the stipulated hour he was back at the penitentiary with a string of fish. One day he was caught far out in a heavy blow, and while working his way back to shore discovered that a boat of the constabulary had turned turtle in the squall, and that the crew of six privates and an officer were clinging to her in a position of great peril.

The constables were this man's natural enemies; they had hunted and caught him. Nevertheless, at the risk of his life, he made a desperate attempt to reach them in his cockleshell. When he found that his boat was too small, he got to shore, seized a larger boat, commandeered a

couple of natives, paddled out to the constables, fished them out one by one, and got safely to harbor.

When the governor heard this, he determined to pardon the Moro. He arranged to have the rescued constables present and summoned all the prisoners. Then he made them an address on the sacredness of human life. In the old days it had been held but cheap; the crowning glory of civilization was to preserve and defend it. There had recently come to his notice, he said, a gallant rescue of imperiled lives, and he had assembled them, that they, too, might know of it. Then without mentioning names, he told the story of the saving of the constables. When he had come to the end, he said:

"Here are the men that were rescued through this brave deed; and here," laying his hand upon the Moro, "is the man who rescued them. Because of his heroism and his spirit of self-sacrifice, although his previous offence was so heavy, the government has decided to pardon him. Ali Mahmud, you are a free man."

The Moro stared for a moment while his mind tried to grasp all this, then he swayed to and fro and fell in a heap on the floor. Before he could be assisted to arise, he began to crawl toward the officer of the constabulary. Tears were running down his face. Reaching the officer, he bent and kissed his feet. A general of the United States Army, who was watching the scene, turned away, trying to hide his own tears, as he said, with pretended brusqueness: "Come on, come on, let's get away from here!" All the spectators were deeply affected, and somebody said, afterward, that the governor had done two things always believed impossible. He had caused an old army officer and a Moro to weep. But he had done more than that, for he had demonstrated that, with different-colored skins and under the dour exterior that both assiduously

cultivated, both were of the same old stock of the children of the earth.

As to Ali Mahmud, what would you expect? He settled down, of course, became the most quiet, peaceable, industrious citizen in the province, and was ever after the loyal champion of the authority of the United States government. It sounds like the ending of a story-book, but in this case the fact has been unimpeachably verified.³

After the return trip from this place of pilgrimage, we stopped at the newly established convent of the Good Shepherd Sisters in Manila. These worthy nuns are living in two rented houses, and conduct a school for the American mestizas and a reformatory for girls. Splendid work is being done, but the Sisters have to constantly struggle with financial difficulties. From there we went to the Ateneo, arriving close upon noon. The Ateneo is a magnificent Jesuit school, with an average attendance of twelve hundred students. It was established, in 1859, as a public school subsidized by the Spanish government. In 1881, for the first time in the Philippine Islands, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was given by the institution. We chatted for a short while with Father Byrne, the rector, and with various members of the community, and later went to visit the famous Ateneo Museum of Ethnology and Natural History. One of the most attractive exhibits here is that of shells. It is said to be hardly equaled anywhere in the world. Here were heart-shaped, trumpet, and scalloped shells, big enough for a bathtub; and here was the paper-nautilus, which is not a shell, but an egg-case. There were shells polished red and green, and Venus' flower baskets, exquisite glass sponges, corals of all kinds (fine branches of the red and white), and an

³ "The Outlook for the Philippines" by Charles Edward Russell.

enormous turtle that weighed fifteen hundred pounds. In cases at the side of the room were the animals of the country — flying monkeys with sucking pads on their toes to help them climb; furry bats and flying lizards, a tiny buffalo (discovered in the hills some years ago), a small, spotted deer, a monkey-catching eagle, the parrot that carries leaves for her nest in her red tail, a pigeon, with ruffs of green and blue about her neck, and a bald crow (whose affliction, the natives will tell you, was caused by her flying so high that her head hit the floor of heaven!). But we soon passed on, for other events were in store. In the courtyard, later, we witnessed a peculiar sight. Because it was the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, several hundred poor were being fed in honor of Our Lady Immaculate. This is a performance which is one of the numerous *costumbres del pais* ('customs of the country') each year, taking place at this time.

Towards night Father Buerschen and I went shopping in the interests of the Abra mission. The experience was most interesting, especially in the Chinese district, with its typical Chinese stores — block after block of them, with their narrow booths crammed with an amazing stock of goods.

The next morning, December 8, I said Mass in Assumption College. It being the feast of the Immaculate Conception, blue vestments (not purple, but *blue*, the Blessed Mother's own color!) were worn, in accordance with the custom of Spanish and Filipino priests and by permission of the Holy See. Vestments of this color are used in the Philippines on all feasts of the Blessed Virgin. With reference to color, I noticed that many of the schools also make color distinctions of this sort. One school

will turn out, a thousand strong, in *pink*; another will march forth — all in a hue of azure!

Assumption College (conducted by the Assumption Sisters) has an enviable reputation for scholarship and for distinction in personnel. The first superior had been a lady of honor at Queen Isabella's court, before coming to the Philippines; the superior, Mother Helen, is the daughter of a distinguished member of the Irish Parliament. One of the teaching Sisters is of English birth, and received her education at Oxford; another is the daughter of Admiral Potts, and pursued her higher studies in Washington, D.C., and in Paris. Among the pupils I found at least sixty who had been subscribers to the *Little Missionary* for many years past.

His Grace had previously arranged with us that we should meet him, after Mass, in San José (Observatory). Here we found him awaiting us, at half past seven o'clock; and we were taken out to Pasig, in order that we might have an opportunity to witness a real Filipino *fiesta*, which was to take place there that day.

CHAPTER X

In and Around Manila

The fiesta and the sacrament of Confirmation — An odd sight to Western eyes — Fort McKinley — To Judge del Rosario's — At St. Rita's Hall — Father McErlaine — The velada at the Holy Ghost College — Interviews with some Protestant leaders — The Society accepts the care of the island of Lubang — St. Scholastica's College and the Benedictines — De La Salle College and the Christian Brothers — The famous bamboo organ of Las Piñas — The Irish Redemptorists — The Augustinian Church — The University of St. Thomas — The Church of San Domingo — The wonderful picture in the Convento — On the Luneta — The Catholic Church and the Filipina.

The event to take place at Pasig was Confirmation, and Monsignor Dimbla, of the archbishop's household, was sent to accompany us there. The place is in charge of the Scheut Fathers. When we arrived, we were greeted by about twenty thousand people. These fiestas are indeed gala days, and all look forward to them with joyful anticipation. One principal feature of these events is the erection of a great tower or arch, seventy-five to one hundred feet high, built of cocoanut-logs, bamboo, and rattan. Lanterns of gaily colored paper are hung over this; and on the night before the church celebration, men climb about it, laboriously, lighting the candles in each lantern. I am told that the whole thus presents a wonderfully attractive appearance, and the lights burn for hours.

The ecclesiastical ceremonies of the day began with the celebration of Mass at the church, and with special

music by the band, in addition to that of the choir and organ. Over four thousand people were assembled; and the Confirmation itself — there were two thousand to be confirmed — was very noisy, the candidates being mostly babies and little children. For it is the custom in the Philippine Islands to administer the sacrament of Confirmation within a few weeks or months of baptism.

I had never seen a sight like this in my life. Shrieking babies were suspended in the air for the ceremony, over the heads of the packed crowd in the church. Often a child was held forth at the full length of a strong arm, and, its one small garment giving way, was left sprawling and kicking on the heads in front of it! To us of the Western world there was nothing to recall our own sober and solemn function; but this is just another of the *costumbres del pais*, and as such it cannot be changed — at least, not for a long, long while, if ever. When it was over, in each individual case, the people went about the public square, greeting their friends and enjoying conversation. At noon, dinner was served for the important men of the town; and there were speeches of all sorts and varieties, delivered by notable priests and laymen. After dinner the archbishop's car was placed at our disposal for our return. His Grace had not yet finished his arduous duties, and would not until nightfall.

We returned to Manila by way of Fort McKinley and Pasay. Fort McKinley is located on the Pasig River, about seven miles from Manila, and I was told that it is the largest fortress within the jurisdiction of the United States. Here I met three American chaplains. The site of the fort is one of the most commanding near the city, and there is an extended and beautiful view of the harbor. Extensive improvements in the fortifications have been made by the government, and from the waste lands

of a few years ago there has arisen a model and healthful post.

At five o'clock — *tiempo Americano*.¹ — I went with Father Dusemund to pay a visit to Judge Simplicio del Rosario, whose daughter was at the time studying in Denver, Colorado. I found the judge to be a thoughtful student of men and conditions in the islands, and I was convinced that he possessed a clear-cut comprehension of the Filipino character. He referred to the fact that visitors to the islands sometimes make the assertion that the Filipinos are sullen.

"It is not that," declared the judge, "but simply the Filipino manner of expressing protest. A Filipino is conscious of great personal dignity; he has been reared to a demeanor of grave decorum that is supposed to have been grafted upon him by the Spaniards; but it is really a racial trait. And on two counts the average American offends him. Very likely the fixed American habit of 'josh' has been responsible for an exhibition of ill-will which exists to some extent between the two races. ♡ The Filipino cannot understand 'josh'; his mind is utterly unable to grasp its trend. He has his own sense of humor, but it is atrophied on the side of the Great American Joke. He cannot understand, for instance, language that purports to be insulting and is only good-natured persiflage. When it is applied to him, he resents it. As the merry jester that applies it is usually the more powerful, and as

¹ The Filipinos still persist in using the term *tiempo Filipino* (although it is a rather disastrous comment upon a rather unsatisfactory trait in their character) when they mean *approximate* time — that is, within an hour or two. When *tiempo Americano* is used, it means exact time. So, when one receives an invitation to an evening party, if the time is set at seven o'clock, *tiempo Filipino*, it means that the people will be likely to get there anywhere between seven and nine o'clock; but if seven o'clock, *tiempo Americano*, is written, it means *exactly on the hour*.

the Filipino is not naturally quarrelsome, he takes refuge in an attitude of silent umbrage which the American translates into surliness. Before long, the Filipino comes to distrust most things the American says: they may be matters of mere jest or they may be in earnest; he cannot tell; but he feels that in all probability they cover some sneer or baneful meaning against himself, and he resents the affront along with the 'josh.' "

Presently the judge referred also to another native trait — that of the strength of the family tie of blood relationship. Family bonds are much closer than with us. In fact, a Filipino will make no decision without first consulting with his entire family.

"Perhaps," said Judge del Rosario, "the authority is right who says that this love of family is carried to an extreme in the so-called *pariente* system which is universal in the islands. It is true that when a man begins to make money, or when he obtains an even moderately profitable business, he is expected, as a matter of course, to support all those members of his family and his wife's family who cannot support themselves, even to first and second cousins. It is no infrequent occurrence, indeed, for his poorer relatives to move to his home, bag and baggage, and proceed to make it their own; and this is a burden which is assumed without complaint. To be sure, we have here family affection carried to the *n*th degree, and it has the obvious disadvantage of inflicting a penalty on any effort to better one's condition. 'Why should I work any harder than I do?' argues the Filipino peasant. 'Were I to make more money, I should be expected to support my mother-in-law and my cousins and my uncles and my aunts.' "

We were fully appreciative of the judge's lucid reflections, and were keenly regretful when the time came to take our leave of him.

The day following — December 9 — the archbishop sent his car for us in the morning, with an invitation to inspect St. Rita's Hall, on Taft Avenue. His Grace met us at the institute, together with Father McErlaine, an Augustinian from Philadelphia, who, up to that time, had had charge of the *dormitorio* (boarding-house), as it is called; and we then made a thorough inspection of the premises.

After dinner, the provincial of the Scheut Fathers paid us a visit and presented us, during his conversation, with a fund of most valuable information concerning religious and general conditions in the Philippines. At five o'clock, all the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word at that time in Manila repaired to Holy Ghost College, an institution conducted by our Sisters of the Holy Ghost, for the purpose of attending a *velada* (festive entertainment) to be held in the open air, in the convent garden. It was to be, as the program stated, "an entertainment offered as a welcome to the Very Reverend Father General, William Gier, S.V.D., and the Reverend Father Bruno, S.V.D., by the pupils of the Holy Ghost College, Manila." The program itself was rich and varied. There was a graceful speech of welcome, followed by several very fine piano solos, and a number of duets; then two charming short plays were given; and there was a performance of the *Cariñosa*, a very attractive Philippine folk-dance.

After this splendid feature, I addressed the Sisters and pupils, in English, thanking them, in the name of Father General and myself, for the fine reception they had given

us. To cap the occasion, all joined in singing the Philippine National Hymn.²

On December 10, Father General and Father Buer-schen went by train to Lipa, which is the residence of the Right Reverend Alfred Verzosa. Bishop Verzosa is a Filipino of highest standing, and our Fathers were conscious of the privilege which was afforded them in accepting his invitation to visit him. Lipa is about sixty miles south of Manila. Meanwhile, I remained in the city, for I felt that I must embrace every possible opportunity to gain knowledge and information concerning the people and country. Today I decided that I should go abroad to seek help in certain ethnological and missionary considerations of import which I had specially in mind. To begin with, I spent a few hours in the Bureau of Science, and then went to call upon Professor Beyer³ of the Philippine University. Here I had a most interesting chat.

² The words of the Philippine National Hymn are as follows (the Lane and Osias translation):

Land of the morning,
Child of the sun returning,
With fervor burning,
Thee do our souls adore.
Land, dear and holy,
Cradle of noble heroes,
Ne'er shall invaders
Trample thy sacred shore.
Ever within thy skies, and through thy clouds
Do we behold the radiance, feel the throb
Of glorious liberty.
Thy banner floats above us here,
Its sun and stars alight.
And o'er thy hills and sea,
Oh, never shall its shining field
Be dimmed by tyrant night!
Beautiful land of love,
O land of light,
In thine embrace 'tis rapture to lie:
But it is glory, ever, when thou art wronged,
For us, thy sons, to suffer and to die.

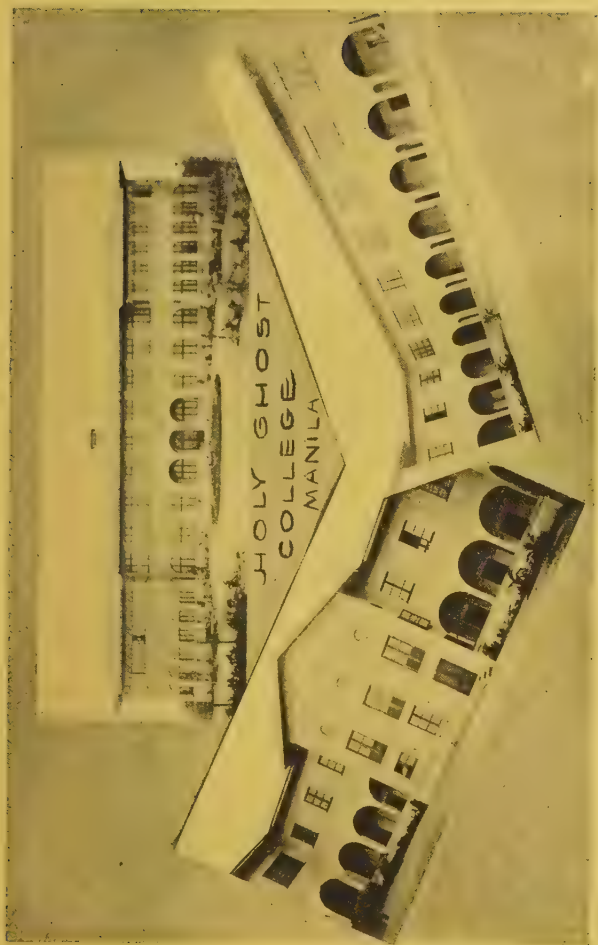
³ His "Table of Racial Origin," will be found in another chapter.

Later on I made an attempt to interview certain non-Catholic ministers, with varied and more or less dubious results among the representatives of the Methodists and the Disciples of Christ. But Dr. Wright, a most excellent man — a Presbyterian — received me with charming cordiality and courtesy.

At night, Father General, with Father Buerschen, returned from their visit to Bishop Verzosa in Lipa. The result of this conference with His Lordship was that the priestly administration of the island of Lubang, within his diocese, was accepted by Father General for our Society. [It was but shortly after this conference that two of our Fathers were sent to Lubang; and in association with them, the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, have since established a school.⁴] The bishop had also expressed his desire to have the Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost of Perpetual Adoration, in his diocese.

Many things were still to be seen in Manila: of that we were well aware, and we felt that we must make the best possible use of the interval of time left us before starting out to the missions of our Society in the Abra Province. We visited St. Scholastica's College, which is under the direction of the German Benedictines, and De La Salle College, — a splendid institution, — in charge of the Christian Brothers. Some of the Brothers took us to Las Piñas, where we saw the famous "bamboo organ." The trip was made by auto, for Las Piñas is nearly ten miles southeast of Manila, near Cavite. We passed the town of Parañaque, where the Compania de Jesus, a congregation of native (Filipina) nuns have their novitiate; and in thirty-five minutes reached the old town.

⁴ See page 173 for an account of the work at Lubang.





Cariñosa Dance



A Peep into a Classroom of the Holy Ghost College, Manila, P. I.

The church was built in the year 1767, by the Augustinian Recollect Friars. Father Victor, a Belgian missionary, at present has charge of the parish, which numbers about three thousand faithful. There is also a Catholic school, but on account of its limited capacity, it is not possible to admit more than two hundred and forty pupils. The good *Padre* received us kindly, in the convento (rectory), and took us to the church, giving us in detail the history and construction of the unique organ which is of world-wide fame.

The organ was built about one hundred years ago. It is an instrument of the first class (though now greatly out of repair), and it is probably the only one of its kind — not in the Philippines merely, but in the whole world, being constructed almost entirely of bamboo. There are in all eight hundred and thirty-two large and small bamboo pipes, to which are added one hundred and twenty-one metal and zinc pipes (these form the trumpet registers) on the outside. The organ possesses twenty-three stops — twelve to the right of the manual, and eleven to the left. But only seven are at present in use.

Ordinarily, the tremolo and nightingale stops sound as do those of other organs, but by pouring a little water in a repository bird tones can be produced; and because of this, the organist, on Christmas morning, when he wants the enchanting birds to sing, always has a bottle of water on hand. Father Victor played a few pieces for us. The sound was quite sweet and melodious.

An inscription to the left informed us that Father Diego Cara, a Recollect, started the work in 1818, and that it took five years to bring it to completion. Father Diego was born in the village of Grano (Huesca) in Spain. He became pastor of Las Piñas in the year 1797, and re-

mained there until 1831. He was noted for his skill in constructing organs, and sent an instrument, built by himself, to the Queen of Spain. She, in recognition of his gift, sent him in return a set of golden cruets and a copper bell for his church, both of which are still kept in the sacristy.

On our return to Manila from Las Piñas we called upon the Irish Redemptorists, who have charge of the Malate Church. This church is two hundred and fifty years old. Here, every Saturday, under the title of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*, the Blessed Virgin is venerated by some three thousand people. It is in this church that our Rev. Father Beckert — Padre Luis — is laid to rest, being interred before the Gospel side of the altar. He was superior of the Abra mission and died in his thirty-fourth year.⁵ Later on, we paid a visit to the Augustinian Church, to the University of St. Thomas, and to the adjoining church of San Domingo. The University of St. Thomas was founded by the Dominican Order, in 1611. At present it comprises the departments of theology, canon law, civil law, philosophy, and belles

⁵ When Archbishop Harty (formerly of Manila, now of Omaha) stopped at Techny upon one occasion he told us about the last moments of our *Padre Luis* (Father Louis Beckert) who died in the Philippines. He stated that, when Father Beckert felt the last moments coming on, he called for the mission cross which had been given him (such a cross is given to all missionaries upon the occasion of their departure for foreign lands) at the time of his leaving his mother house for the Philippines; and, holding it before him with outstretched arms, he whispered, "This has been my consolation in all the trials and difficulties of my apostolic life." In this statement he evidently had in mind the words which are spoken to our *S.V.D.* missionaries at the time they receive this cross from their superiors:

"*En, fili, custos tuus perpetuus in viis apostolicis, en praesidium in omni periculo, en solatium in vita et morte tua*" ('Behold, O Son, thy steadfast companion in thy apostolic journeys; behold thy protection in all dangers; behold thy consolation, in life and in death').



A Village Scene along the Pasig River, not far from Manila



The Famous Painting of the Martyrdom of Peter Sanz and Companions, Missionaries of the Dominican Order

lettres, civil engineering and architecture, medicine, pharmacy, and dentistry.

Of all the cities of the East, Manila is the richest in Christian sanctuaries and symbols. The Augustinian Church is of solid stone throughout and has stood for three centuries, the strength of its walls being shown by the fact that it has withstood all storms and earthquakes. In the vault are the remains of Salcedo and Legaspi, who died in 1573. One of the finest pieces of artistry in the city is the old lectern in the choir: it is of solid ebony, richly carved.

If there were nothing of San Domingo Church but its doors, it would be worth going to see. The sacristy contains many objects of beauty and interest, and the mellow tinge of time lends a halo to the stately pile. It was in the convento of San Domingo that I first saw the wonderful picture which is reproduced on these pages; but one can gain little idea of its real beauty without seeing the original in its own proper surroundings. The picture represents the martyrdom of Blessed Peter Mary Sanz, O.P., and his four companions. At the time of their beatification (1893) it was painted in Rome by a Dominican Friar, Brother Louis, to be unveiled in St. Peter's Church at the solemn moment of their elevation to the altar, by Pope Leo XIII. Italian artists have pronounced it to be a masterpiece, while the sinologues declared it to be a faithful portrait of Chinese life.

The venerable man kneeling in the foreground is Bishop Peter Mary Sanz, who is about to become Blessed Peter Mary Sanz, the martyr. Out of his sixty-six years he had spent thirty-three as a missionary in China — and what thirty-three years these were! Not a day of rest or peace had been his in that long period of fierce persecution. Continually fleeing from one hiding-place to another,

smuggled from village to village, from mountain to mountain, from cavern to cavern, thus he lived to save the souls of men.

This pursuit continued without cessation until, finally, worn out, with sore and swollen limbs, he could no longer walk. Then he threw himself by the roadside, exclaiming: "Enough, now, O Lord! I cannot receive less than my brothers" (his companions had already been captured); "accept my life, and let it serve as a sacrifice for these people." Thus saying, he delivered himself to the persecutors; and after long imprisonment and cruel torture, he was led to the place of execution, on May 26, 1747. A chapel in Foochow (province of Fokien, China), stands on the very spot of his martyrdom.

The venerable martyr standing behind Bishop Sanz in the painting is Blessed Serrano, O.P. He looks older than he really was, for the twenty-eight years spent in China had whitened his hair and bent his body. From the day of his entry into China, his life seemed an uninterrupted martyrdom. This was so much the case that, although endowed with a pleasant and jovial disposition, as is plainly manifested in the "Relation" he wrote while in prison, he was often plunged into the depths of sadness and discouragement at seeing the difficulties that prevented him from spreading the Faith. He was constantly compelled to go from one place to another, in order to avoid capture and certain death. But this state of affairs was brought to a close when he was taken, at last, and thrown into a filthy dungeon, where he and his companions were branded on their cheeks with the words: *'The followers of a false religion.'* While in prison, the pope nominated Blessed Serrano as vicar apostolic, to succeed Blessed Sanz who had already received the martyr's crown.

The third confessor in the front row is Blessed Francis Diaz, the youngest member of this glorious band. Bishop Serrano used to call him "the angel," in his letters, because of his sweet temper and his pure soul. For ten years he underwent the same privations as his companions, and won the same crown.

The two martyrs in the background are Fathers Royo and Alcober. Father Royo spent thirty-three years in China; and in order to give a more intimate idea of the life of these missionaries, I will translate a page from Blessed Alcober's biography.

'One day, harassed and persecuted, he was forced to take refuge in a wild forest. He was tired and spent, and asked God to take him out of this miserable world. In order to escape from the claws of the tigers that were roaring and roaming in the woods at night, he climbed into the branches of a tree; and thinking that the end of his life was at hand, he began to sing aloud the penitential psalm, *Miserere*. Great was his surprise when a distant voice answered his own. It was that of Father Serrano, who, likewise persecuted, had pursued the same tactics as he had. When the missionaries recognized each other's voices, they changed their sorrowful *Miserere* for the joyful *Te Deum*. Next morning when the light of day sent the beasts back to their lairs, the priests met with gladness. Then Father Alcober disguised himself as a water-carrier and went out once more to carry the good tidings and consolations of faith to his scattered Christians.'

The story of these brave men, culminating, before our very eyes, as it were, in their martyrdom, brought home all the more vividly the impression of sacrifice. Yes, that is the great lesson taught everywhere on the missions: sacrifice — sacrifice to the cross of privation and suffering;

sacrifice to death. We can realize what the early Christians suffered when we follow the mission trail, from town to town, from station to station, where naught is of any importance but God's own work; the saving of souls.

I visited the famous *Luneta* — an oval-shaped park in Manila — upon several occasions. It is the gathering place of a picturesque throng made up of all classes. It is the breathing-space for Manila's populace — a place for many to stroll and smoke, and to take in the ocean's fresh breezes at nightfall. One of the most beautiful pieces of statuary in the Philippine Islands is placed here in the *Luneta*. It represents two commanding and heroic figures: one, Legaspi, captain of the first Spanish expedition to Manila; the other, Fra Urdaneta, superior of the Augustinian Friars who accompanied him. Legaspi holds aloft in his left hand the royal standard of Spain. With his right foot slightly in advance of Legaspi, stands Urdaneta, holding the standard of Christ, the Cross, slightly in front of the Spanish standard. This noble piece of sculpture beautifully expresses the spirit that dominated this first Spanish expedition to the Philippines — a conquest not so much of a new territory for the King of Spain, as a conquest of immortal souls for the King of kings. In fifty years the Spanish missionaries — true soldiers of Christ — had conquered 600,000 souls and brought them, most willing subjects, to the throne of Christ. And when, in 1616, the King of Spain ordered the withdrawal of Spanish arms and authority from the Philippines, as being a burden on Spain, it was the same Augustinian Friars, followers of Urdaneta and his companions, who begged the King, for the sake of these 600,000 souls, not to withdraw. Philip III yielded to their

petitions. These 600,000 souls of the days of Philip III had increased to 8,000,000 at the time when the victory of Dewey in Manila Bay lowered the gold and red of Spain and flung to the tropical breezes our own red, white, and blue, making the Philippine Islands a colony, or dependency, of the United States.

As I stood gazing upon this most excellent sculptural work I thought again how fortunate was this race to which the Catholic Church had given so much.

The Filipinos have never been an enslaved people. Their early missionaries brought them the Faith and civilization, and gave them the grace of God. The status of their womankind shows what they received; for here the Filipina is the equal of the man: "Her Chinese sister limps in small-footed helplessness; her Hindu cousin creeps behind a veil; even her Japanese neighbor is a doll, and is treated as such; but the Filipina stands up straight, and is abundantly able to take care of herself." And if she is better off today than other Oriental women, she can thank the Catholic Church, which has always exalted the noblest qualities of the mothers of men.

CHAPTER XI

In Our Abra Province

The Filipino train and its passengers — A bolo and a bamboo — Our stop at San Fernando — Pleasant people — The place where the Belgian Sisters met their death — Tagudin, with its industrial school — At the "fortified" church — Bishop Hurth and his helpers at Vigan — The carvers of San Vicente — Early days — Shortage of workers — The day of the dead — We take a balza and meet a carabao raft — The stop at San Quintin — Oh, what poverty! — What happened when Padre Teodoro built a house — Great work to be done here — A petition from the Catholics of San Quintin — The decay of Aglipayanism.

Early in the morning of December 12, we departed by train, northward. One coach sufficed to carry all the first and second class passengers, who were separated by a door. The rest of the train (third class), gradually filled up, along the road, with people who sat as long as sitting-room was available, and then stood or squatted, according to circumstances and inclination. I wish I could bring before my readers a glimpse of these travelers, as they got off and on, all along the route, from the time of our departure from Manila. There were Filipino women, carrying baskets on their heads and children in their arms, and both women and children were provided with cigars — I saw even three-year-old infants smoking! Indeed, the Filipina mother smokes as she goes about her household duties; and this is perhaps but a natural thing in a country famous for its "Manila cigars." Among the

poorer classes, the "family" weed is passed from one member to another, and each "butt" is carefully treasured for future use. Many of the women cultivate their own tobacco patches, smoking while they plant, and smoking while they carry their crops to the nipa house to dry the tobacco over strips of bamboo beneath the floor.¹ But I was speaking of railway passengers. Not one woman got into this train, now, who did not have a cigar between her lips. The men who traveled with us smoked huge weeds capable of affording long hours of steady puffing; and though they were burdened with various articles of luggage, there was to be seen under the arm of numbers of them the beloved possession of every Filipino's heart — his fighting gamecock. Above the noise of the train rose the shrill challenges of these birds. Cock-fighting and the gambling connected with it are the Filipino's delight, and he is ready to back his "beauty" with his last centavo. Luckily, cock-fighting has of late years been restricted to Sundays and feast days, though it is as popular here as baseball in the United States, every town and hamlet having its cockpit and its fighters. As sport pure and simple, in the way we Americans understand it, it is a bit doubtful, since each rooster is equipped with four-inch spurs of razor-like sharpness, and one or both are killed within a few minutes after they enter the pit. The townspeople, however, boast of the prowess of their local birds, just as a Bostonian boasts of the "Braves," or a New Yorker of the "Giants."

¹ These Filipino abodes known as nipa houses are often used even by American residents. The floors, of narrow, springy, split bamboo, acquire a high polish with age and they are resilient to walk upon. The natural, unpainted colors of these basket-like houses are especially fine in their green settings or under morning-glory vines or other trailing plants.

From the coach we could not fail to observe the very picturesque landscape through which we passed. In the distance were always to be observed two outstanding features — a mountain vista and some ancient Catholic church, desolate and fast crumbling to pieces. A few native cattle, here and there, some dogs, hogs, and goats, gave life to the scene, and in grassy yards we could again perceive the fighting rooster, tied by one leg, and turned out to exercise as one would stake a cow to graze. There was the ever-present bamboo copse and the bamboo house, the cocoanut palm, the white-plumed cogon grass, and the beast of burden, — the carabao, — with its juvenile master; and there were the wide tobacco-fields, the hemp-fields, with plants growing like weeds on the hill-sides, and always the curved, feathery tops of the bamboo groves, over all, like a border of huge ostrich plumes with white pigeons flying through it. Positively, the bamboo dominates every scene, lining the streams, waving over the huts and dooryards of the natives. Its round hard stems always grow in compact clusters of fifty to one hundred, and it is said that a Filipino need never want if he has a bolo and a bamboo. And there were also the fragrant maynila blossoms, of which they say that, when Legaspi, the Spanish grandee, tried to pick the fragrant, waxy-white bloom, hiding in its glossy, dark-green shrub on the coast of Luzon, the mighty Tagal chieftain, the great Apo (meaning lord, master) assembled his braves behind the hedge, and gave battle to the proud invaders while the children and women-folk hid in the tall grass. And the story goes on to relate that the haughty Spaniards spat fire and lava at the braves, till they, knowing too well the force of their own powerful volcano, Taal, gave way before the Spanish hand-volcanoes, laid down their bows and arrows, and accepted the rule of their con-

querors. But the women of the tribe, the wise old grandmothers, met in solemn conclave in the tall grass: and with rites and ceremonies now long since forgotten, they proceeded to bewitch the Spanish strangers. They charmed them and shut them up in the gnarled old dap-dap trees, within the maynila hedge. And there they are today, if you but search them out. And there they will remain, prisoners throughout the span of justice. And in the spring, when the dap-dap trees throw up their scarlet, finger-like blossoms to the blue sky, those who know say that the wicked ones are trying to escape!

At four in the afternoon we arrived at Bauang, which is the end of the line. Bishop Hurth's auto had been sent for us, to take us to the episcopal residence: for Vigan is about one hundred and seventy miles from Bauang. We first visited the Bauang church and convento, then drove northward to San Fernando, the capital of La Union Province.

There was a great *velada* prepared for us here, by the pastor, who is a fine native priest: and with him there were other native priests waiting to welcome us. When we reached the town, all the bells were ringing, while the people and the pupils of the grammar and high schools were lined up on the right and left of the streets, all the way to the church. Triumphal arches were erected: and when we entered the sacred building, the *Te Deum* was sung. The *Gubernador* and other officials were present, and I had to ascend the pulpit and, in the name of Father General, respond to the great ovation. We had a fine night's rest in the large convento of the parish priest — an airy and clean place, but showing signs of poverty.

The next morning (December 13) we resumed our auto trip — one of the most interesting I had throughout my stay in the Philippines — along the beach, still north-

ward, to Vigan. We thanked God that we were in the Philippines during the dry season; for, traveling in the rainy season must be frightful. Then it often happens that people who have succeeded in crossing one river, find the next impassable, and in trying to retrace their journey, find the preceding river is swollen to such an extent that they are caught between the two, with no way out on either side. When passing over a river it is customary to give the men in charge of the ferry a tobacco tip. We were struck most pleasantly with the processions of people coming from and going to the markets of the respective towns. All along the roads, one met men and boys, carrying thick poles of bamboo tied together at the bottom, like an inverted *A* — the apex down, the cross-bar resting on their backs. When filled, these hold from two to four buckets of water. The Filipinos were very friendly; but the thing that saddens the heart of the priest is the sight of the old churches and convents falling into ruins. In many of the towns this decay seemed ~~all~~ that was left of a formerly flourishing Catholicity — simply isolated, crumbling, with small trees growing out of the holes and recesses in the masonry.

About eight miles beyond San Fernando, the Baroro ferry was reached. This is the first of the five between San Fernando and Vigan, and each consumes from ten to twenty minutes in crossing. A run of twenty-seven miles from the ferry brought us to Tagudin, the seaport of the Mountain Province, from which point supplies are sent into the interior. — to Cervantes, Bontoc, and Kalinga. When we reached the Amburayam river, immediately before the town, we were reminded of two Augustinian Sisters from Belgium, who had perished there some years before. They had gone out from Tagudin to teach catechism in one of the barrios, and while trying to cross the

river on their way back, were carried away by the surging waters.

It was eleven o'clock when we reached Tagudin. This parish, one of the best I had seen in the Philippines, is in charge of the Belgian Scheut Fathers, who have succeeded in rebuilding it. They served dinner and then showed us around. The Sisters have a flourishing grammar school, with instruction in the industrial arts. In fact, the beautiful laces made by the pupils are the main support of church and parish. It was at Tagudin that we first saw a few Bontoc Igorots.

We set out again in a short while, passed through the town of Santa Lucia, where the patronal feast was being celebrated, then through Santiago, up a winding road to San Esteban, and at last to the beautiful Santa Maria, known as the "fortified church." There are eighty-three steps to climb before one reaches the top of the hill on which this is situated; and then one finds it surrounded by a thick wall, the whole resembling a fortress rather than a parish church.

A little before six o'clock we were welcomed to Vigan by Bishop Hurth and his household, which consisted of Father Boeres, C.S.C., and an Indian priest whom the bishop had brought from his former diocese of Dacca. There are about 20,000 people in the city of Vigan. On the Eastern borders of the province there are uncivilized tribes with a total population of about 500,000 people. Nearly all of the latter live within the diocese of Vigan or Nueva Segovia.² There are the Benguet, the Lepanto,

² One of the most important needs of the islands is facilities for the teaching of Christian doctrine. — for today there are nearly a million children studying in the public schools, and the vast majority are growing up without any knowledge of God. In the vicinity of one of these schools in an Aglipayan district, some thirty little girls of the first and second grades were questioned:

and the Bontoc Igorots, the Ifugaos, the Ilongots, the Kalingas, and the Tinguians. Of these the Ifugaos and the Tinguians have attained the highest degree of civilization, while the Benguet Igorots have probably been influenced more than others from the outside.

The next day we said Mass in the cathedral; and from half past four in the morning on, there were people present. On Sundays the church is densely crowded. The edifice itself has just been restored, painted etc., under the bishop's supervision. Later, we went all through it, inspecting its old treasures. The entire diocese has about 1,000,000 Catholics among 400,000 pagans. The College of the Rosary is under the care of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, and is a very fine establishment, with a primary and a high school. At four o'clock I addressed the high-school girls, with the assistance of Father Boeres.

"How many Gods are there?" And no one could answer. Formerly, about Vigan there were fifteen centers of catechetical teaching; for there were over thirty seminarians here at work, with two thousand children in attendance every Sunday. During Christmas week and Lent, Mass was said in the barrios; first Communion was administered, and grown people confessed and received Communion. Half of the catechism centers have had to be closed; for there are now only twelve seminarians to administer them. One of the Jesuits of Vigan has a sodality for the public high-school boys, every Friday, in the seminary, at which about one hundred and twenty-five attend; and they conduct also a Children of Mary Sodality, for high-school girls, of whom one hundred and fifty attend. There are also sodalities for the other grades, at which two hundred attend. Though in these meetings the girls have much to distract them, yet they learn a little about religion. These meetings of grade girls are held in a private house near the school. In some ways, these week-day meetings in or near the school are better and more fruitful than catechism on Sundays. One method of attracting the children on Sundays is to give them a piece of paper, marked *ASISTENCIA*. These are carefully preserved until the end of the year, when a grand bazaar is held; and these *ASISTENCIAS* are then accepted as so many pennies, with which the children *BUY* things. Through these means the faith has been greatly preserved in and around Vigan. There are three Protestant denominations in Vigan, working earnestly, — the Methodist,



Convento, Church, and Belfry of San Fernando, La Union Province



Fathers Quintin Donato and Anselmo Laz (assistant), of San Fernando (La Union Prov., P. I.), with Dormitory Boys

After this, we went to the college and seminary in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, Father Thompkins then being rector of the institute. At five o'clock the bishop took us in his car to San Vicente, a town of some 6,000 inhabitants, known chiefly for families who do exquisite carving and carpentering. As far back as men can remember, the schooners of these workers have carried beautiful chairs, beds, and carved wood statues into the harbors of Luzon, to trade them for rice and salt. The pastor, Padre Melanio, a native priest, was with us; he is a truly celebrated man in his district. He has translated the four Gospels into Ilocano, and it is of the greatest assistance to the priests who speak this dialect. For this great work Padre Melanio was honored by a special letter of praise from the Holy Father and a medal from the Biblical Institute at Rome.

Christian Mission and Sabbatistas. There is a Protestant hospital, four Protestant dormitories for high-school students; and the student nurses of the hospital are sent out on Sunday afternoons, into the surrounding barrios and hamlets.

The dormitories are large buildings, with all modern accommodations, where students of the high schools are invited to live. These high schools are built in the capital city of each province; and the students, after finishing primary and intermediate schools in their own towns, go to the capital to study in the high school. According to the size of the province, there are to be found five hundred, one thousand, or even two thousand boys and girls studying in the high school. These are conditions which were unknown in Spanish times. The Protestants have been quick to see and seize the opportunity to secure an influence over these students. Dormitories have been built, and living conditions far superior to any of the native houses are offered; and all is provided at a very low rate. The result is that many boys and girls enter. Before the end of the year many are baptized as Protestants. Ministers, writing to the States, say that the dormitories are their best means of proselytizing — that, on account of these dormitories, they have been able to get into towns that before were impregnable. Today in the public schools there are many teachers who have lost their Faith; this condition of soul has come upon them through their attendance at Protestant dormitories. The dormitories are the worst enemies of the Catholic religion. Though it is forbidden for

Many years ago the Spanish Augustinian monks opened missions here among the wild tribes. They gained a good footing and built churches and conventos at Cervantes, San Emilio, and other places. When the revolution broke, some of the rebels penetrated into these regions, sacking and burning the buildings. Only a few of the Fathers escaped; others were taken prisoners, subjected to torture, insults, public humiliations, and privations. They did not recover their liberty until after peace had been concluded between the United States and Spain. Many of the Christians, terrorized by the conduct of the rebels, fled back into the mountains and returned to their former mode of living. After peace had been restored, the friars were not allowed to return to their missions, and the sad result was, as might have been expected, utter neglect.

a public-school teacher to have anything to do with religion, too often these renegades attack Catholic doctrines, even in the school itself. When a student finishes high school in his own province, he goes to Manila, where he is warmly welcomed into another Protestant dormitory.

Of course, the great remedy — in fact, the only remedy — for all this loss of Faith is the Catholic school. Unfortunately, the older parish priests are unable to handle this question; while most of the younger ones also find that it is an insupportable burden. Frequently, parents do not like to send their children to the Catholic school: first, because they have to pay a little (yet in many places they have to pay in the public school, and never make an objection). The second reason is because, at the end of the first or second year of high school, the boy or girl may become a teacher, at 30 or 40 pesos a month; and this is a great sum for a Filipino. If the Catholic school could be established in each town; and if the boys and girls could be offered better positions, many could be saved. But the question of money comes in again. Where is it coming from? One solution of the loss-of-faith problem would be to have two or three American speaking priests, who might live in the capital where the high school is located. One would take care of the high-school students and the other public schools of the city, and the second could run through the province, visiting the large public schools in each town and giving instruction to the pupils.

After the occupation of these islands by the Americans, the diocese of Nueva Segovia (Vigan) was entrusted to Bishop Dougherty. This zealous prelate began his administration by visiting the greater part of his vast territory, in order to learn its needs and wants from personal observation. Among other places he went to the Mountain Province. Impressed with what he saw there, the ruins of churches and conventos proving the existence of once flourishing Christian communities, and seeing the deplorable condition of the few remaining Catholics, he determined to secure apostolic men at once to renew the spiritual labors among the people. The Belgian Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, known as the Scheut Fathers, answered his call, and the first band of nine Fathers landed in Manila toward the end of 1907. Two years later, two Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word came to reopen the missions in the mountainous district of Abra. Father Louis Beckert — *Padre Luis* — the superior, had previously spent several years in the South Shantung Mission, China. Both of these good priests have since been called to their reward. When Father J. Scheiermann, the companion of Fr. Beckert, died—after one short year in the mission — the natives of Abra, Christian and non-Christian alike, mourned him as a father. From 1909 to date, six of these Fathers have sacrificed their lives here, and have brought thousands upon thousands of souls back to the true fold.

The mere appearance of an American priest would be a help, as some of the Protestants say there are no American priests.

With practically no Catholic schools, it is not surprising that there are few vocations to the priesthood; for the priesthood is not held in great repute. There are hundreds of embryo lawyers and doctors, but no inclination to the life of religion. As remarked above, in Vigan, ten years ago, there were thirty seminarians; now there are twelve.

But what are twenty Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and thirteen Fathers and four Brothers of the Society of the Divine Word among so many? As Bishop Huath remarked, each priest does the work of ten; but even then the untilled field is appallingly vast.

December 15 had been appointed by the pastor, specially, as a "day of the dead" — *Defunctorum*, they called it. — and early in the morning, at four o'clock, I found people selling candles at the entrance of the cathedral. Unfamiliar sights followed the celebration of Mass. The first nocturn was sung or recited by choir and priest, while the people squatted to the right and left, behind the catafalque. A prodigious number of candles were burned — all for the dead of the parish; and the people brought gifts also for the support of the clergy — rice, eggs, corn, fruit, and vegetables. This is a very important arrangement, and dates from ancient times — in fact, in many places it is the only help the priest receives from the people. Such offerings from the people are impossible on All Souls' Day, for the harvest is not yet gathered in; that is why a second day of *Defunctorum* is arranged for.

We did not want to stay too long in Vigan, for we were anxious to get to our real destination — our Abra Province — where the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word were working. In order to reach this we decided to ascend the Abra river. So, after our Mass at eight o'clock, we were taken by auto to the landing-place and soon floating upstream, by *balza* (raft), toward Bangue, the capital.

The *balzeros* — those in charge of the raft — were very strong and good-natured chaps. Many a time they were obliged to leave the *balza* and to pull it by main strength up the stream. The scenery changed with every turn, and even the rocks and mountains seemed to present



Complete Map of the Abra Province

startlingly different aspects as our points of view were shifted. We passed a carabao raft, which we examined with the greatest interest. It was made of bamboo poles lashed together and covered with mats, and there was an awning of green boughs, decorated in true Filipino style. The carabao did not pull the raft from the shore, but was yoked on in front, and waded or swam the river, pulling the load behind. The boy driver stood on the end of the raft, with a knotted cord in his hand, one end of which was passed through the carabao's nose. When swimming, these beasts move their heads with their great horns, from side to side, making a snuffling noise.

There were children bathing and women washing clothes on the banks; other women were fishing, and still others carried water on their heads from the river well to their homes. The balzas ahead of us seemed to rouse the good-natured envy of our men, and it was amusing to see them trying to race. But with each new winding of the river, the balzeros found racing a difficult task. We had to cross a number of rapids, and at each rapid there was a sort of channel which the balza followed. As for us, our routine of tactics was decidedly regular. We watched the balza, admired the scenery, chatted, rested, said part of the Divine Office — and then began the same program over again.

Our first stop came at about eleven o'clock, when we reached the first non-residential mission station, San Quintin, which is served from Pidigan, by Father Schindler. Here the public school children — all Catholics — noticed us and rushed down to the river to greet us. Greetings over, we marched in procession to the mission church. I can honestly say that, in appearance, it was the poorest church I have ever seen in my life. If there had not been something that looked like an altar, I should have thought

it was a stable. The walls of the shack were made of nipa palms, and there was a thatched roof. I smiled when I inspected the "confessional."

The histories of San Quintin and Pidigan resemble those of all the other stations in the Philippine Islands. When the Spaniards set out from Manila, in 1572, and penetrated into the Ilocano district, they founded Villa Fernandian — now called Vigan. They did not consider it safe to continue up the Abra river and enter the present Province of Abra, for they were, with reason, afraid of the head-hunters, since many a proud Spaniard had lost his life at the hands of these crafty savages.

It was centuries later, in 1758, before missionaries undertook to Christianize the entire Abra Province; and then, fifty years passed before Father Clement, an Augustinian, deemed San Diego, a *barrio* (town) in Pidigan, a good place for a mission station. The heathen Tinguians seemed on the point of being won over, but for some reason they took alarm; opposition arose among them; they assumed an inimical position, and presently they set fire to the church buildings, and the missionary and his helpers were forced to leave.

Then Padre Salvador Lago came from Spain, and he succeeded in subduing the wild people. In 1824 he erected a church and rectory in Pidigan; and the Christians erected their homes around these buildings. Soon Pidigan was a Christian settlement. In addition to the buildings Padre Salvador constructed a high tower, which served as a place of refuge for him and the other whites when the head-hunters came. He also built around the property a wall with four gates, and trained a band of cavalry. When danger threatened, the missionaries in Bangued, several miles east of Pidigan, came here for shelter. Subsequently, Padre Salvador was transferred

down the river to La Paz, and in later years he was pastor of Candon, Ilocos Sur, where he died.

Many vicissitudes now attended the church of Pidigan. — storms and burning and pillage, — until, in 1919, one of our Fathers was asked to take charge of it. When this priest, Father Theodore Schindler, S.V. D., (*Padre Teodoro*), who is still in charge, arrived at Pidigan, he found an old church about to fall to pieces, with the woodwork almost completely devoured by white ants, vestments and other essentials of ecclesiastical usage in scarcely better condition. There was no house for the priest, until a poor widow who was going to live with her niece offered to let him use her old frame shack, which had been erected a hundred years before. There was a so-called school, in a rented building; but there were no benches, no books, or blackboards.

Before Padre Teodoro had been stationed at Pidigan six months, he began to buy lumber. In 1921 work was started in earnest, and in about four months a house for the pastor was under roof, and Padre Teodoro had moved in. But when the school year commenced, there were so many children in attendance that four rooms had to be used for classrooms; and then, when a typhoon destroyed the church, another room in the house had to be given up for the use of a chapel. At the present time almost all of the 3,400 inhabitants of Pidigan are Catholics. Scattered over twenty-one barrios, some live so far from church that it is very hard for them to assist at Mass on Sunday, especially during the rainy season. In three of these barrios the Independent Church (Aglipayan) has succeeded in gaining a foothold, due especially to the influence of Juan Villamor, a former revolutionary leader in Abra, and a friend of Aglipay. He has a beautiful summer home in this district and possesses some fine plantations in the vi-

cinity. Lately, however, his influence has been on the wane and his friendship for Aplipay has also cooled, so that many people are returning to the Mother Church. But there must be more said about Aglipay and his church, later on. There are about five Protestant families in Pidigan; and while there are but two pagan families in the town itself, yet the former township of Langiden, which is included in the mission, has about fifteen hundred inhabitants, of whom only one third are Catholics. The pagans in these parts are well disposed and show a decided inclination to become informed about the Catholic religion. They have even asked for a school and church; but nothing can be done in this district until the mission is better equipped with funds and a working force of missionaries.

San Quintin is five miles from Pidigan, with two thousand inhabitants: half of these are Catholics. While some of the ten barrios which comprise the township are Christians, the villages on the right, back of the Abra river, are almost all pagan. I have already referred to the dreadful condition of the church building, and it seems too bad that it is not possible to give the Catholics here a better place in which to hear holy Mass.

But here you must pause to recollect that we were ascending the river by raft, and had just reached San Quintin and been greeted by the people. Fortunately, Father Schindler had sent his cook down from Pidigan, to prepare a meal for us; and the good fellow did his very best. Our joy was great when our confrère himself presently made his appearance. Of course, a *velada* had been prepared; and as a real part of the program a petition was handed to Father General. To fully appreciate this document, it is necessary that one should have looked at the earnest, eager faces all about us on that occasion,



A Primitive Ferry on the Sumag River. The boat is simply a bamboo raft propelled across stream by a cable.



The Primitive Mission Church of San Quintin, Abra.

and should have noted the terrible poverty that obviously abounded on all sides. But I will here give the text of the appeal, just as it was written:

Very Reverend Father Superior General:

In the name of all Catholic children of our town, and as representatives of the whole town in particular, we welcome you. We thank God for your safe arrival in our town and our province.

We are already many Catholics here; but we are sorry to say that we are without a residing priest. We should like to learn the prayers well, and to go to church every Sunday to hear Mass; but we cannot do it. So please send a priest to us, who will say the Mass and teach us prayers.

Please help us also to build a decent church, so that the priest may like to stay with us forever. We will be very thankful to you, Father, if you will help us. Help us also to find kind friends in America who will be willing to give us some dollars for the building of our poor church. With a good church and a residing priest in our town, we promise to become and to be always good and true Catholic Christians.

Please, Father, help us.

(Signed) THE CATHOLICS OF SAN QUINTIN, Abra.

This appeal was all the more moving; for we recalled the known fact that our Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word had regained from Aglipayanism about thirty-six thousand souls in this Province of Abra. But as I said, more about Aglipayanism later. At present the sect occupies only three places of any importance — namely Dolores, La Paz, and San Juan. Moreover, there is every likelihood that they will soon have to give these up also. Bangued, the capital of Abra, with some sixteen thousand inhabitants, was formerly known as an Aglipayan "nest"; but now the wealthy and influential

class, with very few exceptions, consider it a disgrace to belong to the Aglipayans. And since the mass of the Filipinos are guided largely by this upper minority, there is hope that the Catholic Church will be fully re-instated in its former position and property rights.

CHAPTER XII

Living the Missionary Life

Arrival at our central station — A joyous meeting — The Aguinaldo Masses — The tragedy of Francesca Basquez — To Tayum in a calesa — The interrupted fiesta at Pidigan — First experience on horseback — Into the town of Pilar — Bishop Carroll's room — The dangerous trail to Villavieja — "One more river" — The solitude of night — The story of the gek'ko — The friendly rat — Welcome mail — Christmas Eve close to ninety degrees — The Christmas celebration — Two old revolutionists.

Leaving San Quintin, we passed Pidigan, after another three hours' ride up the river. As we intended to visit this town later, we did not stop at this time, for we were anxious to reach our central station at Bangued. An hour later we arrived, and discovered Father Bruno Drescher on the river bank, swinging his hat lustily in welcome. Behind him we were able to discern a number of others among our Fathers¹ working in Abra. Within a few minutes, we were whirled away by auto to the convento. There we met and greeted the rest of the Fathers and Brothers; they had come from all over the province, to be present to welcome their Father General. Great was the joy of this meeting; it was a real home gathering, with many a question to be asked and answered,

¹ A photographer took our picture just as we landed, and you will be able to tell from it just what a *balza* looks like. The entire trip, since early morning (and it was now half past four o'clock in the afternoon) had cost us only about \$3.50.

and many a tale to be told. The hours sped by as on wings.

On the *sixteenth* (December) we rose early, to say the *Aguinaldo* Mass. The *Aguinaldo* Masses, in the Philippines, are a novena of Masses in preparation for the feast of Christmas. Every morning, beginning with December 16, a High Mass is sung at an early hour, the church being illuminated only by the candles burning on the altar. Above the "raised" altar of the old Spanish churches, this Mass is sung daily in honor of the Blessed Virgin, whose statue appears on top, together with that of her spouse, St. Joseph. They are represented as going to Bethlehem. The Blessed Virgin wears a large hat, and St. Joseph has a huge cane in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. At noon, every day, the bells announce the approaching solemnity of Christmas.

These Masses begin at about four o'clock in the morning and are always well attended. Father Michael Hergesheimer, S.V. D. (*Padre Miguel*), was the celebrant, this first morning, and Father Theodore Buttenbruch, S.V. D. (*Padre Teodoro*), the pastor, preached the sermon. The church was packed by the time the Mass began. I said my Mass at the main altar, at nine o'clock. Afterwards we had a meeting of the Fathers, about matters relating to our magazines published in the United States. At ten o'clock, the Padre introduced me to the pupils of the sixth and seventh grades in the school; and at three o'clock we left for Tayum, an hour's distance in a *calesa* (a two-wheeled chaise or gig). The road was in excellent condition; and when we arrived, we found Tayum to be a promising station. The bells of the church were ringing as we approached; and again the final outcome of the visit was a *velada*, held in the open air. After



Our Landing from the Balza, at Bangued, after a Trip of Seven Hours up the Abra River,
from Vigan



View of Bangned, the Capital of Abra. The grand old stone structure of the ancient church is plainly visible.

a thorough inspection of the church and convent, we returned to Bangued by moonlight.

The next day we spent in 'getting acquainted' in Bangued. The city has passed through the usual vicissitudes of the Catholic parishes in the Philippines, and the complete history is not without its tragic side. The baptismal register dates back to 1722, and the large church, fully two hundred and thirty feet long and forty-six feet wide, testifies to the faith and zeal of its Christians. When Padre Teodoro took charge, he had to repair the church and the rectory. The obtaining of funds for this purpose was a difficult problem for him, for there was no help to be had from the government or from the poor people who made up the parish; but help came at last, in unexpected ways.

Protestantism had made but little headway; and when Aglipayanism attempted to secure a foothold, Divine Providence interfered. The Aglipayan priest became involved in a quarrel with Aglipay, who thereupon suspended him. To get even, the priest sold his church, with all its goods and chattels, and took to himself a wife. This event helped Padre Teodoro to bring back many erring sheep into the fold. Eight thousand souls returned, and the big church began to prove inadequate for the accommodaation of the numbers of Christians. So Padre Teodoro had to seriously consider the question of erecting a new church for the Christians in the western section of the city. Certain noble souls declared themselves willing to undertake this project: I here refer particularly (following Padre Teodoro's own statement) to Francesca Basquez and her sister Rosa, and to Engracia Beneza and her sister Placida. They practiced great self-denials in order to bring about the building of this proposed church. Francesca displayed the keenest

interest of the group. She procured a five-foot crucifix from Manila, which was intended ultimately to adorn the high altar, and after Padre Teodoro had blessed it, kept it in her own room, praying before it night and morning, with a lamp burning perpetually. She often expressed the wish that she might be buried at the foot of this cross.

But every stone added to the new chapel added fuel to the hatred of many enemies of the Faith who were determined to stop it; and as Francesca was the prime mover, she was selected to become the victim for Satan's malice. One night, while the rain poured down in torrents and the town was submerged in inky darkness (no light to be seen, save the flickering taper before the crucifix in Francesca's room), four assassins broke in and, after killing her woman servant, plunged a dagger into the breast of this noble woman. There, at the foot of her crucified Saviour, she lay, her heart pierced as had been her Saviour's.

An outcry of horror arose from the whole community when the news of this detestable murder was made known. All followed her corpse to its last resting-place; and her beautiful crucifix will be installed over the high altar, as soon as the church is completed. It had been planned to dedicate the church on May 3, 1922, but the murder of this good soul occasioned indescribable difficulties, and for two years the side-walls of the structure have stood uncovered; moreover, there seems to be no money forthcoming to furnish a roof or any of the other necessary buildings. Padre Teodoro, who knew this woman well, told me her story as we walked together about the city, going from place to place to inspect the public school. The teachers — there were forty in all — had just concluded their annual convention.

The Catholic people of Bangued are not able at present to support a Catholic school, although in Spanish times there was a Catholic school maintained by the government. Since those days (I refer especially to the period from 1902 to 1924), much harm has been done to the Catholic faith of the people. Formerly, all children attended Mass every day, and now the majority of them do not even come on Sundays. Padre Teodoro has, to be sure, attempted to organize the high-school students — the girls, into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and the boys, into the League of the Sacred Heart. The girls were found willing to be instructed, while they already knew something about Christian doctrine; but of seven hundred boys of the high school, only fifty joined the League. The majority of them have never learned the prayers; they are so ignorant in religious matters that they do not even know the Lord's Prayer; they do not attend Mass on Sunday; they do not read any books of religious instruction; and they never receive the sacraments of Confession and Communion.

Furthermore, students from all parts of the Abra Province come to Bangued to get a high-school education.² They are housed in small native huts; sometimes from ten to fifteen boys and girls are crowded into one small room. It is evident that, under present conditions, something must be done, and must be done soon, to remedy the existing state of affairs, if the faith of the

² Padre Teodoro had planned to start a Catholic high school, but the funds thus far collected for the purpose are insufficient. To help immediately, he decided to start a dormitory. Sister Hieronyma, S.Sp.S., the former directress of the Holy Ghost College in Manila, was given charge of it. As there was no proper building for the dormitory, Padre Teodoro gave his own house for this purpose; and he is now obliged to rent a native house as a rectory.

people, and especially of the younger generation, is not to suffer shipwreck.

Pidigan claimed our day on the eighteenth, for Padre Teodoro (Schindler) had planned a fiesta for us. At nine o'clock Father General offered holy Mass, at which I, with a Filipino priest, assisted. The desperate condition of the Aglipayan Church reveals itself especially when a Catholic celebration takes place, for they always try to arrange a celebration simultaneously — the intent being to draw a crowd. Often their efforts turn out to be really farcical in character, and this was the case now. It had been necessary to arrange for a field Mass, since the small mission chapel was entirely inadequate to hold the crowds that were to attend. The band, the choir, — everybody, — bent every effort to make the fiesta a success. Our *second* Padre Teodoro (Father Bittenbruch) was the preacher. When the time came, he ascended the pulpit and began the reading of the Gospel. He had barely finished, and was about to address the congregation, when a band of musicians in the Aglipayan church began to play a march. A procession of some thirty people emerged and passed in front of our altar, immediately back of the kneeling crowd. A man dressed in a cope, with a cross-bearer and two servers in front of him, headed the procession; a few men, supporting two statues on their shoulders, came next; the band of musicians followed, playing *fortissimo*, so that our Padre had to stop preaching until the ludicrous procession slowly disappeared. Only a few children and some twenty or thirty adults, who had been standing apart, followed in the wake of the demonstration. The result was that, after some fifteen hundred people had attended our field Mass and had observed how few were the followers of the Independent Church, they were greatly strengthened



Tinguian Girls with Primitive Rice Mortar



Tinguians Assembled for the Performance of their Characteristic Native Dances

in their fidelity to Holy Church. Padre Teodoro, continuing his sermon, explained to his audience the utter futility of Aglipayan efforts. At night our people concluded the fiesta with a splendid procession, attended by over two thousand people; and then the town of Pidigan went to rest, *Catholic by an increase of fifty per cent over previous statistics!*

The following day, Padre Teodoro and I spent some hours in studying the history of Aglipayanism from documents in his possession. He told me of one occurrence that shows how far these fanatics will go. At the close of the month of May (on May 31, to be precise), in the town of Sinait, Ilocos Sur, the Children of Mary received holy Communion in a body, at the seven o'clock Mass. Padre Cordero had been working there only a few months, and had organized a sodality. During the day the sodalists had erected four beautiful arches, under which the procession was to pass. Seeing this, the Aglipayan *paripari* — that is the name given to the Aglipayan pastor — determined to have a procession, too; and threatened the Catholics, if they should pass through his part of the town. When the sodality girls approached, they were stopped. Padre Cordero appealed to the police officer, who said: "Padre, they are all drunk — even the *paripari*; and they are armed with bolos. They say they will not let you pass: and how can we few fight against them, without weapons?" It was true: there were over one hundred drunken Aglipayans, armed, against four unarmed policemen. So Padre Cordero ordered the young ladies to return to the church, where he preached an eloquent sermon on Our Lady, and asked her children to pray for the souls of these misguided fanatics.

In the afternoon, Father General, Father Buerschen, and I set out for Pilar, another of our stations in Abra,

where Father Bruno Drescher, S.V. D., is in charge. After approaching close to Pidigan, by *calesa*, we switched off on a trail to the left. Father Drescher had posted to us eight carriers with a litter, to bear Father General on their shoulders, but he declined this mode of conveyance. A horse was ready for me, and after sending for another horse for Father General, we started. It was my first experience in horseback riding. We passed through a number of villages — Indayán, Aráb, Dalimág, and others, — and continued to find new features of interest, everywhere. All along the mountain trail we passed, now under shady bamboo bushes, then up and down, along precipices, and through high grass. Sometimes we had to crouch low on our horses because of the bushes and tangle of undergrowth. Father General's face was scratched, and so was mine; and I feared that I might be "Absalommed," as one of our Techny students characterized this biblical occurrence. A peculiar thing about the Philippines is that, when one looks at the mountains, one sees bare rocks or green slopes, without, apparently, a sign of human life; but as one proceeds onward and upward, the natives seem to spring out of the ground. Whenever we passed through a village, the curious people gathered around us. "*Naimbág a malemmo, Apó!*" — 'Good afternoon, Sir!' they would exclaim; and the children, running after us with their shrill voices, shouted, "Goood afterr'nooon. Fadérr!" desiring to let us know that they could speak English!

About thirty minutes before we reached Pilar, we were received by Father Drescher and a procession of children bearing torches, lanterns, and banners. Time and again they shouted, "Hurr'rrah! Hurr'rrah! Vi-va!"

We approached the town of Pilar with the greatest interest, for it was here that the Society of the Divine

Word made its start in the Philippine Islands and the Province of Abra. Certainly the beginning must have been discouraging! But now all was changed: the people flocked to the church, and Father General gave his blessing to all. This was followed by a musical reception given in front of the convento: it was an affair of guitars, violins, and a quartet of young ladies' voices. When, after the events of the day, it came time to retire, Father Drescher gave me the room (or rather the cell) which Bishop Carroll had occupied after his accident in the mountains. Bishop Carroll was one of the earlier of the American prelates assigned to the Philippines, after American occupation. While traveling through the mountains, on visitation, he was so severely injured, through accident, that he later lost his life as a consequence. From this room he was taken to Vigan, and thence to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he died.

Next morning the Aguinaldo Mass in Pilar was celebrated by Father General. My Mass followed. The people came in throngs to the Sacraments, and Fathers Drescher and Buerschen were very busy in the confessionals. There was a big pile of stones, timber, and logs piled up before the church; for Father Drescher was anxious to start the building of a new church and convento, and was gathering up material, here and there, as opportunity offered. I found that there is here a certain kind of wood as hard as iron, which cannot be injured by the white ants. The lumber was ready, but Father Drescher wondered where the money was to come from to pay for the erection of the buildings.

We spent some pleasant hours with Father Niedurny, S.V. D., who is being introduced by Father Drescher into the methods of parish work in the Philippines. Father

Niedurny had been for some years a missionary in New Guinea, and he was now making ready to assume the parish duties of Villavieja. In honor of Father General, the two teachers of Father Drescher's school prepared a *velada* — simple, but sincere and touching. In the afternoon four of us — Father General, Father Drescher, Father Niedurny, and I — set out for Villavieja, which is about four hours' ride south of Pilar, by horseback. It was very hot, — much hotter than the preceding day, — for there was no shade. We passed through the town of Buál, to the left of which were two pagan villages: Lumába and Villaviciósa. Then on we journeyed, by a zigzag road, to Baliwág. Langlangka followed; then came Bugbúg; then, Bató (which means 'stone'; and a stony village it was); and finally we made our descent into the valley. A young lady teacher and a pupil attendant were guides down the mountain trail, for it had now grown pitch-dark. We followed them on horseback: there was one more ascent, and as we went along a dangerous path, having passed through Dintan, we caught sight of the glimmering lights of Villavieja. I had already come to the conclusion that, in the Philippines, there is always *one more mountain to climb, one more crooked road to pass, one more river to cross*. I was not disappointed. At the foot of the trail, the *one more river* awaited us. Yet, before we reached it, we saw an exquisite sight. A tree rose below us, its huge crown spreading far, and thousands and thousands of fireflies had settled upon it. In the darkness it looked like a scene from fairyland.

We had to ride a half-hour more before we reached the convento. Here there had been no resident priest since our Father William Finnemann left, some four years before. He and Fathers Drescher, Stigler, Blasczyk, Her-

gesheimer, and their Superior, Father Henry Buerschen, had been obliged to leave the Philippine Islands during the war. After having spent a few years in the United States, they are now back at their mission stations, with the exception of Father Blasczyk, who had died upon his arrival in Chicago. What poverty, what ruin, presented itself in this place! We had the greatest difficulty in securing even a little rice, with some canned meat and water. Bread and milk would have been most acceptable, but these are rare in the Philippines.

I was too tired to sleep. A thousand insects filled the air with *whizz* and *whirr*. From the distance came the sound of a drum. A melancholy owl seemed to be resenting our presence, and complained at intervals. Closer by was heard the odd cry of a chameleon or lizard, — a creature so homely, it is said, that he will not show his face in the daytime. “Gek-ko! gek-ko!” he murmurs. The natives will tell you that *once upon a time!* this lizard was a great chieftain, doomed, for rebellion against his master, to haunt the evening shadows in the form of a lizard, and at night to bemoan his lost grandeur. Until the end of time he will be heard in the groves and nipa shacks. “Gek-ko! gek-ko! gek-ko!” — giving due warning that one should obey one’s parents and not defy God!

The “gek-ko” I could accustom myself to, and I got on tolerably with the owl and the insects; but presently a large rat sought my pillow, smiling so comfortably at me that I imagined he wanted to strike up a conversation. I threw my shoe at him. He disappeared — to return once more just as I was dozing. This time he walked over my face. Wide awake now, I again requested him, with the other shoe, to depart. He scurried off. Perhaps he returned again — I don’t know. At any rate, I slept.

In the morning I saw the church and school of Villavieja, and though everything was poor and neglected, the location of both buildings impressed me favorably. The town registers more than two thousand people within its borders, but only about eighty live within the village; the remainder are scattered in far-off barrios. Father Scheiermann was the first Missionary, S. V. D., to visit the place. After his death it was only once in a great while that Father Stigler, who was then at Pilar, was able to go there. But in the fall of 1912, Father Riede was given charge of this outpost of Abra, hidden away in the stony, mountainous region of the province. As stony as its mountains were the hearts of the people there, at that time, through the long neglect of their spiritual needs which had come about since the passing of the old Spanish regime. As a matter of fact, the good Father had a time of it, at first, to find a man who would let him share his house. Finally he was taken in by a poor workingman who was not a native of Villavieja but had come from a district of Ilocos Sur. With unusual efforts the young missionary tried to win back those souls which had gone astray. Within sixteen months he built up a residence for himself and had the former temporary chapel, that lay in complete ruin, rebuilt. But in spite of all his efforts, the people did not respond to him. Discouraged, he asked for a transfer and was sent to Lagañgilañg. In March, 1915, Father Finnemann was transferred from Tayum to this mission. He at once opened a school, and this proved a success from the start and soon received recognition from the government. Because of the lack of a schoolhouse, he had to gather the children together in a rented bamboo house — the very same that had formerly given shelter to Father Riede. The Father was just about to erect a building for school purposes when, on



The Interior of the old Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Pidigan, Abra, as it Appeared before its Recent Partial Restoration. The shack in the center is a temporary chapel of grass and bamboo: a typhoon destroyed it utterly.



The Restored Church of Pidigan. As is the fact with most of the restored churches in the Philip-pines, the roof is of corrugated iron. Thus the church is made serviceable, yet unsightly within.

October 31, 1915, his church and house were entirely destroyed, in one night, by a tornado. The Father himself was buried under the debris and barely escaped with his life. Thus he was called upon to find a temporary abode as did his predecessor, and he took up his quarters in the very same room — at the time, his schoolroom. Of course, the school went on, but during the nights the Father was obliged, for some time, to share this schoolroom floor with the parents and children of two native families. The destruction of the two buildings brought the mission program back to the very beginning, once more. But the Father was not a quitter. With all the courage of a young missionary he made up his mind, at once, to build and to build stronger than before. But there was one thing that cut the wings of his enthusiasm — his complete lack of funds. His people were among the poorest of the poor of the Abra Province, and he could expect very little or no pecuniary help from them. However, he knew that there are always good Catholics at home who are willing to give their service to the spread of the Kingdom of Christ on earth. So he sent out a report of his troubles, and the success with which his appeal was returned was an ample reward for his zeal. More than six hundred dollars were received in reply to his appeal, the money coming through the Catholic Church Extension Society, to whom his call had been directly made. The amount, with the assistance of free manual labor given by his people, proved sufficient for the rebuilding of the church. A number of individual contributions were received from friends in the United States, and with this money the house was restored. The next question was how to erect a school-house. The ever increasing number of pupils, from both pagan and Catholic parents, made it imperative to provide accommodations for them. And so, again the Father

had recourse to his friends in America; and within a year the schoolhouse was finished. It cost but one hundred and seventy-five dollars, for almost all of the work on it was furnished by the parents of the attending children. But two teachers had to be employed, and the Father had to find their salaries for them. Thus the struggle for means — a very common experience, but one which is the greatest strain upon a missionary — went on. For all that, schools in seven outlying barrios were established, in addition to the central institute. These schools, spread wide over an extensive mission district, were visited at least once a week by the Father, who traveled from place to place on horseback.

Father Finnemann remained at Villavieja for three years and seven months, and gained back to the church all the people of the district who had fallen away, with the exception of five or six families. His influence was also extensive among the pagans who dwell thereabouts, and a great number were baptized by him. But the children were especially gained for Christ, through the schools. Regular visits also were paid to Sibsibú, which is about a day's journey on horseback from Villavieja. The village is partly Christian, and here a school was also established; and numbers of adults and children received baptism as a result of this effort. In the year 1917 Father Finnemann was also given charge of a town called Burgos. This is located in Ilocos Sur Province, and is separated from Villavieja by a high mountain. Within the next two years this mountain was crossed and recrossed many times by the missionary, the journey being made in each instance partly on pony-back, and partly on foot, because there are places where the steepness of the mountain does not permit of riding. Burgos is a town of some four thousand souls, of whom many have been bap-

tized; but there had been no priest resident there for more than twenty years. However, two Protestant preachers and one Aglipayan minister (all natives) held forth regularly. The few Catholics who remained faithful through all the years possessed a small chapel (16x20 feet) where they said their beads on Sundays. Through the assistance of a Catholic lady in the United States, Father Finnemann succeeded in building a new church in the town, and it was not long before many fallen-away Catholics (among whom was one of the Protestant preachers) were brought home to the Fold. Father Finnemann visited Burgos at least twice a month during the period of his charge, remaining each time several days, in order to instruct the children and make the rounds of the outlying barrios. As has been stated, he was eventually obliged to leave both posts — Burgos and Villavieja — and come to the United States. In May, 1922, Father Finnemann returned to the islands, and immediately took up mission work in Tayum. He was subsequently transferred to Manila and made S. V. D. Procurator for the islands, also being charged with the founding of a new mission within the city.

This brings me back to our own rather complete visitation of this district of Abra. We ranged widely among the barrios, on horseback. I was everywhere impressed with the indolence of the people in these mountainous districts. This one mark clearly distinguishes them from the Japanese, who are generally filled with teeming energy. A Father told me of visiting one of the barrios in this vicinity and finding nothing whatever to eat. An old man walked seven miles to get three eggs and a chicken for him. Abraham Lincoln has said that a surplus of wealth is the wealth you do not need; and certainly the Filipinos feel no desire for surplus, for the

never worry about what they shall eat on the morrow. For our dinner in one of these places a woman brought us six eggs; we had with us only rice, canned meat, a few unripe "sabas" and water; so, the eggs were very welcome.

When we got on horseback again, to ride to Pilar, we went to Baliwág, via San Juan, and stopped at the post office. Here a letter was handed to me. It had come from one of our most enthusiastic mission workers, a convert who is a librarian in Grand Rapids, Michigan. A large quantity of letters from America had come for Father Drescher, together with money amounting to about \$220. He was jubilant over this magnificent Christmas present, for now his pile of lumber and stone would begin to take shape. Father Niedurny and I rode side by side, he recounting some of the wonderful experiences he had had in his missionary work in New Guinea.

It was dark when we returned to Pilar, and the people who saw us coming appeared with lighted lamps in the doorways and windows, to show us the way, — a courtesy which we highly appreciated. Father Büerschen had a good supper ready, and we appreciated that, too. We rested well that night. No rat appeared to disturb me — or, at least, if he did appear, he made no fuss about it.

I said the Aguinaldo Mass, next morning, at four o'clock, and at twenty minutes past six we mounted our horses, to return to Bangued. Father Drescher accompanied us almost as far as Aráb, on foot; Father Niedurny followed us (on horseback) half-way to Dalimág and Aráb. The climb had been a steep one, but in the clear morning light the view was worth while. There was the river below; the western mountains toward Vigan on the Chinese coast, and in the East, the bleak, high crests of the Cordilleras, covered with dense forests. The heavy

plumes of the bamboo shaded us, and there was a refreshing breeze, bringing the fragrant perfume of pine trees and of flowers in blossom. At times we had to use our bush knives in order to make the ride more comfortable. When we reached the main road between Bangued and Pidigan, a *calesa* was found waiting, and by this means we reached the city at ten o'clock.

We were told, now, that the worst of the traveling was over. We had had a real taste of missionary life! Oh, how different it is — in its isolation, its hardships, its everyday annoyances, worries, and struggles — from what people at home think it to be! Exalt, if you please, this loneliness and privation; but we all know that it is the constant goadings and annoyances, which are never wanting in the life of the missionary, that make his lot so hard. When a man is ill, — has received bad news — has been called to bear the bitter disappointment, either through his people, or from those he thought would help him, — then indeed, he needs the courage of Christ and physical endurance as well. What traveling must be during the rainy season in this section at night, on sick-calls! The way is dangerous, even in dry weather. One shudders to contemplate these experiences. These apostolic men would not escape with their lives, were it not that the angels of God guard and guide them.

On Christmas Eve I had a queer experience. The thermometer stood at 88° Fahrenheit at noon; and I wrote letters all day long, thinking of Techny under its blanket of snow, with its sharp winds, and snapping cold. At ten in the evening the bells began to ring. It was beautiful outdoors, and I do not think the people went to bed at all. The bells continued to ring, at intervals, for an hour, and our community at Bangued began to assemble: then we started Matins, with the *Venite Exultemus*, and

the rest. Father General, Brother Arnulf, and I recited the lessons of the third nocturn. The *cura parroco*, Padre Teodoro, was hearing confessions, and the beautifully decorated church was soon crowded to the doors. Many of the people contributed flowers, and the altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph in particular were profusely decorated. A star, lighted by acetylene gas, hung high above the high altar; and there was another big star with a streaming tail which was fastened along the wall. On the altar, the candlesticks and sacred utensils were of solid silver, — these, together with the vestments, being relics of old Spanish times.

At twelve o'clock we had solemn High Mass — an extraordinary occurrence in Abra. Father General was the celebrant; I, the deacon; and Padre Teodoro, the subdeacon. One of the customs of many churches in the islands is that, when the priest leaves the sacristy and ascends the flight of stairs leading to the high altar, a waxen angel, high over the heads of the people, starts moving from the rear of the church towards the sanctuary. Slowly the heavenly visitant approaches, moving along a line of rattan which has been fastened under the ceiling or roof, so as to be directly over the altar when the priest sings the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*! No sooner does the celebrant intone this hymn than the angel showers a mass of flowers, which covers priest, altar, and steps. If there are bells in the church, they are loudly rung. Many of the people received holy Communion and we were kept busy, the Mass being concluded, as all High Masses in the Philippines are, with the singing of the *Salve Regina* and the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. At the Elevation, the band played the *Marche Real*. In Spain this is played only on three occasions: first, for the king; second, for the reception of bishops; and third, at the Elevation

during Mass. It was two o'clock before the celebration ended.

I said two Masses at the main altar, and then went to bed. At half past six o'clock Father General said his other two Masses, at the side altar; and I my *third*, at the main altar. Again the people crowded into the church, and again many hosts were distributed. *Padre Teodoro* preached, the *Salve Regina* was sung, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the second time. The *cura parroco* followed me, with his second and third Masses; and at his third Mass he preached again. Women brought their babies, for it is considered that a special blessing is secured for the little ones if they are present at Mass on Christmas Day. When the church celebration was over, the people flocked to the convento, to offer to the pastor and the clergy their *felicidades*. "*Naimbág a Pascuám, Apó!*" ('Merry Christmas, Padre!') cried 'the older ones; while the children rolled their eyes and their *r*'s and showed their white teeth: "*Merrrr—y Chr-istmas, Fa'-dér!*" they murmured. The pastor gave each woman and child a holy picture, and every man a cigar or a glass of anisado. Many people offered their Christmas gifts to the pastor in the form of cakes, home-made candy, fruits, etc. One brought a guinea pig! The visits continued all day long, until night came on; and at times little hands, with guitars, played or sang outside the door or within the convento itself.

At night there was a *velada* and a Christmas celebration in the convento. Since there was no hall to be had, the immense convento corridor was used. Here a stage was erected, and all else necessary for the occasion was contrived. By the time the celebration started, the corridor was crowded. The Christmas tree was a Filipino fir; and tied to it were bananas, watermelons, pineapples,

rice cakes, cocoanuts, live chickens, and so forth, each article bearing the name of the donor and "donee." There were songs and recitations by the children, before Padre Teodoro distributed the gifts. One really managed to get a sort of *Christmasy* flavor; in spite of the fact that dear old Techny and the Northland were thousands of miles away.

During the evening I became acquainted with two Filipino gentlemen — both old revolutionists. We conversed on the subject of the independence of the Philippine Islands. Their views differed. Colonel X was heart and soul for independence, and all my rejoinders as to what would happen if the Philippines became the prey of a stronger power, had no effect. He, like most of the Filipinos, wanted independence at any cost — happen what might! Mr. Y, on the contrary, felt quite secure under American protection. He said it would be nonsense to give independence to the Philippine Islands, with no army, no navy, and above all, no money and no way of getting it; for the people were so poor that no taxes could be levied. He paid me a visit, on the following day, to confirm all his statements of the evening before.



The Convento of San Juan, Abra. The walls are of plaited bamboo, and make the building airy and comfortable in fair weather, but not in foul.



Church and School of La Paz, Abria

CHAPTER XIII

Dolores, San Juan, La Paz, and San Gregorio

In the town of Dolores — On to San Juan — An Aglipayan stronghold — The murder of Ildefonso — "The man with two faces" — The Filipinos and Freemasonry — A real "Roman" Mass — Padre Jose's home and how it was made — The value of mission clubs, or circles — A sad sight at San Gregorio.

The day after Christmas, in the afternoon, we continued our tour through Abra: first, to Dolores, via Tayum up to the Abra River in a *calesa*, and then across the Abra on a *balza*. Father General, Father Buerschen, and I rode on the *balza*, the horses swimming after, without saddles. On the other side of the river our horses were again saddled, and in fifteen minutes we were in Dolores. Ildefonso Guzman, the only influential man in the place who remained a staunch Catholic during the Aglipayan troubles, welcomed us to his home. We paid a visit to the church of Padre Alejo — one of the two native priests working with our Fathers in the Abra Province. Between the Catholic church and the Aglipayan house of worship there is a beautiful plaza, and close by, a fine town park. Señor Guzman gave us dinner in his house, and two of his daughters served at table.

After a short rest we started for San Juan, where there was to be a fiesta on the following day — the feast of St. John the Apostle. Señor Guzman and Padre Alejo accompanied us. Here were further examples of Philippine traveling for us! First, we cut through a wide river-bed; then, before reaching San Juan, we had to cross the Mel-

anas river, with the water up to the horses' chests. An hour and fifteen minutes brought us to San Juan, where Father Demond had been installed just fourteen days. Father Demond had been formerly a missionary in Togo, Africa, and was transferred to the Philippines after the expulsion of the German Fathers from Togo. He met us on horseback, at the entrance of the town. The church-bell was ringing, and the drum was being beaten to call the town musicians together.

When Father Theodore Bittenbruch, now pastor of Bangued, first went to San Juan, he was obliged to offer Mass in an old shed. But he soon found a good friend in a man who had once been a supporter of Aglipayanism but later abandoned the sect, and who now, seeing the predicament of the Catholic priest, set out to make things easier for him. He would not rest until he had urged other well-disposed people of the town to join with him in erecting a worthier shelter for the King of kings; and so, a little bamboo church went up rapidly. The nearer it arrived to completion, the more Catholics flocked to the community. Finally, on the feast of the Holy Rosary, the new chapel was ready to be dedicated, and the missionary and his good friend Ildefonso were full of joy. But the enemies of the Faith had, all along, stoutly opposed its revival, in a spirit of animosity specially directed against Ildefonso. The flames of their hatred mounted with the rising of the church-walls, and they were no longer to be restrained when the feast of the Rosary brought to the Catholics the culmination of their hopes. By one horrible deed these miscreants determined to have their revenge and to extinguish every trace of Catholic life in San Juan. They publicly formed a procession, with all their wicked plans pre-arranged, and as the Catholic procession passed by, the Aglipayan priest was the first

to use his dagger, whereupon two of his followers joined to attack their victims. Padre Teodoro himself saw the assassin plunge his dagger to the hilt in Ildefonso's breast, and the life-blood of this good man drenched the priest's alb and stole as he caught him, expiring, in his arms. Ildefonso died; but the church did not perish with him, even though the bamboo chapel was set on fire and burned to the ground, a few days later. When the news of this disaster reached America and Europe, a number of mission friends came to Padre Teodoro's aid; and the foundation of a stone church was soon laid, although it has not yet been finished. Beginning with one family, however, San Juan now numbers seventeen hundred faithful Catholics, and has a flourishing school with one hundred and eighty pupils. We caught a glimpse of the school, to our right, as we came from the river. Father Hergesheimer and Father Stigler greeted us, and others followed. It was a fine *conveniat* — it is always a grateful occasion when missionaries meet. After supper, — due to what cause I know not, but it was no doubt the supper, — Father Hergesheimer, Father Buerschen, and Father Demond became quite ill — in fact, of the whole gathering of missionaries, only Father Stigler, Father General, and I felt no bad effects. I was thinking of going to bed, when an invitation to a *velada* and Christmas celebration was extended to us; it was to take place on the plaza, where a stage had been erected and decorated. Since the others were ill, we three had to go. Father General soon retired, but I was obliged to remain to the end. There were the usual recitations, in Ilocano and English, with singing and dancing of school children, etc. Several speeches were made, and one of the big men of the town talked at length in Ilocano, with great fire and enthusiasm, about "the godless public schools" and the sacred

duty of all parents to send their children to the Catholic school. I thought this talk wonderful, as Father Stigler, sitting next to me, translated it word for word, in a whispering tone; and I at once offered to add a little "pepper and salt" to it, by telling the people present — Catholics, Protestants, Aglipayans, and even pagans — about our schools in the United States, in order to dispel any wrong idea that everything was Protestant in our country. Padre José (Stigler) translated my address into Ilocano, for the audience. The next day I was informed that the wonderful native speaker and advocate for Catholic schools was a man of very doubtful character — had been a public school-teacher — had spoken against all private schools only the preceding week, calling the public schools "the only way" — and was just as ready to speak *against* Catholic schools as *for* them, according as occasion offered. This is one of the chief difficulties here, — which gives rise to widespread distrust everywhere. One never knows where a man stands: in fact, many Filipinos of apparently excellent character find no difficulty in being Catholics and Freemasons at the same time!

I have been told that over six hundred Filipinos (presumably Catholics) are Freemasons at the present time, and that even some prominent Freemasons support the Catholic Church, financially and otherwise, and regularly attend Catholic services. Apparently they do not realize the contradiction involved in maintaining the two fealties at one and the same time. At one fiesta which I attended, in the archdiocese of Manila, two laymen spoke in well-chosen *Castellano* of the "Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church," of the happiness which membership in that Church affords, of the honor that they, the Filipinos, rightly ascribed to themselves as being the one great Catholic nation in the Orient, of the necessity for the

laity to work hand in hand with the bishops and the clergy, and so on. But the archbishop afterwards assured us that both speakers were thirty-second degree Freemasons. Whether it is *ignorantia crassa* and childish light-heartedness, or hypocrisy and malice, that makes these people two-faced, changing their attitudes according to the occasion, I do not know. But I have again been digressing.

I found that it was a half-hour after midnight, and left the assembly in order to get, if possible, at least a partial night's rest. But next morning I learned that it had taken the crowd about forty minutes more, after our departure, to witness the distribution of the Christmas gifts upon the plaza. Father General received his gift next morning — a hen with four eggs, in a nicely woven basket; and I was given a cocoanut — a delicious mixture of milk and soft white meat.

Early in the morning of the *twenty-seventh*, we were awakened by music — good music, too. It was a *diana* (coming from *dias*, day, in Spanish), a march played by the band in the early hours to announce a great festivity.¹ We said our Masses early. Then there was a procession, from the church to the plaza and back again. Afterwards we had High Mass, Padre Alejo acting as deacon, and I as subdeacon. The pastor, Father Demond, led a Gregorian Mass chant (plain-song), and it was the most "Roman" of any Mass at which I had assisted, so far, in the Philippine Islands. Then came a festival din-

¹ The Filipino has maintained and improved upon his reputation for skill in music. Perhaps he is at his best in instrumental music. Each parish has its brass band, supplied with European instruments and generally wearing a uniform. If the village is well-to-do, there is an orchestra in addition. These bands perform operatic and dance music with the greatest precision.

ner, the exchange of the *felicidades* of people and clergy in the convento, the short nap which one should never miss in the tropics; and then, off to our next mission station, La Paz, a distance of approximately two hours' ride on horseback, along a dry and stony river-bed. We crossed the Tineg, two by two, on a small raft made of six old bamboo poles. Some small Filipino lads forded with our horses. These *muchachos* (servants or boys), as a rule, always accompany the missionary on his trips.

The crossing of such rivers as the Tineg takes much time. On the other side we had again to go through a sandy and stony, desert-like region, until we arrived at La Paz. Upon entering this town I was struck by the attitude of the people. They were not friendly, but cold and strange — there were no greetings, no "*Naimbág nga aldáomo, Apó!*" (Good day, Sir!) as in the other towns — no children with smiling faces drawling out their *r*'s in piping trebles. It must be remembered that Dolores, San Juan, and most of all, La Paz, are the three strongholds of Aglipayanism in Abra.

The town itself made a good impression; there were fine parallel streets (village roads), the houses to the right and left looked neat and attractive; but the people stood about, staring, wondering probably what brought our "little cavalry troop" here. At the convento we were met by Father McNulty, S.J., one of the twenty American Jesuits who have gone out to the Philippines within the last few years. He was stationed with Father Stigler, in order that he might learn the Ilocano dialect; but I was glad to find in him a person with whom I could plainly "talk United States," for a change. Father Buttenbruch, I remember, amused us by describing his own troubles with the dialects. He said that he had tackled the problem on the first day of his arrival. After Mass

and breakfast, he began, with exercise-books and pen, like a school-boy, and wrote down the words, then put the English meaning in a column alongside. After accomplishing this feat, he gazed, *long and hard*, at his new verbal symbols — *stared* at them, tried to pronounce them, perspired, wrote more words, asked ridiculous questions, perspired still more, declared he would never be able to learn that lingo; and at last, when his instructor saw that he was getting close to the borders of despair, declared class finished for the day. There was, however, a lesson every morning for a month; but after a few mornings, things began to look a little more reasonable.

The church, the convento, and the equipment at La Paz were such as to make every American and European feel at home. The place was actually comfortable — more comfortable than any other I had found in the Philippines, and I was at a loss to account for it. As usual, there was a reason. In his room, Father Stigler, the *cura parroco* of La Paz, had a photograph of himself seated in the midst of fourteen good Catholic ladies of Erie, Pennsylvania. His work is being aided by these American women, whose acquaintance he had made during his stay in the United States. I had never seen such a visible expression of the help that can be given by personal interest from the home centers; and this interest has given Father Stigler a *home* — the only real missionary home I had met with on my travels through the Philippine Province of Abra. These excellent women had extended their 'home-making' genius to a servant of Christ in the missionary field; they had furnished him with things that are necessary and useful, and I found everything so neat and so orderly that my heart ached for the other poor priests, many of whom had to "carry on" amid stark poverty. Oh, if every mission priest

could have a few good souls to "make a home" for him, even though thousands of miles separated him from his benefactors! Once more I realized what these clubs and mission circles in the United States mean to the missions.

After Mass we inspected the place, — school, buildings, and the rest, — and saw that a school and a convent for the Sisters, for which Father Stigler had in vain striven to raise the modest sum of \$3,000, was decidedly needed. Moreover, the church will be in danger with the next flood; for, during the last, the river washed away some forty feet of ground right behind it, and there was a steep precipice straight down from the church-wall. After dinner we went off to another station — San Gregorio, where poor Father Blasczyk, now buried in our Techny cemetery, had once labored. Father Stigler attends this town from La Paz — it is an hour's ride on horseback. Our way led mostly along the usual stony fields, and dry, sandy river-beds. We passed through several pagan and several Catholic villages on our way.

When we reached our destination, the sight that met our eyes was a sad one. The church was beautifully located on an elevation; but a typhoon had carried off the roof, and there was now but a cover of corrugated iron sheets over the altar space only. Behind the altar a little room served the missionary for a sacristy, whenever he came for his visits. The heat in this room at this hour was intense, and every contributing condition and circumstance of the place lent an impression of woeful desolation. The grass inside the church was so high that my Filipino pony found his way within, and tried to kick me when I led him away from this succulent pasture.

We left with saddened spirits. "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!" was the thought that sprang unbidden

to every mind at this scene of desolation . . . God's house . . . once God's abode . . . still His Bethlehem when the Holy Sacrifice was offered here! . . . and now . . . animals feeding in the holy place! We set off again, down the river-bed, where the Melanas and Tineg streams merge into the Abra river; and crossing as we had come, we reached La Paz again. But it was necessary for us to begin to slowly make the return to Bangued — the central headquarters. So, saddling up, we mounted our horses and went on toward Tayum which lay before us, crossing the Abra river without getting off our horses. At Tayum, Father Philip Beck received us, and at half past five o'clock the good Sisters there gave us a meal in real European style; and this we thoroughly enjoyed. After supper we returned by *calesa* to Bangued, arriving at nine o'clock in the evening.

CHAPTER XIV

Tayum, and the Work of Our Missionary Sisters in the Philippines

The "indigo" town — An old-time industry — The mammoth church — Father Louis Beckert appointed pastor — Fathers Finnemann and Blasczyk — Father Beck in charge — Improvement of Catholic schools — The work of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, in Tayum and in other places of the Philippine Islands

A short account of the history of the important town of Tayum will not be out of place at this point. The word "Tayum" really means indigo, and this town was at one time an important industrial center; but the increasing production of aniline dyes put an end to the older methods of producing indigo, here as well as in other parts of the world. In the northern part of the old town one can still see the stone troughs and vats which were used in the preparation of the indigo dye.

Even though the day has passed for it, the method of growing and extracting indigo is worth noting. The indigo plant grows about three feet high, and has little branches similar to hemp. On the stems of these branches are pointed pods which contain many small seeds. The leaves are small and round, about the size and shape of a hazelnut. The coloring matter is contained in every part of the plant — leaves, stems, and roots. When the plants are ripe enough, they are pulled up, root and all, and washed. Then they are thrown into the stone cisterns, where they remain until they become soft. After



The Sanctuary of the Church of Tayum, Abra



Father Beck, S.V. D., with the Children of the Barrio School of Patucannay, a Place
Belonging to the Parish of Tayum

the fermentation or decomposition process has advanced far enough, the process of extracting the dye begins.

The plants are placed, together with lime, in large stone crocks, and pounded. The juice at first is green. Then cotton thread is thrown in, well-soaked, taken out and dried in the sun. A second time this is done, and a third and even a fourth — each time a darker shade being secured, until the desired color is obtained. This method of dyeing is so good that blue or black woven from the thread never fades.

There is also to be found in Tayum, as in certain other places in these islands, a tree with pods whose contents are similar to those of the cat-tail in the United States; it is called the cotton tree, for the product, *kapok*, is spun like cotton and exported for manufacture. It is a strange sight to see these trees, with pods, but no leaves; for the latter fall off early. There is another tree here that has leaves only at the tip of each branch or limb. It looks much like a cactus, with both leaves and flowers at the extremity of the branches.

The place is a town of six thousand and three hundred inhabitants, but only two thousand live in the town proper; the rest are scattered in the small surrounding barrios. It is related that a missionary was stationed here, towards the end of the eighteenth century, and that during his time the faithful built the church, in honor of St. Catherine of Alexandria. The church is a large building, and it would be out of the question to construct such a one today. We do not know how long it took to build, nor the cost, as a fire destroyed the records in 1891; but one can gain some idea of the edifice itself from a brief description. It is a cause for marveling when one recalls that it was built by natives possessed of the most primitive means. It is one hundred and eighty-

six feet long by forty-eight feet wide. The walls are twenty-one feet high, and are strengthened by ten massive pillars on each side, as a protection against earthquakes. The windows are square and very large, and are protected against thieves by wooden bars three inches square. The walls are six feet thick at the base. The front wall is broken, near the organ loft, by three windows; and above, it runs up to a point which is capped by a massive papal crown executed in stone. On either side, the central pillars are built after the manner of stone steps, this form of construction proving of great assistance in putting on and repairing the roof. The floor of the nave is laid in brick, while tiling forms the floor of the sanctuary. Owing to the many earthquakes which have taken place, the walls show great fissures, and it is now impossible to repair them.

When Father Louis Beckert, S.V. D. (*Padre Luis*), was appointed pastor here, in 1911, by Bishop Carroll, he faced no easy task. The great church of olden days was wrecked and broken. The roof had been swept away by a typhoon — all the inside was in ruins; and though Mass was said on the altar on Sundays, it was open to the heavens. The doors could not be closed, and horses, goats, and cows had free access to the interior. Nevertheless, Padre Luis did his best, and after countless begging tours succeeded in covering the sanctuary with a grass roof. It was not until 1913, under other auspices, that the entire church was covered with a roof of corrugated iron. By that time Padre Luis had lost his health in trying to rebuild the Faith along with the church; and he was succeeded by Father Finnemann. Father Finnemann worked very hard in Tayum, and remained there until March, 1915, when Father Francis Blasczyk took charge. *Padre Ico*, as he was called, devoted much of his

time to the school, and instituted the First Friday devotion, even in the most distant barrios. On March 17, 1921, Bishop Hurth attended the Catholic school celebration at this place. Many dignitaries were present, and the day was given a special significance, because the Province of Abra was at the time dedicated to and placed under the protection of St. Joseph. About fifteen hundred Catholic children marched before the bishop, singing national anthems and carrying the flags of the United States and the Philippines: but Padre Ico had not been permitted to live to see the great progress of his work; since October, 1919, Father Philip Beck, S.V. D., (*Padre Felipe*) has been pastor of Tayum. The Catholic schools have improved wonderfully through the aid of the summer courses instituted for the teachers in Abra, in 1919. They end with a three-days' retreat. In addition, there are teachers' conferences, held every two months, in Tayum; and by means of lectures and lessons in practical pedagogy, the entire educational forces continue to become more and more proficient. When Father Beckert began his work here in Tayum, in 1911, very few came to the Sacraments. In the year 1923 over fifteen thousand Communions were distributed, and seven hundred and thirty-six children were receiving a Catholic education. This is due in great part to the work of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. Four of these Sisters set out from Steyl, Holland, and arrived in the Philippines in January, 1912. Their ultimate destination was Tayum, and when they reached this place a crowd of natives assembled to receive them and escort them to the chapel. But when they came to the sacred edifice, what a sight met their gaze! Only the walls were standing; and within these, three bare altars! The Blessed Sacrament was reserved in the sacristy. After they had given

thanks to God for His care in bringing them thither, they were conducted to their new home — a rented, native house resting on posts and consisting of two rooms and a kitchen, and furnished with a chair and a bed for each Sister. They soon discovered that the ignorance of the people was very great; for instance, some of them asked the Sisters whether they could say Mass. As for Mass itself, when Sunday came they found that, with the exception of a few good Catholic men, women, and children, the Holy Sacrifice was unattended. In February of the same year, the Sisters opened a school, with sixteen pupils. For their classroom they had nothing but the space beneath their house, and empty boxes served as desks for both teachers and pupils.

The first care of the Sisters was to learn the language. To do this in a practical way, and at the same time to become acquainted with the natives and to aid and console the sick, they made the round of the houses in the town and villages. They were particularly eager to gain the confidence of the parents and to receive their promises to send their children to the Catholic school.

In May of the same year the Sisters moved into the old Spanish convento — one of the best and largest buildings in Tayum. The first story contained the school-rooms. When the school opened again in June, after a vacation of two and a half months, seventy pupils presented themselves. But many difficulties had still to be overcome. While some played truant, others went back to the public school; and often the Sisters had to go out and look up these lost sheep, after class-hours. In order to win over the natives, and to make Christmas a happy one for the children, the Sisters arranged an entertainment for this feast. At the close, presents, such as dresses, cloth, toys, and other utilities, were distributed among



It's only a Ford, but it's prized, in the Philippines, as much as a Rolls-Royce might be in this country. It is performing excellent service. Mostly pennies from American Children bought it.



Filipino Old Men with their Champions, Ready and Anxious for
a Chance for a Cock-fight.

the pupils. The immediate result of this affair was that the number of pupils again increased, this time to one hundred. At the close of the school, in March, a similar celebration took place, for the Sunday-school pupils; and to this not only the Sunday-school class, but all the children attending the public school, were invited.

Today the Holy Ghost School of Tayum, Abra, is recognized by the government, and has primary, intermediate, and first-year high-school divisions. Five Sisters are in charge of the school, which now has an enrolment of four hundred and forty-two day pupils. There are no tuition fees, except for high-school pupils, who pay one dollar a month. Books are supplied free for the primary grades only. The poverty of the people and the competition of the public schools make it impossible to ask tuition for educational purposes.

In June, 1913, the Sisters settled in La Paz, about a two hours' journey from Tayum. La Paz numbers only a few Catholics, and most of the inhabitants are Aglipayans. During the course of the same year, the Sisters opened a school with eighteen children. By Christmas the number had increased to sixty. Many of these came from the neighboring villages; some from a great distance, often wading through one or two rivers. These good children also came regularly to Mass on Sundays, and returned in the afternoon for instruction. The school prospered. The lack of Sisters, however, made it necessary to abandon the school in 1919, and to place it in charge of native lay-teachers, under the direction of the missionaries. But in June, 1923, the Sisters, to the great joy of the natives and children, resumed their work. Sacred Heart School (so it is called) today has an enrolment of one hundred and thirty-five pupils, and is recognized by the government. The associated schools of

Conon, Bulbulala, and Carrio, with a total of one hundred and fifty pupils, are also visited by the Sisters.

In response to a request from the archbishop of Manila, the Sisters took up residence in that city, in May, 1913. After a week spent under the hospitable roof of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, the Sisters proceeded to their new home, a house in Legarda Street, which had been rented for them by the archbishop. Their entire furniture consisted of their trunks, a small table, and two chairs; but His Grace immediately supplied the necessary furniture for the house and school. Their joy was great when, during the course of the year, their number was increased by four more Sisters. For the first year the school, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, showed an enrolment of seventy pupils. Since then the number of pupils has been continually on the increase. Even during the following year it was found necessary to rent the adjoining building for classrooms. But despite this new addition, the school proved too small. In 1919, therefore, at the cost of many sacrifices, but with the kind assistance of the archbishop, a new building was erected. During the octave of Pentecost, 1921, the community and school moved to their new home. The school now offers a complete high-school course, and registers three hundred and ten pupils. Of these, forty-two are boarders, and one hundred and ten, half-boarders; the remaining number are day pupils. At present nineteen Sisters are occupied with the work of this school.

In June, 1923, four Sisters went to Bangued and opened a primary school for girls there. Today this school is attended by two hundred and eighty pupils. In connection with it the Sisters conduct a dormitory for government high-school girls. At present, there are accommodations for twenty boarders; but the Sisters hope

to be able, in the near future, to provide for at least fifty. Intermediate grades will be added.

Stella Maris School, at Lubang, Mindoro, was opened in 1923, with four Sisters and two hundred pupils. The Sisters also conduct a kindergarten for seventy children in Lubang. The island lies about forty-five miles from the entrance of Manila Bay: it belongs to the Mindoro Province and possesses a population of about twelve thousand inhabitants, members of the Tagalog tribe. For years they had not a single priest; but as has been stated, the Society of the Divine Word, at the request of Bishop Alfred Verzosa of Lipa, again took up the work here. Our Fathers found the church and convent in ruins; but the most necessary repairs have since been made, and a little house has been built for the Fathers. The old convento has been changed into a school and a convent for the Sisters. Fathers Krusenbaum and Demond are now stationed there. The island is the largest of a group, and is about six miles wide and about twenty-eight miles in length, with a chain of hills stretching all along the central part, their slopes covered with primeval forests containing giant trees. The wood of these trees is so solid and so flawless that it would bring joy to the heart of any carpenter or cabinetmaker.

During the dry season, when there is no danger of typhoons, a mail-steamer, coming up from Manila every week, brings mail and freight. Tilik, situated about midway on the northeast coast of Lubang, affords a wonderful harbor for this steamer and for all deep draught-boats. Naturally, this harbor increases the importance of the town of Tilik and makes it of more consequence than Lubang. During the rainy season, which lasts from the middle of May until October, the sea is dangerous and

stormy, and for five or six weeks at a time there is no communication with the mainland.

At the time we inspected Tayum, we called upon three more of our stations, these differing greatly in character from any we had previously seen. Three stations alone remained, and we were resolved by all means to include them in our itinerary. However, it seemed best to spend the day following the Tayum trip (December 29) in taking care of our correspondence and resting.

December 30 is Rizal Day — an official holiday all over the islands, in memory of the Philippine patriot. A *diana*, which was a real "reveille," march, awakened us at three o'clock. Several Fathers of the neighboring stations had come to Bangued for the purpose of taking part in a conference that was to be held to discuss provincial matters and the problems of the Abra mission field. There was High Mass, with a band and singing, at half past seven o'clock, and a procession, with a statue of Santiago (St. James) which four men carried on their shoulders through the churchyard. Santiago is the patron saint of the Bangued church. His feast is in July, but on account of the rainy season at this time, it has been transferred to December 30 — the day of the translation of his relics to Compostela, Spain. Thus we had two fiestas in one.

CHAPTER XV

Lagañgilanğ, Bucay, and San Jose

Permission granted to visit New Guinea — The story of Lagañgilanğ — A solemn baptism — The rites of the babalyan — Father Hergesheimer and the forgotten dinner — The Tinguian dance — At the agricultural school — The church at Bucay — La Capitana's hospitality — The three names given to the Filipino babies — in San José

On Rizal Day we received a telegram from our Father Klein, S.V. D., procurator in Sydney. It was addressed to Father Superior Buerschen, and read: "Permission secured for Father General and Father Bruno." It meant simply that we were now permitted by the British government to pay a visit to our New Guinea mission and to our procure in Sydney.

After High Mass the band appeared in the convento and played a few fine pieces. Of course, *anisado* (spirits made from anise-seed) had to be served. In the afternoon, with Father Buttenbruch, I paid a visit to Señor Enrique Colet, a wealthy tobacco planter. Señor Colet has a beautiful home. In his remarkably beautiful garden are to be found a great variety of tropical trees and wonderful flowers; and there is a bubbling spring in the center which crowns the whole picturesque scene most charmingly. The fathers of both Señor and Señora Colet were Spaniards of high degree; and the children of the family I found to be bright and remarkably clever. After a short stay with this delightful family, we proceeded to the home of the superintendent of the public school, in

order to take part in a baptismal celebration. We were invited to stay for supper, but shortly after we returned to the convento.

At nine o'clock in the morning, on December 31, six Spanish Jesuits presented themselves, having come in an auto from Vigan. They were on their way to Bucay. We gave them a hearty welcome and induced them to say they would stop, on their return from Bucay, for dinner with us. As some of them had a fair command of the English tongue, we were able to spend a few pleasant hours together: indeed the whole affair became one of those happy occasions that now and again lighten the burden of the missionary.

But a few days before this visit of our Jesuit friends, I had received a letter from Father Michael Hergesheimer, who was stationed at Lañgilañg. "On New Year's Day," he wrote, "an old pagan chief will be baptized here. He wants the affair to be as solemn as possible; and so do I. Father General and you must by all means be present on this occasion. After the baptismal ceremony there will be a Tinguian dance by the native pagans, a musical recital by Tinguians, a welcome song by the female choir, and all kinds of solos by selected Tinguian singers, with *basi* (sugar-cane wine) *ad libitum* for all present. Any one who wishes to *talk* will be most welcome."

Father General, after thinking the matter over, decided to include in his official visitation this baptismal ceremony of the chief and the subsequent celebration; so we left Bangued at three o'clock the same afternoon. Father General, Father Buerschen, Brother Arnulf, Brother Ulrich, and I traveled by *calesa*. we stopped at Tayum for luncheon; and here a Filipino tailor measured us for white cassocks, such as are customary for a missionary

to wear in the tropics. Then off we went on horseback to Lagañgilañg, on a *real road* — truly an agreeable exception, because we had had so much traveling through dry river-beds and sandy trails. Up and down we went, as usual, two by two, until we reached the Abra river, Father Buerschen and I galloping ahead in order to save time in crossing. We went over by *balza*, and this time we could take the horses with us. When we reached the other side, Father Buerschen pointed out the place where Father Riede, S.V.D., was drowned (in May, 1915). His corpse was discovered some days after the fatality, ten miles down the river. As we passed beyond the stream, we saw some fine corn fields and other well cultivated crops. Finally, we approached Lagañgilañg. We knew that we were doing so, for we heard the Angelus ringing. I called attention to the sweet sound, and was told that many Catholic families in the Philippines maintain to this day the respect for old age, instilled by the Spanish friars, in the observance of the Angelus. At the sound of the bell, it is customary for all, young and old, to bow their heads for the evening salutation to Our Lady, after which the children come to kiss the hands of their parents.

Lagañgilañg was one of the last missions founded in Abra by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. The name, Lagañgilañg, is pagan, and indicates that the place must have been a town before the first missionaries entered this region. Father Henry Buerschen, S.V. D., now the superior, became the first resident pastor, in 1911. He bought new ground, and erected a chapel and school; but in 1912 he was transferred to Dolores.

Father Bermel, who succeeded him was an accomplished musician. He trained a choir which attracted a

great many people to his church. A school was started by him, which met with great success; but the influenza carried him off (in 1914) in the midst of his labors; thereafter, Father Buerschen (from Dolores) and Father Schindler (from Tayum) shared in the care of Lagañgilañg between them. The third resident priest, in 1915, was poor Father Riede, whose death we have spoken of. After his death Father Buerschen had again to take care of this station. In 1921, Father Hergesheimer took up his residence in the place. During his pastorate a new convent, which also serves as a school, has been erected. There are about two hundred Catholics, with nearly four hundred non-Catholics and fifteen hundred pagans, here. There is no Aglipayan priest. Lagañgilañg is a splendid central location for taking care of the hill missions. The towns of Lacúb, Bucay, and Licuán can be reached from here in one day, and the new road which passes the church opens up the vast Tinguilan territory. There are in all about 50,000 native pagans, and a suitable church in Lagañgilañg would do much to impress them.

All these facts gave me the greatest interest in the event that was now about to take place. I sang the High Mass on New Year's Day, with Father Buerschen and Father Hergesheimer assisting. *Padre Miguel* (Hergesheimer) preached an eloquent sermon in the Ilocano language; and an exquisitely beautiful Mass, composed by our good Father Bermel, was sung. I found the *Transseamus* wonderful, both in its setting and performance.

After Mass came the baptism. *Padre Miguel* was very thorough in making the pagan chief ready for the reception of the Sacrament, and the preparation took at least an hour. He recited with him the acts of Faith, Hope, Contrition, etc. I pitied the old chap, for he was over ninety and unable to walk. They brought him in,



The Mission Church of Lagailang, Abra



A View through the Central Portion of Pilar (Cagutungan section), Abra: Church, Convento, School, Kiosk, and Plaza

in a reclining chair; and many gathered about him while Father Miguel, in a loud tone of voice, slowly repeated the prayers. The pagans for miles around had come to witness the ceremony; and this thing in itself was really most important, for here the people are inclined to follow the example of those who are influential and wealthy. The conversion of this chief indicated that many of the pagans in and around Lagañgilañg would become Catholics. This old chief had never, until very recently, had the slightest desire to become a Christian, but there were many who had prayed hard that he might receive this grace. There was another capitán (chief) from Licuán with him, also ready for baptism. Both were baptized by Father General; and Padre Miguel administered the same sacrament to five little children.

Licuán is a settlement of pagans and neophytes high up in the mountains. It was at Licuán that Aglipay made his appearance, one day, attended by two companions, and performed a strange act of religious coercion. He held a meeting, and after locking the doors upon the assembled audience, forced all who were present, Catholics and pagans alike, to receive baptism according to his own ritual.

There was an old Tinguian priestess in the locality (she was past seventy when I was there) who had thrown away all her amulets, months before, and been baptized, receiving the name of Vicenta at the time. Her husband had been a famous *babalyan*. On my inquiring what a *babalyan* might be, Padre Miguel told me that these pagan Tinguians believe that the spirit may exist apart from the body, living or dead, and that inanimate objects may have personal life or harbor the spirit of a man (animism). There are *babalyans* (or witch doctors) who live in comparative luxury under conditions where a doc-

tor would starve. This is not strange when it is remembered that the Filipino thinks that disease is not a condition of the body, but the work of evil spirits. A doctor tries to cure without considering the spirits, while his rival, the *babalyan*, drives these spirits away by sacrifice. *Babalyans* are believed to be in constant communication with the other world. Some one may remark that he has lived a long time in the Orient, but has heard no mention of spirits. This may be true — no Malay will mention the spirits, lest he suffer injury at their hands. But before the Spaniards came, the *babalyan* was both priest and doctor.

Any one who has once witnessed the ceremony of the *babalyan* will never forget it. In a case described by one of our Fathers, the child of a wealthy but ignorant planter had fallen ill from eating a raw sweet-potato. The *babalyan* diagnosed the case as that of possession by an evil spirit, and suggested that the father lure the spirit out of the boy's body by sacrificing a white rooster and several pounds of rice, under a nearby banyan tree. The rooster was slain; his blood was spilled on the roots of the tree and the carcass stuffed into its hollow. The rice was scattered on a clean banana leaf, and a fragment of the boy's garment was hung on a limb. The *babalyan* then returned to the bedside of the sick boy, who had partially recovered. The old man told the parents that the child would be completely cured in the morning, and for this service the happy father paid him the sum of ten cents. Needless to say, the rice and the rooster disappeared overnight; and while this tale may sound very tame and even silly to the average American, such ceremonies and their meanings must be reckoned with, as with living facts, in the operations of the missionary,

who must eradicate all such beliefs before he can hope to have a truly Christian people.

But I have been running on at random, repeating the things which Padre Miguel told us, that morning, after the baptismal ceremonies. About one o'clock I began to feel the pangs of hunger, and suggested to our host that dinner was in order. I shall never forget the dazed look that swept over Padre Miguel's face. Dinner! He had forgotten that there was such a thing as food in the world! But finally, we got together a real mission meal; and then Padre Miguel seemed at once to be possessed with the idea that a banquet was being served. He called for big spoons, and we had to remind him that there was nothing that he could eat with big spoons, if they were brought to him. Well, to cut the affair short, I will make the statement that the fun we had with Padre Miguel and the meal more than atoned for the absence of anything of real significance that we might have had to eat. Here, reminiscences were in order — of that famous *Vidal*, for instance, who "used to cook for a bishop." Some friends may recall the story of *Vidal*, who had been told to prepare supper for a few "unexpected" missionary visitors. The chicken he served tasted extraordinarily good; and they continued to think of the meal in this strain until, on the following day, the mayor arrived to ask the bishop how much *Vidal* was paid to "raise" chickens!

"At least," concluded Padre Miguel, "I am not offering you for dessert the can of *black enamel* that *Vidal* heated in its own tin and brought proudly in on a plate, saying that he wasn't quite sure how it should be served!" There was more pleasure in store for us in the afternoon. I was privileged to baptize a daughter of the *Lagañgilañ* capitán who had received the sacrament that morning, to-

gether with her husband. I also baptized the daughter of the capitán of Licuán. Father General and Father Buerschen, with the two Brothers, had gone to visit an agricultural school for boys, which is established near by. In connection with the work of the institution there were one hundred and twenty acres under cultivation. A Mr. Reyes, a good Catholic, was in charge. I joined the party later; but as it had grown too dark to see very much, I promised to return in the morning. On our way home we stopped at the home of the old capitán who had been baptized in the morning. He seemed happy, and thanked Father General for giving him the light of faith and hope for the future. There were big crowds everywhere — Christians and pagans inside, and pagan musicians and singers outside. A cow had been killed, and the meat was being distributed, with *basi* and rice. Father General gave the old man a fine crucifix. He kissed it and pressed it to his heart with the greatest fervor, while Father Buerschen interpreted to him Father General's words of exhortation and cheer.

While we were at supper, a drum was beaten continually, outside the convento, calling together the pagan Tinguians, especially the musicians. In a short time they had assembled, — pagans and Christians, — and I noticed that the sexes kept apart. After having *basi*, all grew quite lively, and a dance began; but even now the boys danced by themselves and the girls also. I found that this was the custom in all pagan tribes — the men and women never dance together. Among these primitive people dances are of a ritual nature, and regularly accompany ceremonies or fiestas known as *canyaos*. The men and women in groups, or taking turns, two by two, circled around an open space, with arms outspread, the feet shuffling in time to the tattoo of the drum, the bodies

held rigid, save as the weight was shifted from one foot to the other. The primary sense of rhythm and the prescribed ceremonial give the dance its distinctive character.

The pagan singing was decidedly queer. It closely resembled, as I discovered later, a melody I found on other islands of the South Seas. God knows how many ages it has come down to these descendants of the early Malays. When darkness set in, a fire was made in the meeting-place, and speech-making and story-telling began¹ — all being delivered in a sort of singing tone, frequently interrupted in "choro" by the whole assembled crowd. These interruptions merely indicated assurance, confirmation, or approval of the statements made by the orators. At ten o'clock the women began gradually to withdraw. The air was rather cool, and at half past ten we returned to the convento; but a crowd of men remained until nearly midnight. Then a great peace descended over all, and a starry sky looked down upon the place where so much had occurred to mark the new year's beginning.

I offered Mass, next morning, at five o'clock, and left at six, to keep my appointment with Mr. Reyes, to see the school. I soon found that the boys of this institution were getting an excellent education, but it is greatly to be regretted that there is no provision for religious instruction. It seemed too bad, too, that the government should allow an appropriation of only \$2,000 for this splendid work.

When I returned to the convento, I noticed that little groups of men and women were gathered around fires be-

¹ One of these, I remember, was the story of the creation of fire. Every country in the world has some such story. The Tinguian says that once, when a flood covered all the land, there was no place for the fire to stay. So it went into the bamboo, the stones, and iron. That is why one who knows how can still get fire out of bamboo and stones.

fore the houses, warming themselves. After breakfast I went off, with Father General, Father Buerschen, and a boy named Bernardo, to Bucay, our next station. The horse I had this time was a beauty and could run like the wind. We went along a narrow, beaten trail, until we arrived at the river-bed; then over the Abra we went, on horseback, the water reaching nearly to the saddle. When we struck the opposite shore, my little animal started out at full gallop along the fine road that led to Bucay, and in two hours I was on the main street of the town.

Bucay was the first capital of the Province of Abra, and there is no doubt that it was chosen on account of its central location. During the first half of the nineteenth century, head-hunters dwelt among these hills. Often they went out on their frightful expeditions, cutting off hands and heads of their victims, as trophies of war. Whenever a warrior killed a man, a symbol was tattooed on his brown skin, and thus he made his reputation for bravery by the number of tattooed symbols he could show. To put an end to this terrible state of affairs, the Spaniards erected a strong fort at Bucay. To-day only the ruins of it remain, but the massive entrance-gate still stands, crowned with the arms of the king of Spain.

A big church was begun here in 1866, and in order to have something beautiful and durable, the parishioners spent many years in its erection. The sand and gravel were carried in baskets from the river, on the heads of the women and children. The lime was burned in the forest west of the town. It was a hard task to make bricks. At a place where good clay existed, all stones and the top soil were removed, and the clay was mixed with cow dung. Then water was brought in jars and poured over the mass. Carabaos were driven around in

it, and thus the clay became properly mixed. After that, they formed the bricks by means of a crude wooden press, and laid them out in the sun to dry.

Bishop Foley of Tuguegarao once said that the Spaniards "built for eternity," and the walls of the church of Bucay indicate what he meant. Father Finnemann, S.V.D., was the first pastor of Bucay; but he was transferred to San José two years later, his place being taken by Father Hergesheimer, who attended it from Tayum. There is now no resident priest, though the village has from eighteen hundred to two thousand Catholics. A new road has been built through it, from Bangued to Peñarrubia, and in the villages surrounding it there are pagans who are actually *waiting* to be won over to Christianity. No place in the Philippines has a better future, if only men and means can be made available for the work there.

The town made a favorable impression on me. All was neat and orderly, with a main street intersected by side streets. The people were friendly and the children happy-faced, so that I felt quite at home there. A group of these little ones, nicely dressed, surrounded me, trying out their *English*! They brought me to the convento and church.

Alas, what a disappointment it was to see these poor, neglected buildings, after the comfortable houses of the town and the air of prosperity which was made evident everywhere else! Father Charles Krusenbaum, S.V.D., was waiting for us. We inspected the place, and I helped my confrère to ring a little bell in the corner of the church, in order to announce the arrival of Father General. A band of musicians and a crowd of people soon came flocking about us; and then we went up to *La Capitana's* house, which is only about three minutes' walk from

the convento. This good lady extended to us a hearty welcome. If I heard her name I cannot remember it, as no one ever called her by it. Evidently she is simply *La Capitana* to all, and I imagine she must be something like the women mentioned in St. Paul's letters ("whose names are in the Book of Life"), whose greatest interest in life was to spread the Gospel, and to help those who preached it. Her home is close to the old Spanish barracks and near the gate of the old fort.

La Capitana, — friendly, pleasant, eloquent, — keeps a great number of her relatives around her, and lives a truly matriarchal existence. Our missionaries always stop here when they come to this neglected parish, and they never fail to receive a welcome. After dinner Father General baptized the *Capitana's* grandchild — the first baby of Señor José, her nephew, who had married her adopted daughter, Leocadia. The little baby received the names of *Feliza Presentación Ara Coeli*! Filipino children always receive three names in baptism, and the *Capitana's* grandchild was no exception to the rule. One of the names usually refers in some way to Our Blessed Mother — as, for instance, *Presentación*, or *Nieves*, or *Concepción*.

Since the building of the convento, there has been no resident priest in Bucay; but now Father General promised the *Capitana* and the thousands of Catholics here that one should be sent to live among them. Of course, there had to be another *velada*, and a pretty little drama in three acts was performed for us.

On January 3 we set out for San José, which is the last station of our Abra district, situated at a distance of two-hours' journey, or a little more, from Bucay. First we crossed a branch of the Abra, then the Abra itself, then the Icmén. Señor José, Padre Carlos (Krusenbaum)

and the muchacho Bruno — the latter a cook of Padre Basilio's — accompanied us. I was received in San José by Padre Basilio, one of the finest native priests I have ever met. An hour later Father General arrived with Padre Miguel. Two of the constabulary, playing a guitar and a violin respectively, received us at the entrance of the village, and we slowly marched up to the church which had been built in former years by Padre Miguel. The convento is a relic of the days of Padre Pablo (Father Paul Schrage, S.V. D.), who died almost in the midst of his first endeavors. Padre Basilio is a relative of Monsignor Verzosa, the bishop of Lipa; he bent every effort to make us comfortable.

A hundred years ago there were no Catholics in San José; the first Catholic settlers came from Bucay and Bangued. After the depredations of the head-hunters, the driving away of the friars, and the revolution, Padre Luis (Father Louis Beckert, S.V. D.) paid his first visit here in 1909. Regular services were held, beginning in July, 1910, when Padre Miguel came as first resident pastor. Progress was steady and the chapel soon became too small to hold the people. In April, 1911, Bishop Carroll confirmed five hundred and twenty-one children and adults. It was on this tour that Bishop Carroll received the injury that caused his death. Fathers Beckert and Hergesheimer were with him, and in the afternoon they went back to Pilar, over the hill-road. While getting off his horse, near the pagan town of Villaviciosa, the bishop, owing to the darkness, fell and injured his hip. The next morning he was carried to Pilar where he remained two weeks, in great suffering, and from there to Vigan. He died in 1912, in Philadelphia, as a result of his fall.

The foundation for the new church was laid and blessed in May, 1913, amid music and the joyous ringing of church-bells. Building activities continued until Christmas, and during the holy season a great number came to the Christmas Masses: after that the attendance became continually better. The Corpus Christi procession that year was a great success. In 1914 Padre Pablo (Father Paul Schrage, S.V. D.) took charge, organizing an association of young men: this was a notable undertaking, indeed, for the time. But this energetic pastor was not to be spared. After making his retreat at Tayum, he became ill; and though everything was done for him and two of the best doctors in Vigan tried to help him, he died of typhoid fever in August, 1916.

Padre Teodoro (Father Schindler, S.V. D.) followed Father Schrage in the parish, and successfully continued his good work. It was during Padre Teodoro's pastorate that the following event occurred.

During the revolution a certain family had appropriated part of the church land and built a house on it. They joined a Protestant sect, and for years held services in their house, every Sunday and Wednesday, together with another family that had apostatized also. They had hymns in their own language and there was often a sermon by some itinerant American preacher, or a Filipino Protestant, in which the Catholic Church was bitterly attacked and Catholic priests calumniated. After the government ruling requiring the return of stolen Church property, this family had to vacate.

Padre Teodoro left in 1919 and was succeeded by Padre Basilio who, at the time of our visit, so cheerfully welcomed us.

During the day we took a good rest, inspected the place: and at five o'clock in the afternoon, Padre Miguel

and I, with Padre Carlos (Father Krusenbaum, S.V. D.), went down to the Icmen river for a swim. There was a wonderful sunset, and the fiery rays were reflected in the beautiful waters. The Icmen is a lovely mountain stream, littered here and there with huge rocks; but a real swim was impossible, because of the shallowness of the water and the rocks, although the current was very wide and rapid, and the water cool and refreshing.

We had a *velada* again at night; the people staged a little drama, — "The Martyrdom of St. Susanna," — and a few pagan women who had come from a neighboring barrio performed a dance.

CHAPTER XVI

Good-by to the Philippines

Back to Bucay — Over the mountain trail — Our visitation at an end — On the Naguilian road — At Baguio — The auditorium — At Mirador — An Igorot graveyard — Along the Benguet road — On the train at Dasmortis — Back in Manila — Good Brother Michael once more — At Assumption College — Off for Singapore.

The following day we went back, almost along the same route, to Bucay. Padre Basilio accompanied us to the Abra river, and we rode far ahead of Father General and Padre Miguel. I availed myself of the chance to take a good swim in the Abra. After the swim we separated. I bade good-by to Padre Basilio, starting off briskly for Bucay. There we found a telephone message awaiting us from the Capitana, who wished us to take luncheon with her. After resting until three o'clock we left on horseback for Peñarrubia, which is about half-way to Bangued. Padre Carlos left us here, for his way required him to take another direction, back to Tayum.

We slowly ascended the mountain range; and when we had ascended about half way, the Bangued *caretela* met us, pulled by an ox and assisted by two muchachos of the Bangued convento — Quintin and Roque. The servant who accompanied us took my horse back to Lagañgilañg, and Father General and I found seats in the *caretela*. Roque took the other horse, and Quintin, driving the ox by the snout in the same primitive way that his ancestors had done hundreds of years before, guided the



The Colossal Convento and Church in Santa Maria, Province of Ilocos Sur. Some ninety steps lead up to the rampart-plaza, whence an excellent view is to be had of the sea and the surrounding countryside. An ancient Augustinian foundation.



Father Henry Buerschen, S.V. D., Superior of the Abra Mission, and Father Niedurny, S.V. D., with a Class from the Vacation School for Catechetical Instruction in Dolores, Abra. Seventeen children coming out of Aglipayan surroundings joined the Church, and thirty-six more were prepared for first Holy Communion.

calesa over the mountain trail. At the top we had a magnificent view — the entire mountain scenery in all its glory stretching before us. We went down again to Peñarrubia, a place belonging, ecclesiastically, to Bangued. Most of the inhabitants are pagans, but Padre Teodoro has his heart set on building a church there. When we arrived we exchanged the ox for a horse, and continued our journey. It was an interesting ride, with here and there a pretty brook singing and keeping us company. At half past six we arrived at the convento of Bangued; and the *Deo Gratias* that rose from our lips was sincere. We had finished the visitation of our Abra Province. In my room was a consoling amount of mail from my good friends in America and Europe, with some donations in money, and some copies of our magazines; for all of which I found myself heartily grateful. On January fifth and sixth I wrote letters; but my chief thoughts were at Techny, where I knew they were having the Forty Hours' Devotion.

During the week that followed, from January eighth to fourteenth, Father General gave the annual retreat to our nine Fathers and three Brothers in Bangued. Father Dusemund and I spent these days at Tayum, where I attempted to catch up somewhat with my literary work, arranging the materials which I had gathered. Every night, with the moon shining in all its glory, we had a delightful swim in the river. On the fourteenth I returned to Bangued with Father Dusemund, for a conference in which the mission problems confronting us and the direction of activities in the province were to be discussed. The conference opened on Saturday and lasted until Monday. On Saturday we had a beautiful closing of the retreat, in the large church. The edifice was crowded. There was singing by the Fathers and Broth-

ers, renewal of the vows, etc. — all of which appealed as a real novelty to the congregation.

On Monday we were to take leave, perhaps forever, of our dear confrères. The bishops of the Philippine Islands were to hold their annual meeting in Manila; and since Father General was eager to meet Bishop Hurth and Bishop Verzosa again, we decided to leave in the morning. Preparations, too, had to be made for our departure to the East Indies.

At six in the morning an auto was ready to take Padre Enrique (Father Buerschen) and me from Bangued, direct to San Fernando (La Union Province). As we passed down from Bangued in the direction of Vigan, along the Abra river, we had a beautiful road and glorious scenery. Since it was only half an hour's ride south of Vigan, at ten o'clock we turned off our way and drove to Tagudin, to pay the Fathers there a farewell call. Then we proceeded to San Fernando, where we arrived at one o'clock. Here Padre Quintin again received us with all the hospitality we had appreciated so thoroughly when we first arrived at San Fernando, on our way to Abra.

We now exchanged our autos; and Padre Quintin's assistant, also a native priest, joined us. We started via Bauang, along the Naguilian road (the old Spanish trail), up to the famous city of Baguio, the military center and splendid summer resort which the Americans have made with a great expenditure of time, labor, and money. Farther and farther we mounted through shady cañons, where immense pink and purple orchids hung from the trees, and wild begonias, ferns, and plants in endless variety kept one marveling at their beauty. In many places a violet flower resembling a cluster of feathery balls covered the roadside, and a berry not unlike

the thimbleberry overhung the path. Great hills opened before us, and cascades burst from beneath the mountains, till we came to the plateau of Baguio.

Baguio is about five thousand feet above sea level. Words can scarcely convey an idea of this most astonishing city in the sky. Away to the north of Manila high up in the Benguet mountains, it is scattered over a score of hills, at times in the clouds or just below them, and again floating, as it were, in the clear mountain sunshine, with the clouds lolling through the valleys below: it is a veritable fairyland. Instead of hot and inclosed streets, Baguio has tree and fern-bordered roads, dipping into cool ravines and climbing to dizzy heights. Instead of a community of buildings crowded together, the distance between Baguio's public buildings, villas, and gardens are measured in miles, for Baguio is spread over two hundred and sixteen square miles of hill and valley — without a railroad, without factories, without dust, and without noise, yet with all the comforts that modern life demands.

We paid a visit to the Catholic centers, where there are Belgian Fathers and Sisters. Then we took an auto trip through the city, and visited the wonderful open-air theater in Camp John Hay. Advantage has been taken of the existence of a natural amphitheater here to erect a series of terraces. There are six terraced walls, rising one above the other: and the top of each is covered with flowers. The result is an imposing and beautiful auditorium capable of seating four thousand people, in which a whisper can be heard. It is utilized for religious services, concerts, lectures, theatrical performances, and other public entertainments. The Military Hospital is situated here on Sheridan Drive, and is strictly modern.

We finally stopped at the Jesuit Observatory — Mirador, or Mount Lookout, so-called on account of the magnificent view which may be enjoyed from its summit. Ascending three hundred and seventeen steps, we arrived at the top of this highest western elevation of Baguio which is perched on a lofty, isolated peak, overlooking a vast expanse of country and commanding an unobstructed view of the China Sea and the Gulf of Lingayen. In the building is located the highest seismic station in the Far East. It is operated in connection with the Observatory in Manila. We reached the Observatory at half past five, and were just in time to see a beautiful sunset. To the south was the huge mountain of Santo Tomás, over 8,000 feet high. Southeast of us, on the top of another mountain, the Dominicans have a very beautiful convent, which is a house of rest for those members of the order who work in the hot plains below. At Mirador, to our great delight, we met Fathers Selga and Comellas, S.J., who had been so kind to us during our stay at the Observatory in the capital city.

Just below Mirador there is an Igorot graveyard located amid great natural rocks with many cracks in them. In the faint light that sifted through we were told to look for some baskets and hats and, farther on, for some wooden coffins — a few of these had fallen apart, it appeared, so that one could see the bones and clothes of the dead. But I was not at all anxious to scrutinize the scene. Before burial the body of an Igorot is usually tied in a sitting position, on the top of a pole in the house, and smoked for several days over a fire. Meanwhile, the family kill and cook all the pigs, carabaos, and ponies the man may have owned, and then gather around and have what they call a *canyao* — feast! Afterwards the bones and skulls of the animals are hung up about the



Mummified Remains of Igorots, Deposited in a Cave (cemetery) not far from Baguio and
St. Thomas Mountain



The Famous zig-zag Benguet Road from Damortis to Baguio (about 5,000 ft. above sea level), Built by the American Government

house, to show the neighbors what a rich man the deceased was.

We had first seen these Bontoc Igorots in Tagudin, and although they are not especially wild or savage, one realizes that he is under the Southern Cross when he watches them crouched about their fires at night eating boiled dog and sweet potatoes. Before they retire they go through a performance that looks like an incantation; and several times during the tour which was now ending, a weird cry woke me, it being, the Fathers told me, the noise made by the Igorots at certain intervals "to drive away the devil." Here, as in other places, we saw them with their strings of from twenty to thirty dogs tied together. I was informed that the dogs in the Christian villages start barking whenever an Igorot appears; their instinct tells them that the pagan has not the best intention where they are concerned!

"The Igorots," observed Dr. Worcester, "have a high code of morals which is closely associated with their religious belief. They also have a scientific calendar and a considerable knowledge of astronomy that has effected many modifications in their religion. Their mythology is extensive, and they have a rich, unwritten literature of epic poems, hero-stories and historical legends." Their superstitions sometimes reveal a gentle and kindly instinct. In some parts of Luzon, for instance, it was *tabu* wantonly to injure or even to make fun of any animal. One writer tells this legend, which may serve as a typical specimen of their folklore:

"Many years ago Ango lived with his wife and children on a lofty mountain-peak. One day he went to the forest in search of game. Fortune granted him a large boar; but in giving the mortal blow, he broke his spear. Upon arriving at a stream, he sat down upon a stone

and began to repair his weapon. The croaking of frogs near by attracted his attention, and with mocking imitations of their shrill gamut, he scornfully told them to stop their noise and come to help him mend his spear. Then he continued his course up the rocky torrent. But presently he noticed that a multitude of little stones was following him. Astonished at such a phenomenon, he hastened his steps. But looking back, he saw still larger stones joining in the pursuit. In terror he began to run, but the stones continued to roll along after him, always larger and larger stones adding themselves to the bouncing throng.

"At last he reached his sweet-potato patch, but so exhausted was he that he was obliged to slacken his pace; upon which the stones overtook him, and one jumped up and attached itself to one of his fingers. He found he could run no farther, and called aloud to his wife. She with the children came running to his aid, bearing a magic lime which, like the lemon, usually has power to drive away evil spirits. But all was of no avail, for his feet now began to turn to stone. Then his wife and children, too, fell under the wrath of the offended deity. The following morning they were *stone*, to their knees. For the next three days the petrifying process continued, going from the knees to the hips, then to the breasts, then to the heads of the unfortunate family. Thus, because of Ango's mocking of the frogs, he and all his household turned to stone, and he may be seen to this day on Bingoi."¹

The story of the Creator as told by these Igorot people is also most interesting: Watching over the Igorots, controlling the winds and the rains and providing good

¹ Bingoi is an oddly shaped peak in the Agusai valley, near the source of the river of Angedanan.

crops and health for the people, is the Great Spirit, Lumawig, who lives in the sky. He is believed to have created the Igorots and even to have lived among them on this earth. He no longer visits them in person, they say; but each month a ceremony is held in his honor, in a sacred grove in the Igorot village of Bontoc. The trees of this grove are supposed to have sprung from the graves of his children, and the prayers offered are for health, good crops, and success in battle. In the beginning, the Igorots say, there were no people on this earth. Then Lumawig, the Great Spirit, came down from the sky and cut many reeds. He divided these into pairs which he placed in different parts of the world; and then he said to them: 'You must speak.' Immediately the reeds were converted into couples (a man and a woman) who could talk, but the language of each couple differed from that of the others.

Then Lumawig commanded each man and woman to marry, which they did. By and by there were many children, all speaking the same language as their parents. These, in turn, married, and had many children. In this way there came to be many people on the earth.

Now Lumawig saw that there were several things which the people on this earth needed to use, so he set to work to supply them. He created salt, and told the inhabitants of one place to boil it down, and sell it to their neighbors. But these people could not understand the directions of the Great Spirit; and the next time he visited them they had not touched it — so he took it away from them.

He gave it then to the people of a place called Mayinit. These did as he directed; and because they had obeyed him he told them that they should always be the owners of the salt, and that the other people must buy of them.

Lumawig went to the people of Bontoc and told them to get clay and make pots. They got the clay, but they did not understand the moulding, and the jars were not well-shaped. Because of their failure, Lumawig told them they would always have to buy their jars; and he removed the pottery to Samoki. When he told the people what to do, they did just as he said, and their jars were well-shaped and beautiful.² Then the Great Spirit saw that they were the fit owners of the property, and he told them that they should always make many jars to sell.

In this way Lumawig taught the people and brought to them all the things which they now have.³

On the day following, after early Mass and breakfast, we made our way to the parish church (St. Patrick's) and to the residence of the Belgian Fathers. Here we met their provincial and some of the other priests. At half past eight o'clock the auto took us down the far-famed Benguet road, to the railroad station of Damortis. This is one of the finest highways in the world, winding in and out through the mountain gorges, repeatedly crossing the river that roars beneath. The originally estimated cost for the building of this highway was \$75,000; but when the whole project was completed in 1905, the actual expenditure amounted to \$1,966,847, *each mile of*

² From a pit on the hillside, to the north of the village, these people dig a reddish-brown clay which they mix with a bluish mineral gathered on another hillside. When thoroughly mixed, this clay is placed on a board on the ground; and the potter, kneeling before it, begins her moulding. Great patience and skill are required to bring the vessel to the desired shape. When it is completed, it is set in the sun to dry for two or three days, after which it is ready for the baking. The new pots are piled, tier above tier, on the ground and blanketed with grass tied into bundles. Then pine bark is burned beneath and around the pile, for about an hour, after which the ware is sufficiently fired. It is then glazed with resin and is ready for the purchaser.

³ From "Philippine Folk Tales," by Mabel Cooke Cole.

the road through the canyon having cost \$75,000 (the original estimate for the entire construction). The owner of the car in which we were riding, to prove that he was absolutely sure that no accident could happen to us, came with us himself, holding his only child on his lap. The drive was full of romantic interest, and I can safely say that it gave me the greatest thrill I have ever had in my life. I firmly promised myself that I would never take the trip again; for it is true that many have lost their lives in descending, and only recently the auto of two American officers turned turtle and both men were killed. There were many Igorots working on the road, and they seemed quite friendly and cheerful. At eleven o'clock we boarded the train at Damortis and started back for Manila. After a dusty ride, we reached our destination (at 5 p.m.), and Father General and Father Buerschen at once repaired to the Observatory, while Father Provincial Villalonga, S.J., took me in a car for a brief visit to the hospital at San Pablo.

After supper, we met at the Observatory. Bishop Hurth, with Bishop Clos, S.J. (of Zamboanga), was in the same building, attending the bishops' annual conference. We had a good talk with Bishop Hurth about the Abra Province. He was delighted that Father General and I had gone over the mission field so thoroughly and had secured first-hand information.

I spent the week that followed in writing and sight-seeing in Manila. I visited St. Augustine's Church and saw its celebrated ceiling of solid stone, nearly four feet thick. Legaspi the illustrious is buried beneath its flagging. Then I went to St. Sebastian's. This is a steel structure, the parts of which were all brought from Belgium, then assembled on the spot. On the hill above the Pasig river is the queen of all local ruins: the old monas-

tery of Guadalupe; and I made it a point to go there. The site commands an extensive view in all directions. In 1601 the foundation of Guadalupe was laid, under the direction of Father Antonio Herrera. The church and convent are of massive construction and were so well built that the walls still stand as the great builder left them. The church was famous as a shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the original image of which was brought from Estremadura in Spain. Multitudes have climbed the stone steps, up the hill to the big stone court in front of the façade.

During this period, while we were waiting to depart for the Little Sunda Islands, I was glad of an opportunity which was presented to meet the Superintendent of Primary Schools, and later, several other members of the Bureau of Education, with all of whom I was asked to attend a ball game. Our Techny boys should have been with me. The Filipinos are splendid ball players; and the only occasion, I believe, on which a Filipino gentleman lays aside his dignity is at a game. Aside from this, I have ever found him perfectly calm, even in a typhoon (I use the term figuratively; for, thank God, I was never called upon to experience one of these tropical storms). "*Safe si-ya! Safe si-ya!*" means "He's safe," and I think we know very well the feeling that prompts: "Mees-tare Um-pyer, air you bli-i-ind, sink?" or, "Aw! zat um-pyer! he ees crazy in ze head!" After this, does it seem possible that the first baseball imported into the Philippines could have come from Admiral Dewey's pocket?

On January 21 Father Buerschen and I went to the Pasig river, where the coastwise steamer, *Vizcaya*, lay moored. On this steamer Bishop McCloskey, a great friend to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, at home, had arrived from the United States and was about to

proceed to Iloilo, the capital of Panay Island. I was most happy to see him, and to meet Bishop McGinley⁴ who was with him: they are two notable American bishops in the islands, and I was glad to learn from them how deeply interested they were in the proposal for an *American Board of Catholic Missions*, knowing what it would mean to the Philippines. After we had said good-bye to Bishop McCloskey, I returned with Bishop McGinley to the Observatory. During my stay in the Philippines I had had interviews with the archbishop of Manila and with five other bishops of the archipelago, and I felt that, by this time, I had the entire mission situation fairly clear in mind.

The archbishop extended to us an invitation to dinner, for the Sunday; and it was a great and pleasant surprise for us when we found at table, not only the Reverend Brother Peter, rector of the School Brothers' institution, but also good old Brother Michael who, you will remember, had accompanied us on our trip from San Francisco to Manila. After our arrival on the *Shinyo Maru*, on December the sixth, Brother Michael had gone all the way from Manila to Hongkong; from there to Singapore and Penang, and now he was back in Manila, ready to leave, that same night, for Hongkong, to assume the rectorship of the Brothers' institute in that city.

After dinner we had a long conference with the archbishop, with the result that an arrangement was made whereby, in 1925, the province of Zambales (along the western coast of Luzon) was to be eventually accepted as a charge of our Society. Moreover, the care of St. Rita's Hall was proffered to us at this time. St. Rita's is a large *dormitorio* on Taft Avenue, the home of the Catho-

⁴ Since transferred to the newly formed Diocese of Monterey and Fresno, California.

lic students who attend the Philippine University and other schools of higher learning in Manila. These students are, almost without exception, noted for their zeal in the pursuit of knowledge. Father Beck, S.V. D. (who has been chaplain of St. Rita's), has found them in the library at half past one, half past three, and even half past four o'clock in the morning, studying. There are now four universities in Manila, and a fifth is to be opened soon; so that the necessity for an institute of the character of St. Rita's is very evident. Would that it were twice as large!

We went to the University of Santo Tomás, the next day, for dinner. They were celebrating the feast of St. Raymond of Peñafort, patron of the students of Canon Law.

I said Mass, on the *twenty-fourth*, at Holy Ghost College, for our Sisters of the Holy Ghost and for my Little Missionaries. We have over a hundred subscribers at the college. All gave me a kindly farewell, and the Sisters returned to me our Mass kit, which we had given over to them, with everything in shape for use on the steamer.

Upon another occasion we went to see the Dominicans of the College of San Juan de Letrán; and here we were treated to a great surprise when, at dinner, we found Fathers Labrador and Sylvester, O.P., priests with whom I had frequently corresponded when they were at Rosaryville, Louisiana. They found out that I was the same "Father Bruno" who had charge of the *Little Missionary*.

In the afternoon I gave another, parting, mission talk to the students of Assumption College. I am sure that we all enjoyed the second meeting immensely. When I was ready to leave, all confessed that they were determined to work "ever so much harder" for the great cause.

especially for their pagan brothers and sisters in the Philippine Islands. Later, Father Buerschen left for Lipa, to make more definite arrangements with Bishop Verzosa concerning Lubang.

For the past three weeks we had been on the lookout for a convenient steamer to take us to Singapore, whence we intended to proceed to our next goal, the Dutch East Indies. But nothing seemed suitable for us, since most of the steamers were going to Singapore via Hongkong, which was a roundabout way for us. At last, Brother McKenna, S.J., called my attention to the fact that the steamer, *City of Cambridge*, a British freighter of the so-called "City Line," was going direct to Singapore; and we succeeded in making definite arrangements for passage on this.

At last, the day for departure dawned — January 25. I was really distressed at the thought of leaving, for I had become attached to both priests and people. Father General and I were the only passengers — an odd experience for the two of us, but quite in keeping with our journey. At half past seven in the morning, Father Villalonga, the provincial of the Jesuits in Manila, with Father Rector of the Observatory, and Brother McKenna, took us to the pier. There a launch awaited us, and from it we boarded the steamer which was lying in the harbor. At ten o'clock we said *au revoir* to Manila, 'Pearl of the Orient,' for we were to stop there again in August, en route from New Guinea to China.

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With the last chapter the story of our travels in the Philippines closes. But the actual missionary problems of the Philippines, in any really wide sense, have scarcely been touched upon. From every point of view, the ques-

tions are too big and too important to be dismissed here without some attempt at further explication. In the following chapters will be found a survey of past and present in the islands. I have taken the *History of the Islands up to the Days of the Revolution* for the first chapter; *The Philippines from the Revolution to the Present Day* for the second; *The Present Mission Situation* for the third; *The Protestant Denominations in the Philippines* for the fourth; *The Catholicity of the Philippines* for the fifth.

Not to add these chapters would leave the book incomplete, yet I have thought it better to separate them from the record of our itinerary. I need scarcely to add that what I shall now have to say is given largely as a result of information gained from interviews with many authorities in the islands during my stay there, to which has been contributed findings obtained from a thorough investigation of historical sources pointed out to me at that time. My desire is to present, with God's help, the problems of the Philippine Islands in the special light of the necessity for the salvation of the souls of these our Filipino brethren, — brethren in the bonds of Christ and of national sentiment.

CHAPTER XVII

The Islands up to the Days of the Revolution

Number of islands — Bulk of population — Chief products — Professor Beyer's table of races — Wild and civilized tribes — Discovery and conquest — Magellan's discovery — The heroic Legaspi — The English capture of Manila — The islands in 1570 and in 1899 — The great work of the friars.

A brief but necessary description of our "New Possessions," for which the United States paid \$20,000,000, must form the chief matter of this chapter. There are over 7,000 islands, islets, and rocks in this part of the great East Indian archipelago. They stretch south of Japan and north of Borneo, between 21° and $4^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude and $116^{\circ} 40'$ and $128^{\circ} 34'$ east longitude. In 1910 about 3,140 islands had been charted, and 1,168 of them had been named. There are 2,275 islands which have an area of less than one square mile each. Only 340 were inhabited in 1910, and only 31 of the charted are one hundred or more square miles in extent. The total number of square miles in the archipelago is 120,000 — equal to the four states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Some of the largest islands are these: Luzon, 43,000 square miles; Mindanao, 36,500 square miles; Samar, 5,200 square miles; Negros, 4,800 square miles; Panay, 4,700 square miles; Palawan, 4,300 square miles; Leyte, 3,800 square miles; Cebu, 1,600 square miles.¹

¹ All these figures should be taken as approximate.

The rivers, streams, and lakes are numerous. Luzon has four important rivers. The Cagayan, one hundred and sixty-eight miles long, drains an area of 16,000 square miles in northern Luzon. The Mindanao river, in the island of that name, is the largest river in the archipelago. There are about fifty volcanoes, twenty being more or less active. Of the mountains, Mount Apó rises to a height of 10,312 feet; there are six which exceed 8,000 feet, and forty-nine others have an altitude of 5,000 feet or more.

The fauna resembles that of the neighboring Malayan islands. A manual of birds, published in 1909, shows 739 specimens, and of these 325 are peculiar to the Philippine Islands. The waters teem with a great variety of fish, and the islands are famous for an abundance of land mollusks. There are not many large mammals — wild hogs, deer, monkeys, and the carabao being the principal animals of this class. Of the many varieties of snakes, the python is the largest. ♥♥

Forests cover seven tenths of the area. It is commonly estimated that there are 40,000 square miles of virgin forest; 20,000 of second growth; 48,000 of scattered grass lands with tree growths, and 12,000 miles under cultivation. The government leases immense areas on a stumpage royalty of one per cent; and as new railways are being built, the industry will expand. Fortunately, there are strict regulations to prevent the destruction of the forests: wood must be used, not wasted; and the cutting of trees below a certain minimum size is forbidden.

The forests of the Philippines are co-extensive with the mountains, and the rural districts are co-extensive with the plains. In traveling about over the large interior



A Belgian Sister Instructing Igorot Girls in Lace Making



Igorot 'Smiles'



Departure of Missionaries from Villavieja, after a Fiesta in Honor of the Patron Saint
of the Place

plain of Luzon, the American is surprised to find much perfectly open and rather parched looking country, entirely devoid of wood. In the winter months the tones are brown, the rice paddies are dry, and the copses dust-laden. In the summer the browns give place to rich green, and the rice paddies turn earth into sky with their mirror-surfaces of water. The carabao splashes through with the plough, and the dusky ploughman splashes after. When the typhoons are on, the water does not confine itself to the paddies, but floods roads and villages, as a regular seasonal event. Consequently, all the nipa houses are stilted well above the ground. Lanes and by-ways not covered with yellow water are converted into sloughs of unspeakable filth.

On slightly rolling ground there is much cleared land not under cultivation, and sustaining only scrubby second growths and several varieties of wild grasses that grow to heights of ten or twelve feet. Hated by man, these grasses, nevertheless, produce the most magnificent blooms of any Philippine plant, whether one is pleased to consider a single white tassel of a single stalk or several acres of waving plumes in a mass. Indeed, it is these semi-wild growths, like the grasses and bamboos, that contribute the greatest beauty to the open country of the Philippines.

The numerous fiber plants are unique, and cannot be equaled in any other part of the world. The Manila hemp plant closely resembles the banana. Sugar cane is cultivated in large plantations, as in Louisiana. The tobacco industry is also most important, and would continue to be so, even if the export, averaging half a million cigars for every day of the year, were stopped; for the

Filipinos — men, women, and children — are inveterate smokers.²

Cocoanut raising is very profitable. All along the Pasig river in Manila one sees the native boats packed high with the green unhusked products. Corn, rice, and coffee are also among the chief products, besides a variety of lemons, pineapples, mangoes, bananas, figs, tea, and spices. Coal of an inferior grade is found in several parts of the islands, but up to the present time the deposits have been worked but little. A small amount of gold is found. Copper and iron are other minerals of some importance.

The climate is tropical rather than sub-tropical. There are three seasons: the first, a period of quite agreeable weather, from November to March; the second, a hot, dry period, from March to July; the third, a rainy season, from July to November. The mean annual rainfall varies, sometimes measuring less than 40 inches and sometimes reaching a total of over 120 inches. Since the American occupation, many good roads have been built, and there are about a thousand miles of railroad in operation. The rivers become swollen torrents in the rainy season, and make journeying exceedingly precarious in the mountain districts. Here, as we have learned in the preceding pages, some of our missionaries have lost their lives in attempting to cross flooded streams. The tropical climate, too, has its bad effect on health and constitution, though the improvement in traveling conditions, the numerous good roads, the postal service, and other modern conveniences have helped the missionaries, one might say, almost to multiply themselves. The annual

² "When I first came here," said a traveler, "it amused me to ask a Filipino how far it was to a certain place, and have him answer, 'Oh, two or three cigarettes,' meaning the distance a man would walk in smoking two or three cigarettes."

typhoons, from May to November, often work great havoc; entire roofs are lifted and carried away, while smaller buildings are crushed like shells. Slight earthquakes are frequent all over the islands, and cause strong walls to crack, while violent earthquakes do damage even to the most solid buildings.

The following table of the racial origins of the present Philippine population is based on the original classification prepared by Professor H. Otley Beyer and L. R. Sullivan.

PREHISTORIC

(Prior to the Christian Era)		Per cent
I Pygmies . . .	{ Negritos	$\frac{1}{2}$
	{ Australoid-Ainu	
	{ Proto Malay (or Short Mongol)	$9\frac{1}{2}$
		10
II Indonesian . .	{ Type A	
	{ Type B	
		30
III Malays	{ Pagan	
	{ Mohammedan (present grouping)	
	{ Christians	
		40

HISTORIC

(Past 2,000 years)

I Hindu	5	20
II Chinese	10	
III Arab	2	
IV Europeans	3	
		100

There are perhaps no regions in the world where, within similar areas, there dwell so large a number of distinct cultural and racial varieties as are found in northern Luzon and the interior of Mindanao. The Negritos are numerous in the mountain districts of the islands, but most numerous in Luzon. They number between 20,000 and 25,000, although they are decreasing rapidly

and it is said that if they do not become civilized they will soon be extinct. The Igorots live in the Mountain Province of Luzon, being the chief representatives of early Malay immigrants. They number some 111,000, and about 13,500 are civilized. The Tinguians, Ilongots, Ifugaos, Kalingas, and several others complete the number of Luzon's wild tribes. Among these there is, in many respects, a general resemblance — they are fond of ornaments, tattooing, bright-colored clothes, music, and dancing, and all are good farmers.

The Tagalogs are the most important of the civilized tribes, numbering a million and a half; the Pampangans, about 400,000, excel in agriculture; the Bicolans in southeastern Luzon are thought to be the first Malays in the archipelago. The Pangasinans number 300,000; the Ilocanos are industrious and lovable and make fine Christians; the Ibanags are considered the finest race and the most valiant warriors, dwelling in northern and eastern Luzon. The Zambales are in the way of becoming a good Christian population.

In the central group of islands, many of the uncivilized tribes found in Luzon are also located. In Palawan are the Tagbanas; and the Manguians are found in Mindoro. Other tribes are mostly Malay, intermingled with Chinese. The Visayan islands (especially Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Leyte, and Samar) contain fewer wild tribes than any other parts of the archipelago. The Visayans of all these islands bear a strong physical resemblance to one another, but their languages are different.

In Mindanao, the well-known Moros, fanatical Mohammedans, number about 260,000. Another wild tribe is the Manabo, — there are about 60,000 of them. Then there are the Mandayas, about 30,000 in number; and the Bagabos number 12,000. The Jesuits have been



Men and Boys of the Nomadic Ilongot Tribe (as yet uncivilized), Preparing for a Meal
en route



The Famous Rice Terraces of the Pagan Igorots who Dwell in the Interior Mountain-
ous Districts

untiring in their efforts to win the Moros to civilization and Christianity, and their work has been very fruitful. Christian teachers have come from the northern islands to help in the work, and schools and colonies have been started.

Some writers reckon the number of tribes in the Philippine Islands to be eighty, but it is probably much smaller. Of the millions of brown people in this part of the world, the most may be defined as being of Malay origin; for as bits of their early history emerge from the fog of distant centuries, we find that the Malays were forced from Java, Borneo, and Sumatra by the Hindus; and being by choice and calling pirates, fishermen, sea-traders, and rovers, they traveled easily by water from the old shores and landed upon one or another of the islands of the Philippines.

They found there some people of the Mongolian type, and the Negritos. These the new arrivals drove back from the seacoasts and the fertile valleys. Other bands arrived and pushed back those who had preceded them. Hence came about the apparent and so-called divisions into tribes: Tagalogs, Ilocanos, Ifugaos, Igorots, Visayans, and the rest.³

In 1521 Ferdinand Magellan on his famous voyage touched the shores of the Philippines, and from this date until 1565 many attempts were made by the Spaniards to establish themselves in the islands. In 1565 Miguel de Legaspi, in company with the famous missionary, Father Urdaneta, sailed from Mexico, landed, and gave the name "The Philippines" to the entire archipelago, in honor of Philip II of Spain. Then began the first suc-

³ Six hundred years later Mohammedanism swept over this part of the world. The people whom they converted in the South came afterwards to be known as the Moros (or Moors).

cessful conquest. It was Legaspi who took Manila in 1570, and a year later founded the modern Spanish city. His successor, Guido de Lavazeres, found trouble awaiting him, for the Chinese, with four thousand men and fifteen hundred women, attempted to capture Manila in 1574. From 1565 to 1600 the conquest of all the large islands, except Palawan and the territory of the Moros, was practically completed. Manila had, meanwhile, become the first city of the East, trade being established with China, Japan, India, and Malacca. Conflicts with the Dutch and Moros took place from 1660 to 1663. The Moros did much damage; and after repeated attempts were made to subdue them, a stronghold was established at Zamboanga, and Jolo was conquered. For one hundred years thereafter, comparative peace reigned — the period, indeed, being summed up as one of internal improvements, skirmishes, religious advancement, and Chinese incursions.

In 1762 the English captured Manila, but the archipelago was restored to Spain by the Treaty of Paris, made, on February 10, 1763. The opening of the port of Manila, in 1837, was followed by increasing prosperity. Native uprisings against the government began as early as the first decade of the nineteenth century. Whether the Spanish colonial administration and system, during the three and one-half centuries that it lasted, was good, bad, or indifferent, depends very much upon the point of view from which it is regarded. At any rate, Spain held her colonies in undisputed possession longer than any other nation. The Spanish administration could point with reasonable pride to the many reforms and improvements in the Philippines, and the magnificent houses in Manila and the provinces are witnesses to the

fact that the wealth in the country must have been distributed freely and spent within its limits.⁴

Yet, when the Spanish landed, they found a savage people, numbering some three hundred thousand, worshipping the sun, moon, and stars. Besides these objects of worship, there were also the *anitos*, household gods, gods of the fields, gods of the country, and gods of the ocean, supposed to be the souls of departed ancestors. In this respect, the early religion of the Filipino resembled that of the Polynesians of the South Seas. The ministers of religion were priestesses, crafty and diabolical old women, offering sacrifices of animals and even human beings. The natives had a low standard of morality. Wives were bought and sold; children enslaved their parents. Truly, the power of the Gospel shines forth in all its glory in the work of the despised friars in the Philippines. Legaspi, in 1570, said of these natives: "They are a treacherous and crafty race, extremely fickle, untruthful and superstitious. No law binds relative to relative, parent to parent, brother to brother. A service to a relative may be repaid by slavery. They even sell their own children. And yet I believe they could be easily subdued by good treatment and kindness."

⁴ The merit of the old Spanish missionaries is frequently undervalued. We must not forget that these missionaries were also representatives of the Spanish government — this will account for much. It is again claimed that they gave all too little instruction, both from a purely educational standpoint and also from that of religion. But as early as 1620 the Augustinian Francisco Lopez had translated the Great Catechism of Cardinal Bellarmine into Ilocano. This was done the year before Cardinal Bellarmine's death. It is true that this may not have been extensively used; but there was also published an abridged edition, with short questions and answers; and this was used everywhere. Also, the *Pasión* (Passion of our Lord) was translated very early, in verse form. Everywhere there was the rosary (translated by the Dominicans), and the ever popular novenas. And again, one must remember what a handicap the existence of so many dialects presented.

Dean Worcester, writing in 1899, says: "The traveler cannot fail to be impressed by their open-handed and cheerful hospitality. If cleanliness is next to godliness, the native has much to recommend him. Everywhere one finds well-regulated homes, family life, orderly, respectful and obedient children, self-respecting and patient natives, good fathers, dutiful sons, faithful mothers."

This great change from the savage to the Christian state is the result of the labors of the much-maligned friars, as brave, as worthy, and as zealous missionaries as ever bore the Cross of Christ. General Joseph Wheeler, in an interview on March 7, 1900, said that under the Spanish regime the Philippine Islands had a system similar to that known as our "territorial system," whereby they had authority to make laws and govern themselves. That the Filipinos' Colonial Government, according to Anglo-Saxon standards, was defective in its machinery is a fact. That many of its officials were corrupt is beyond question. Still, both of these defects were much exaggerated, not only by foreign travelers, but by Spaniards themselves. Many rash statements were put forth by discontented Spaniards or natives, and were accepted as facts by the foreigners. As a colonial government, the Philippine administration suited Spain, just as the present government of these islands, administered by the Philippine Commission, suits the United States.

I had a conversation with a Protestant officer and lawyer who was over with Funston many years ago and now resides in the islands. Speaking of the work of the friars, he said that at first he had held them to have been mere tools in the hands of the Spanish government to exploit the natives, and that in consequence, they had helped to develop only the coast line. But after the American

government began to go down into the islands, he found that, everywhere, the friars had already blazed the way. They had indeed gone into the jungles and had Christianized the natives there.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Philippines Government, from the
Revolution to the Present Day

Education under the Spanish government — Secret Societies — Dr. José Rizal — The Katipunan — The Revolt — The Spanish-American War — The Philippines lost to Spain — The Treaty of Paris — The capture of Aguinaldo — The Philippine Commission is established — Local governments — Revenues — Bureau of Public Works.

Education, and especially primary instruction, had never been forgotten by the Spanish government. Over and above the parochial schools, academies, colleges, seminaries, and a university managed by a religious order, there was a complete system of public municipal free schools, well attended by boys and girls. Instruction was given by some 3,700 teachers of both sexes, with one teacher to every 2,200 of the total population, including the wild tribes. According to General Anderson, nearly all Filipinos could read and write. General King stated that nine tenths of the people could read and write; Emil Aguinaldo said that two thirds of the people could read and write; and Lieutenant Ford, U. S. A., said that there was hardly a man or woman of the middle classes that could not read or write, and that children were given an early education.

Prior to 1896 the Filipinos had every reason to be as contented a community as could be found in any colony. The Spanish rule imposed few burdens, and if progress, in the modern acceptance of the word, was rare, the ma-

terial want and misery that usually accompanies it in other and more progressive countries was rarer still. But here, as elsewhere, there were a certain number who were dissatisfied with the existing order of things. As in other countries, this class furnished the political agitators of the Philippines. Some of them were sincere; the majority merely desired a change that would put them among the rulers. To accomplish this was to be the work of the secret societies — societies which, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and more especially towards its end, were closely allied with the predominating political influences in the islands.

The first secret society of which there is any record was a Masonic lodge under the title of *Luz Filipina*, organized in Cavite in 1860 by two officers of the Spanish navy. This lodge received its charter from the Grand Lodge of Portugal and was affiliated to the Portuguese lodges established in Macao and Hongkong.

In 1868 a Masonic lodge, with a wealthy native for secretary, was founded by foreigners in Manila. Later others were founded, — one in Pandacan, one in Cebu, and another in Cavite. The founders of these lodges were Spaniards of advanced (i. e., anti-clerical) and what would now be called, in the United States and Europe, communistic or anarchistic views.

Between 1888 and 1896 one hundred and eighty Masonic lodges were established in Luzon and the other islands of the archipelago. This enormous increase of Masonry was astonishing, to say the least; but Don Miguel Morayta, who helped to introduce the lodge, acknowledged later that the thing was accomplished in order to bring about a revolution. Thus the infamous *Katipunan* came into existence.

Such a state of affairs can hardly be realized by English or American Masons; but let it be understood that whatever stand Masonry may take in Anglo-Saxon countries in regard to the Catholic Church, there can be no doubt that in Latin or Catholic countries of the continent of Europe and in South America the brethren of the 'Square and Compass' have always been bitterly and actively opposed to Catholicity. This applies with greater force to the Philippines, for Masonry in this archipelago was converted into a political hotbed, in which the *Liga Filipina* and the *Katipunan* flourished, aided by Spaniards and Filipinos in Madrid. Among the latter was Dr. José Rizal, who organized the *Liga Filipina* in Manila. His plans for an uprising were upset, that same year, by his banishment; but in 1893, after considerable correspondence and visits to Dr. Rizal at Dapitan in Mindanao, the *Liga* resumed operations. Though absent and banished, Rizal remained the guiding spirit of the *Liga*. It was dissolved in 1894, on account of the discords that continually sprang up among its members. The *Katipunan* (Secret Society)¹ was founded after the break-up of the *Liga*: in both form and organization it claimed to be Masonic. With one, Andres Bonifacio, at its head, it drew into its fold all other revolutionary organizations; and in the early part of 1896, Bonifacio took decisive steps towards an armed rebellion, after consulting with Rizal and seeking his advice and instruction.²

¹ The full name of the society was *Kataastaasan Kagalanggalang Katipunan Nang Manga Anak Nang Bayan*, which translated is "The Most High and Most Respected Society of the Sons of the Country." All this was conveniently and, one might think, reasonably compressed into "K. K. K.," by which it came to be generally known.

² There is no doubt that José Rizal was the most brilliant man among his revolutionary compatriots — the only one among them who was not of the rut of ordinary, everyday, second-class lawyers

Within itself the power of the *Katipunan* over its members was absolute. The only two crimes recognized were disobedience and disloyalty, and these were punished by death. The *Katipunero* might lie, rob, or murder, if he chose, provided his action did not injure or affect *Katipunan* interests. But if he disobeyed its mandates or betrayed its secrets to the authorities, even under torture, there was no place in the Philippines remote enough to hide or shelter him.

For August 30, 1896, a general uprising was planned, but the plot was discovered on August 19, and the authorities began to make arrests.³ Bonifacio and his companions fled. But the secret society was not crushed — a "central committee" kept it alive, in the provinces and border towns, until the return of Aguinaldo to the Philippine Islands, under the auspices of Admiral Dewey, on May 17, 1898.

In assigning a cause for the revolt of 1896—98, as for that of 1872, nearly all writers, English and American, name the friars and their meddling politics. But while the friars may have had something to do with it, they were by no means the principal or even a secondary cause. Indeed, had the friars — that is, the men of the

and doctors associated with him. Under General Blanco he was tried, found guilty of treason, and condemned to death on his return to Manila, and was shot on December 30, 1896. Before his execution a Jesuit Father visited him. He renounced Freemasonry in his last will, retracted all that he had ever said or written against the Catholic Church, and died as a Catholic.

³ The belief that the *Katipunan* was an uprising of Freemasons against the Catholic Church in the Philippines not only prevailed among many Filipinos, but was shared by the correspondents of the American newspapers (1896—1900) in the islands. There is no doubt that the belief that this was a movement against the alleged tyranny and oppression of the Catholic Church did much to influence the military, naval, and civil authorities of the United States to support the *Katipunan* Government, as represented by Aguinaldo, in the last six months of 1897 and the first of 1898.

regular orders of the Church — been left alone to manage the affairs of the Philippines, the archipelago would still be under the dominion of Spain. It was the revolution of 1868 in Spain that brought about the loss of her colonies. When those who had carried their political grievances from the mother country to the colonies continued to spread them abroad, they weakened the faith of the Filipino in Spanish strength and made him hold her prestige in contempt. The secret societies mentioned did the rest.

It is very doubtful whether, at the commencement of the Spanish-American war (May, 1898), the United States had any fixed policy or idea concerning its ultimate intentions in regard to the Philippines. That the government allowed two months to elapse between the destruction of the Spanish squadron and the sending of troops to finish on land what Admiral Dewey had begun on water, was ample proof of this. The prevailing uncertainty was largely owing to the lack of accurate information at Washington regarding the real conditions in the islands. The government believed that a very large and influential class of Filipinos, if not anxious as a body to become citizens of the United States, was at least willing to allow the United States to direct the affairs of the islands indefinitely. On the other hand, the insurgent agitators did everything that they thought would lead to American intervention, trusting to this country's professed altruism and generosity to withdraw from the Philippines when it learned real Filipino sentiments in respect to annexation.

Admiral Dewey, after his brilliant victory, was unable to take any immediate advantage of it. Washington had given him no landing force, and it was all he could do to furnish a guard for the Navy Yard at Cavite. And

while the United States consul at Manila, on March 30, 1898, said "there were 5,000 Filipinos under arms, loyal to us in case of war," the admiral found no Filipinos under arms after arriving in Manila bay. In view of this situation, Dewey sent to Hongkong for Aguinaldo to organize the country against the Spaniards, and three weeks later announced the blockade of Manila. Before the capitulation of Manila, friction arose between Filipino and American leaders, and when the latter, after the fall of the city, began to realize that they were not to be allowed to enter it, either as conquerors or allies of the conquerors, they were much incensed. After negotiations stretching over several months, actual hostilities between the United States troops and the insurgents under Aguinaldo began on February 4, 1899. The immediate result was that the United States Senate, on the following day, approved a treaty of peace as drawn up by the American and Spanish Commissioners in Paris, on December 10 of the preceding year, by which the Philippine Islands passed from under the crown of Spain and became an appanage of the United States.

The Filipino leaders were disappointed and disgusted; but they should have known that to give them, then, the independence they clamored for would have been to turn the islands over to anarchy and ruin. Aguinaldo's capture by General Funston, in March, 1901, practically put an end to all organized resistance to the United States forces by what, until then, had been known as the Filipino Revolutionary Government.

In June, 1900, President McKinley appointed a Commission of five members, headed by William Howard Taft, to legislate for the archipelago. Civil government was established on July 4, 1901; and on July 30, 1907, the first general election took place. Educational im-

provements were started and reconstruction work in sanitation and industry was also undertaken. On October 10, 1907, the first assembly was inaugurated, and in spite of occasional friction, succeeded well, American and Filipino officials keeping on good terms.

The government of the Philippines, until the passage of the Jones Bill, which provides for an elective senate representing the entire archipelago, comprised a Lower House of Legislature elected by those of the people who possessed certain educational or property qualifications, and an Upper House — the *Commission* — which consisted of four Americans (one of them being governor-general) and five Filipinos, appointed by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate. In addition to its legislative duties, the Commission was also an executive body, the governor-general and four of the commissioners being heads of the executive departments.

There is a complete system of courts, with American and Filipino judges in the upper ranks, and Filipino justices of the peace in the lower. The local government is organized into provinces, municipalities, and townships. There are forty-eight provinces, seven hundred and eighty-two municipalities, and seventy-seven townships. Nine of the provinces which are inhabited chiefly by pagan or Mohammedan tribes have a special form of government similar to that of most British colonies, with the same kind of inhabitants; two are governed by a board of three members, one of whom is elected, while the others are appointed by the governor-general; one, by a board consisting of two elective members, including the governor; another appointed by the governor-general, and the rest by a board of three members, all of whom are elected. The municipalities and townships are both governed by



Monument of Legaspi and Father Urdaneta, in Manila



A Native Filipino and an American Soldier Boy Employing an Ancient Mode of Transportation — Carabao and Cart


an elected council and the *presidente* or mayor, the difference between them being that the powers of the municipalities are more ample and extensive than those of the townships. The cities of Manila and Baguio have independent administrations.

The revenues of the Insular Government consist of customs, internal revenue and income taxes. A portion of the internal revenue tax is refunded to provincial and municipal governments. Provincial and municipal governments are supported by the land tax, cedula (poll) tax, and license fees, which are collected by and accrue to the provinces and municipalities. It is important to note that all the civil expenses of the Philippine government are paid from its own revenue. Aside from the cost of the Army Division maintained there, and of the fortifications, the islands receive no financial assistance from the United States. The administrative activities of the Philippine government are many and important. A corps of native constabulary under American and native officers, about 5,000 strong, preserve excellent order and have headquarters in the more important towns.

The Bureau of Public Works maintains a constantly expanding road system, consisting now of 2,320 miles of first-class roads, 1,298 miles of second-class roads, and 2,069 miles of third-class roads, with many bridges; and it has done important work in irrigation and the drilling of artesian wells, the latter having in some places reduced the death rate by 50 per cent. Fine harbor-works have been constructed at the principal ports. A very efficient sanitary department has all but eliminated cholera, small-pox, and the plague; has segregated the lepers in an isolated colony, and has done much for general sanitation. The public school system has an enrolment approximating one million pupils. A constantly increasing number

of the younger people are able to speak the English language; the system of industrial instruction is highly developed, and is reflected in the increasing prosperity of the country; the central penitentiary, Bilibid Prison in Manila, is conducted on very progressive lines, and the Penal Colony at Iwahig consists of a daring but apparently successful experiment in the reformatory treatment of criminals.

Whether or not the Philippines will receive their independence in the near future is uncertain, but agitators for their cause are never lacking. The Republicans in the United States have always believed in proceeding very slowly in regard to granting independence to the natives, whereas the Democrats are willing to grant them total freedom at once, or to promise it at a certain date.



CHAPTER XIX

The Present Mission Situation in the Philippines

A Catholic Oriental nation — Patriarchal rule of the monks — The Aglipayan sect: how it was inaugurated and received — Violent Aglipayan opposition to the missionaries — Land owned by the friars — The government's estimate — Some reason for the aversion to the friars — The lepers from Japan.

And now we come to the present-day mission situation. The Philippines have some 9,000,000 baptized Catholics, while there are only about 1,250,000 heathen people and Mohammedans. Baptism does not mark the end of mission work — the essential task is Christian education, so that there may be, in time, a sufficient number of native clergy, native bishops, with a spiritual self-administration under the authority of the Apostolic See. In the Philippines this aim has not yet been accomplished although there are at present over eight hundred native priests.

In Manila, Hongkong, and Singapore, the spokesmen of the Filipino nationalists tried to throw off the rule of Spain, as we have seen: and to this the Spanish monks were an ever-present obstacle, for they were on the side of order and authority, while the well-kept possessions of the monasteries excited cupidity. This led to a brutal agitation against the friars. Officials, envious of their extraordinary influence, joined in the agitation very willingly. How far this aversion to the monks has penetrated

to the people may be inferred from the fact that the Aglipayans call the new missionaries *friars*, even today, in order to arouse the distrust of the masses against them.

Although these political uprisings, revolutions, and agitations against ecclesiastical authority gravely damaged the interests of the Church in these islands, still they do not bear any comparison with the far-reaching blow that was struck by the Aglipayan breach. In January, 1899, the excommunicated priest, Gregorio Aglipay, was appointed "ecclesiastical governor" by Aguinaldo. Although Aglipay took no part in the revolution against the Spaniards, he fought in northern Luzon with the troops of the *Katipunan* (as has been said, a secret political league of Masonic character) against the Americans. Later he became reconciled with the American government, and toward the end of 1902, established in Manila the *Iglesia Catolica Filipina Independiente*, styling himself *obispo maximo* of that body. At first, Aglipay intended only to withdraw the church in the islands from the primacy of the Pope. But the body he had founded moved quickly on the downward path, and acquired the character of a clear-cut sect by professing heretical doctrines. "Matters have now come to such a pass that its members deny everything specifically Catholic. Thus I find in their official almanac that Christ is not God, that Mary is not the Mother of God, and that it is nonsense to speak of Mary as being Virgin and Mother at one and the same time. But the Filipinos want to remain Catholic, the Aglipayans retain everything that relates to outward cult, such as processions, veneration of the saints, Mass, and administration of the Sacraments."¹

Many Filipinos, especially among the wealthy and educated classes, looked with sympathy on the Indepen-

¹ Statement of Father William Finnemann, S.V.D.



The Unfortunate Aglipay, with Friends, Embarking for a River Trip on Balzas



Dr. José Rizal, the Great Patriot and Hero of the Philippines

dent Church of the Philippines. To them it expressed a tendency toward national freedom. The Katipunan saw in it a bulwark against the Americans. The non-Catholics relished this appearance of a schism, as tending to break the power of the Catholic Church. The Church, deprived of its priests and enjoying little protection, was for the time being powerless against the onslaught of the Aglipayans. Thus apostasy on a large scale took place. Aglipay himself claimed from three to five million adherents. Bishop Hendricks said that less than 200,000 joined of their own free will, while, with those who joined because of fear, the number of Aglipayan adherents might possibly reach 1,000,000.

While the Catholic mission reinforcements are now causing this sect to lose ground steadily, there is frequently a fatal tendency among the Filipinos to sway with whatever local ruling or influential powers happen temporarily to prevail. There are not a few towns where the local authorities, together with the justices of the peace, are Aglipayans; and often the missionaries are forced to invoke higher authorities in order to be able to sustain their ecclesiastical rights before the government. The Aglipayans have not hesitated to burn Catholic churches and parsonages and to maltreat the priests. This serious opposition, with all the hardships it causes, is well illustrated by an event which occurred in La Paz (Abra), a short time after our Father Bruno Drescher began working there. I shall let Father Drescher report the affair in his own words:

"An Aglipayan committee has been formed, which agitates most violently against us and incites others to do likewise. Sometimes, when we were in need of beasts of burden to transport our goods to this station, the accommodation has been found to be almost beyond the

reach of money. The fanaticism of the young people may readily be perceived from the troubles and annoyances to which they have subjected our missionaries when we have been called upon to go forth on business or to attend the sick at night. I have but just returned from a ride on horseback into two neighboring villages; I went to buy bamboo for the repair of a church. My excursion was practically in vain. Others can buy bamboo in any quantity they want; but when we ask for it, we are contemptuously laughed at."

The violent methods of the Aglipayans are not adapted to win for them the favor of the more judicious element, and their authority suffers still more from the ignorance and moral inferiority of their clergy. This is indeed their weakest point. As early as the year 1908 Aglipay had gathered around him no less than two hundred and fifty priests. Among these there were a small number of apostate Filipino priests, and one former monk, as well as twenty "bishops." According to another authority, Aglipay has sixty-two "bishops." The education of the clergy is accomplished in a very queer way. A candidate who can pay one hundred pesos (\$50) is "ordained" after having "studied" two or three months, his "study" consisting in learning how to ape the Catholic ceremonies. As quite a few among the "clergy" are addicted to drink, gambling, and kindred vices, they cannot hold their positions long. All this has caused the American government to change its views towards this sect. It has been understood for some time that this is not really a religious, but a revolutionary and nativist movement, which may become a source of danger to the Americans. In fact, the very prejudices and violence of the Aglipayans have brought forth outspoken and energetic protests from the American officials. An especially hard blow

was dealt the sect by the decision of a high court in Manila, requiring Aglipayans to give back to the Catholic Church all the ecclesiastical possessions of the islands, inasmuch as they were Church property.

To my surprise, I was told, everywhere, that Aglipayanism is now to be considered as practically dead. True, there are Aglipayans scattered all over the islands, but their time of glory is over. Just now they are making more strenuous efforts than ever to retain at least the fields which they claim as their own.

There are three main reasons to account for the fact that the Aglipayans still exist as a schismatic body. In the first place, many patriotic Filipinos are impressed and misled by the name — the "National Independent Church." Secondly, many more are misled by the great similarity between the Aglipayan liturgy and that of the Catholic Church: the Aglipayan pseudo-priests purposely imitate the latter as closely as possible. Finally, it has happened in many places throughout the islands that, where no resident Catholic priest was available for certain thickly settled and extensive parishes (for instance, after the revolutionary days of 1898), the Aglipayans, taking advantage of the situation, occupied them; and the non-discerning populace preferred to follow these leaders rather than to be without any form of religion at all.

Aglipay himself, once favored by Governor-General Taft, is more and more humiliated because of the increasingly unfavorable attitude of the government officials. Moreover, he is finding himself abandoned and despised by many of his former friends and adherents. In order to uphold his influence and gain a little support for his cause, he took, in the year 1917, a desperate step by joining the Freemasons in Magdale, Province of Cavite. His

residence is in Manila, where he has two churches, one of which is his so-called cathedral. Both churches are poor, miserable shanties, typifying the rather premature senile debility of the "national" church. These facts evidently and unmistakably show that it is only a question of time when Aglipayanism and the Independent Church will be no more. It is significant that in public reports and documents at present the Aglipayans, as a religious body, are simply ignored, distinction being made between Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, and pagans only. This indicates that the Independent Church is no longer given serious consideration.

But the Mother Church made, and is making, vigorous strides. In the town of Jaro, for example, Bishop Rooker in a comparatively short while (1903—1907) overcame Aglipayanism completely. In like manner the Mill Hill Fathers in their first stations ousted the Aglipayan priests. In Bambang and Solano (Nueva-Viscaya) the Scheut missionaries have brought back half of the population, with the help of one staunch native Catholic. In La Paz, Father Drescher, S.V. D., induced half of the congregation to rejoin the Church; and soon afterwards the Aglipayan pastor abandoned his flock. These isolated cases show that Father Saxer, S.S.J., is not too optimistic when he writes: "The Philippine Islands will become entirely Catholic, if only the people are given good, capable priests, in a sufficient number, — good *native* priests especially." In accounting for the spread of Aglipayanism and indifference, it must be remembered that many congregations are without priests even today, and have been since 1896 or 1898. Hence, there is so much religious ignorance among those who were once Catholics, while a temporary halt has been made in religious activity among the heathen.

Before we take up the consideration of the "wealthy friars," whose great possessions and whose conduct made them the "tyrants of the islands," let us read what an authority of the present day has to say about the Philippines as a "production area":

The Philippines possess, in addition to soil and climate almost unrivaled for the production of tropical crops, vast uncultivated tracts. Cuba is only one third as large; the Hawaiian Islands, only one seventeenth. During the twenty-two years of American occupation, the import trade of the islands has grown from P 38,385,972 to P 298,876,565; and the export trade, from P 29,693,164 to P 302,247,711. That is, the total trade of the Philippines has increased under the present regime from P 68,079,136 to P 601,124,276. (P=Peso, about one half-dollar in American money).

"But that growth does not imply that the resources of the islands have been fully turned to account. There remain vast, undeveloped areas, such as the island of Mindanao in the South, comprising 37,000 square miles of rich and almost virgin territory, more than equal in extent to the state of Indiana. Of the total area of the Philippine Islands, 80 per cent is public domain under control of the Bureau of Lands. The Director of Forestry must certify to the agricultural or forest value of all land, before it can be disposed of. At present, only about twelve per cent is under cultivation. Of the remainder, fifty-eight per cent consists of forest, and thirty per cent, of grasslands, locally called *cogonales*. Of the eighty per cent held by the government, fully fifty-five per cent is excellent for agricultural purposes. It must be remembered that the growing season in the Philippines is 365 days, and that, with fertile soil, sufficient water, and that prime necessity — heat, two or three crops a

year can be raised to one in the United States. Father Algué, director of the Weather Bureau of the Philippine Islands and one of the greatest living authorities on climatology, states that no other country in the tropics is so favorably situated with respect to climate and rainfall as the Philippine Islands. They lie in the valley of the two great mountains of pressure — that of the Tibetan highlands in continental Asia, and that of the Pacific Ocean. The deepest soundings ever made (9,900 meters) have been taken just east of Mindanao. Thus situated, the islands are fortunate enough to possess three distinct classes of climate, together with an intermediate class, all within a small range of atmospheric pressure. These climatic conditions, coupled with the fertility of the soil and the ease with which water can be supplied by irrigation in the regions of distinct dry seasons, will make the Philippines, if properly developed along scientific lines, the greatest production area in the world. Well may we question why we do not develop the eighty per cent of rich idle land in the archipelago, instead of relying on other countries for our supplies. The value of our imports from the Philippine Islands in 1920 amounted to the respectable sum of \$109,936,448.50."

On July 1, 1902, an Act of Congress, called "The Philippines Government Act," authorized the purchase of the friars' lands, for \$7,227,000. Most of these monastery farms had been purchased by the religious orders from the Spanish proprietors. The Augustinians owned 60,000 hectares (one hectare equals 2.47 acres), of which 6,000 hectares lay in Cebu, and 20,000 in Cagayan, where, in 1886, at the desire of the government, they took over barren grounds for furthering the cultivation of tobacco. The rest lay mainly in the provinces of Rizal, Bulacan, and Cavite. The Recollects (Barefooted

Augustinians) held 35,000 hectares, of which 23,000 hectares were pasture grounds in Mindanao. The Dominicans held 50,000 hectares in Laguna, Cavite, Bataan — eight large estates, in all. The Franciscans held important lands, the titles of which have been transferred to several hospitals owned by the order. The Jesuits lost their possessions at the time of their expulsion in 1767, and did not regain them when they were recalled in 1852; hence, the envy of the revolutionists was not turned against them. The monks spent a considerable part of their revenue for missionary purposes and civilizing enterprises, farming out their lands at low prices and obtaining an average income of from three to four per cent. Only an untruthful policy of selfishness could reproach the monks as hindering the rising of the Filipino on account of the lands held by the Church. While, formerly, words enough could not be found to revile the monks for their "immense" wealth, the government, in leasing the lands, later, could hardly cover the costs. When Congress passed a law prohibiting agricultural and industrial corporations from acquiring more than 2,500 acres of government land, the Philippine Commission advocated letting them have 25,000 acres, saying that more land would still be left than the Filipinos could cultivate in a hundred years. It is interesting in this connection to compare the agitation against the religious on the ground that their land holdings would interfere with the development of the Philippines.

That the influence of the orders was uncommonly great, needs neither excuse nor corroboration . . . "The government knows that it needs us — that it cannot exist without us" . . . "The Philippines belong to us" . . . "In Manila, let the government boast; in the interior we are masters." Such utterances make the observer think

that a few of the monks deserved the aversion that must have formed against them among the government officials. Still, we must bear in mind the words of the same authority: "Their haughty resistance against the secular authorities was also exercised in the interest of the natives." When we read that, in the sixteenth century, those who were absent from holy Mass without legitimate excuse were chastised with rods, — that sharp discipline was exercised in the afternoon, with the children, when they were catechized, — we feel that here was harshness that the Church could not approve. Yet, of these very same monks we read also of things quite contrary. It seems that the Spaniards were on good terms with the Japanese until the latter came to massacre the Jesuit Fathers. Then, when the shogun, Iyeyasu, expelled the priests, he sent away even those who were caring for the lepers; and as a final insult, he dispatched to Manila three junks loaded with lepers. These were accompanied with a letter to the governor-general of the Philippines, stating that, as it was known that the friars were anxious to provide for the poor and needy, these boat-loads of afflicted would offer a ready outlet for their ministrations. Only the ardent and earnest pleadings of the friars — some of them begging on bended knees — saved these unfortunates and their contaminated vessels from being sunk in Manila bay. Finally the governor yielded, and these poor lepers were landed and housed in the hospital at San Lazaro, which was established for their reception and which remains to this day.

The Spanish missionaries could have rendered greater services to the country, and to the Church as well, had they kept more conscientiously in view the welfare of the Church as a great universal institution, and had they aimed at directing the attention of the Filipinos in such

a way as to make them a people independent in mental and material resources, industrious and capable of early successful mission accomplishments in Eastern Asia. But the intellectual life of the Spaniards and their Filipino charges remained as isolated as the archipelago itself; and as though the surrounding ocean imposed a barrier, they failed to keep in touch with the times.

Again, one must always remember to distinguish between the teachings of the Church and those of some few of her members who may have failed to carry them out. Coming down to the present day in government matters, of thirty-four Americans who were appointed to be provincial treasurers, — because those in authority were not sufficiently sure of the honesty of the native Filipinos! — seventeen were convicted of embezzlement. Only a prejudiced person would, however, dream of blaming America for that!²

Manila, the center of political and scientific, as well as of ecclesiastical, life, seems in many respects representative of the life in the provinces. To the Americans, the significance of the Philippine capital has been still further emphasized as constituting one of the most important strategical points for the Catholic Church in eastern Asia. In fact, this station can hardly be valued too highly; whence it seems impossible to do too much toward improving the position of Catholicism and the Catholics in Manila. The city has twenty-three parochial and conventual churches, and makes, at least in its older districts, a genuinely Catholic impression. The religious associations are in a flourishing condition, although it is true that their membership is not equal to the number of baptized Catholics — namely, about 220,000.

² *The Philippine Problem*, by Frederick Chambers, 1913.

An institution that is doing excellent work in deepening the religious life and in stimulating attachment to the Church is the Apostleship of Prayer, which is conducted by the Jesuits. It was introduced about 1880. It aims to intensify the earnestness of prayer and to extend the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and a greater intimacy with the blessings of the Holy Eucharist. Its efforts are therefore directed especially, and with great success, towards the fostering of frequent Communion. Still more importance, perhaps, may be attached to the Apostleship of Prayer in the provinces, where, in 1911, the association had four hundred and thirty-two centers, most of which had come into existence since 1900.

In Tagudin, a popular mission of the Scheut missionaries began with an attendance of three hundred. This soon increased to a thousand; and at the close, the Fathers rejoiced at being able to distribute five thousand Communions. However fervent and relatively frequent individual cases may be, the mission reports still admit frankly that it will require a long time and many hard struggles to bring back to a practical religious life the great majority of the people, especially those in the districts infested with Aglipayanism. If it were possible everywhere to win over the *junta catolica*, that is, the more influential laymen whose example and word count greatly in such matters, everything would be easy; but these gentlemen are just the ones that often care little for the clergy and the needs of the Church; and few people dare to oppose them.

The direct mission activity among the heathen is now rather limited, although there can be no doubt that the existing non-Christian elements, which in 1894 were officially estimated to constitute 880,000 heathen, and

309,000 Mohammedan Moros in Mindanao, will still give the missionary apostolate much to do.

Unfortunately, we are without much information as to the present condition of the Chinese mission in the Philippines. In 1894 there were 74,504 Chinese in the Philippines that had not been naturalized. "Manila without Chinamen, and the Philippines without Chinese trade, — these things are entirely inconceivable." Under the American flag the Chinese business houses in Manila, even in the most fashionable business districts, are increasing in number. Under the Spanish rule, the Chinese mission work was at first in the hands of the Jesuits, but later also in those of the Dominicans active in Fukien.

As to the development and condition of Catholic schools, especially primary schools, the Church statistics do not give full data. If an organization of schools were effected that would comprise the entire city and all parishes, the continuance and success of the Catholic primary schools would rest upon a far more solid foundation. The government is very well pleased with the success of the Sisters; and the Minister of Instruction, Mr. Gilbert, assured Bishop Carroll that "the Belgian Sisters have the best schools in the islands." As the Igorots are especially clever in the art of weaving, the government entrusted the Scheut Fathers, as early as 1909, with the management of a technical school among them. Later Mr. Gilbert was instrumental in inviting them to take the direction of a larger technical school, proposed for Bauco.

Our missionaries, S.V.D., have thus far succeeded in opening in Abra three schools with resident Sisters as teachers, and they also have a school under the same auspices in Lubang in the diocese of Lipa. The school in Tayum was established in 1912; that in La Paz, in 1913; that in Bangued, in 1923; and that in Lipa, in

1922. In addition our missionaries conduct some thirty-five to forty *barrio* schools, with lay teachers in charge. The total aspect of the primary schools among this population of eleven million souls presents at best but little cause for satisfaction; indeed, every friend of the Philippines missions cannot but feel uneasy when he recognizes how much ought to be done, everywhere.

One bright spot which we may find in the difficult situation of the Church in the Philippines is the system of higher schools. In Manila, at least, these institutions are better developed than in any other city of eastern Asia. What contributes to this end more than anything else is the St. Thomas University of the Dominicans. This seat of learning was started, in a very modest way, in 1611. It has been changed completely, under the influence of the Americans, and fully modernized, so that it is now capable of fulfilling its task splendidly. It was, accordingly, invested by the Holy See, in 1902, with the official dignity and status of a papal university. It has faculties of theology, law, philosophy, literature, medicine, pharmacy, the natural sciences, engineering, and architecture, and is thus at the present time the only fully equipped Catholic university in all Asia. It has an important library and a famous museum with many rich collections, such as are not to be found elsewhere in eastern Asia. The professors number sixty, and the students, 2,300. This is a showing so imposing as to be far ahead of even the most frequented Catholic mission schools of India. If we add that the secondary school of the Dominicans, the College of San Juan de Letrán, is attended by 900 students, so that the total number of undergraduates reaches 3,200, it will be understood that the scien-



The Right Rev. Bishop Hurth (of Nueva Segovia), with Fathers, S. V. D., Provincial and City Officials, and Teachers and Pupils of the Bangued High School



Father Superior General (Very Rev. William Gier, S.V. D.), in the Midst of the Priests and Brothers of the Society who Labor in the Philippines

tific and up-to-date teaching of the sons of St. Dominic needs no further eulogy.

In addition to the Dominican institutions, Manila can boast, besides, of three secondary colleges for boys: the Ateneo of the Jesuits, the St. Bede College of the Spanish Benedictines, and the La Salle College of the American Christian Brothers.

The provinces make a less impressive showing: they maintain only nine secondary schools, including the seminaries.

Visiting and nursing of the sick is an activity with a much broader scope than that of the institutions just mentioned. At one time the Catholics in Tagudin were very emphatic in refusing a white priest: they wanted a native. But the untiring work done by Father Carlu, J.C.M., in nursing the sick, made friends of even his most bitter opponents. The heathen in Bontoc, too, are attracted in the same manner. Incomparably urgent is the need which the Church in the Philippines has of immediate help.

CHAPTER XX

The Protestant Denominations in the
Philippines

The attitude of the authorities — Reorganization of ecclesiastical administration — Sisterhoods in the Philippines — The American government gives all missionaries free access — The forming of the Evangelical Union — What Protestantism has done — Separation of the Church and State — The evils of co-education in the tropics — Proselytizing.

The attitude assumed by the American authorities towards the Catholic Church during the first years of occupation was, if not unfriendly, at least not over-tolerant. In 1901 the reorganization of education was placed in the hands of a Protestant minister, Dr. Atkinson, who got many of his colleagues to accept responsible positions under him. The municipal school in Manila was assigned to a minister, named Stone; the normal school, to a Reverend Mr. Bryan, a fanatical enemy of the Catholics. Of ten district school inspectors, seven were Protestants, and the majority of these, ministers. This Protestantizing policy called forth energetic action on the part of Catholics of the United States. At the same time our government began to realize that it was foolish to weaken the most influential and faithful representatives of authority at a time when political conditions were so difficult. In June, 1902, Pope Leo XIII, in his bull, "*Quae mari sinico*," promulgated the general outlines of the reorganization of the Church in the Philippines.



The Trade School (printing establishment) of the Society of the Divine Word, Manila, P. I. (1) Printing room; (2) type-setting room; (3) exterior view of establishment.



A Kitchen, 'Mission Style,' in the Philippines



A Traveling Missionary

The first act of the Holy See, which was at the same time a measure of fundamental significance, was the complete reorganization of ecclesiastical administration in the Philippine Islands. An Apostolic Delegation was established. Among the successive delegates, the following deserve especial mention, despite their brief tenure of office: Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans, Msgr. Guidi, and Msgr. Agius, O.S.B. New centers of activity arose, in 1910, through the establishment of the four episcopal sees of Lipa and Tuguegarao (Luzon), Calbayog (Samar and Leyte), Zamboanga (Mindanao), and the prefecture of Palawan. Four Spanish prelates were succeeded by four American bishops (Manila, Cebu, Nueva Segovia, Jaro), in 1903. In 1910 four new centers of activity were created, and bishops were appointed as follows: one native bishop (in Calbayog), one Italian (Petrelli in Lipa), one Irishman (in Zamboanga), and one American (in Tuguegarao). Palawan alone remained under the jurisdiction of a Spaniard (Zarate). Thus the Roman Curia met the wishes of both the American government and the Philippines, and at the same time gave them mission leaders that were fully competent to cope with the changed conditions and reform requirements.

The gigantic work of reform was seriously undertaken by the Provincial Council of Manila. This body met in 1907, under direction of the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Agius; and although Spanish influence still preponderated entirely among the members, the council declared war energetically upon existing evils and grievances. But it was impossible to carry through great reforms with such a scarcity of priests as there was. In 1912 there was, on an average, but one priest in the diocese of Cebu for 11,089 souls; in Calbayog, but one

for 9,668; in Nueva Segovia (Vigan), one for 9,090; in Lipa, one for 8,227; in Jaro, one for 5,932; in Tuguegarao, one for 5,208; in Manila, if we deduct the professors of St. Thomas University and those from the Ateneo and the College of St. Bede from the number, one for 3,317 souls.

But the scarcity of priests is still a central problem; and the main aim of the priests in the Philippines now is to prepare the way for a native clergy; and all are striving toward that end. Among the Sisterhoods indicated in the general statistics, the Spanish Poor Clares have been in Manila since 1621, and the Dominican Nuns since 1698, the Sisters of Santa Rita, a native congregation, since 1730. The most comprehensive activity, however, is displayed by the Spanish Vincentian Nuns (since 1862), whose work extends over five dioceses, and the French Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, among whom there are also Germans. The two German communities, too (that is to say, the Benedictine Nuns of Tutzing, in Manila [since 1906] and in the diocese of Nueva Caceres [1912], and the Missionary Sisters of Steyl, in Manila [1913], in Nueva Segovia [1912], and in Lipa [1922]), have found an important and promising sphere of action.

According to the instructions received by the first Philippine Commission, in 1899, and subsequently ratified by Congress, all missions were granted free access. A large number of Protestant sects, from various countries but especially from the United States, hastened to these islands, to "help the poor Filipino to throw off the yoke of the Roman Pope" — to "bring to them the true Gospel" — "to lead them on to liberty and freedom." At first, the representatives of these various denominations limited their missionary activities to the city of Manila and its environs. Only here and there did they extend

their efforts beyond these limits. Nevertheless, they found out, within the short period of two years, that their novel forms of Christianity, so singular and so contradictory in the eyes of the ordinary Filipino, with their numbers contending with one another, did not appeal to these people, who are Catholic by birth and training. Perceiving that their situation was apt to place the actual character of these new "messengers of the Gospel" in a bad light, they speedily realized their difficulties and saw the necessity of establishing among themselves certain principles of "mission comity" and a "practical plan of cooperation." So, a conference of missionaries of every Protestant denomination was called, in April, 1901, by the Presbyterian Mission (then in Manila), for the purpose of discussing: first, territorial division; second, a common name for all (such as, for instance, *Iglesia Evangelica*); third, the possibility of so directing the growth as to produce, in the end, one National Evangelical Church; fourth, a *modus vivendi* in the schools, the public press, and general intercourse.

Represented at this conference were the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Christian Alliance, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. The result of the discussion was that two committees were appointed — one, to draw up a constitution, and the other to submit a plan for territorial division. These committees made their reports at a meeting held on April 28. It was then agreed that the Protestant mission agencies should be called *The Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands*, whose main object should be to secure comity and effectiveness in (Protestant) missionary operations. It was furthermore provided that any other Protestant denomination existing in the Philippines might acquire membership in the

Union, every one such to be represented by two members in the Executive Committee. The other question — that of territorial division — became the subject of prolonged debate; but finally the following assignments¹ were made:

1. *American Board of Foreign Missions*: the island of Mindanao.
2. *Baptists*: islands of Panay, Samar, and Occidental Negros.
3. *Presbyterians*: S. Luzon, Oriental and Occidental Negros, Antique, and Bohol.
4. *Methodists*: Luzon north of Manila, with the exception of La Union and Ilocos Norte.
5. *United Brethren*: La Union, Benguet, Bontoc, and Ifugao.
6. *Disciples of Christ*: Vigan (city of Ilocos Sur), Ilocos Norte, Aparri (in Cayagan), Manila, and the provinces south of Manila.
7. *Episcopalians*: Manila, Zamboanga, and Mindanao.

Yet these combined Protestant churches can claim but 118,000 converts² in the Philippine Islands, — and what kind of converts? Repeatedly have I been told by priests and missionaries that many such Filipino *Protestants*, after returning to the Catholic Church, say that they have been systematically trained to execrate all things

¹ Based on an article in the *Philippine Presbyterian*, Manila, April, 1921.

² This figure (118,000) was obtained from supposedly authentic Protestant sources, while I was visiting in the islands; but the Woods-Forbes report gives 124,575 as the correct number; while the *Literary Digest* for February 14, 1925, quoting from the *Christian Century* states (p. 31): "...there are now 64,184 Protestant communicants." It thus becomes extremely difficult to decide which figure is correct, but possibly the last should be taken, as being the latest.



Filipino Children Enjoying a Drink of the Delicious Coconut Milk. Baby brother gets so used to this mode of conveyance that he would probably rebel at the thought of a go-cart.



Filipino Children with Officer, Playing at 'Journey-going'

Catholic. For one who knows the Filipino character, it would form an interesting course of investigation to seek to discover how many of these 118,000 or 64,000 have become Protestants through actual conviction. A Protestant American missionary worker, after spending years in practically fruitless efforts in the Philippines, said to one of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word: "It is my firm conviction that Protestantism will never succeed in the Philippine Islands. The only religion that can give satisfaction to the Filipino is the Catholic religion."

How could it be otherwise? For three hundred years the Philippine people were trained and brought up to be Catholics. In thought and heart, in spite of public schools without religious training, the Filipino is *muy Catolico* — *very much a Catholic*. Observe the Aguinaldo Masses in the Philippines, — the Christmas celebration — the Lenten devotions with public *Via Crucis* through the streets of the towns — the Semana Santa (Holy Week) devotions, — the Naval (Rosary) processions in October — the town fiestas — and judge whether any fair-minded onlooker would not be convinced of the statement that the Protestant religion is too cold, too dry, too stiff for this lively southern race.

But one thing Protestantism has done: it has succeeded in spreading that indifferentism and materialism which lead to complete atheism. This influence is chiefly brought to bear through the agency of the public school, the Young Men's Christian Association, and an extensive system of proselytizing carried on in dormitories, among nurses in hospitals, and through their press activities. These institutions at the present time are, in practically all cases, closely allied to Protestantism, and constitute

some of the most acute dangers to Catholicism in the Philippine Islands.

We Catholics of the United States are well acquainted with the free public school system — the school system without religion. The separation of Church and State, in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, was enforced at once in the Philippines, and added to the hostile agitation and violence of the Aglipayan sect. There is now growing up in these islands a generation devoid of faith and morals, strangers to religion, if not filled with contempt and aversion for the Church. In order to meet, to some extent, the complaints of Catholics against propaganda carried on by Protestant teachers, both in and out of school, the government did, to be sure, forbid those in charge of public schools to teach religion or to give Bible instruction in the homes; but the latter instruction was soon resumed. This is the reason why non-Catholic mission papers cannot speak too highly of the "educational" influence of the government schools. Yet a non-Catholic observer says: "We must not fail to recognize some beneficial results from this work; the impulsive, refreshing, energetic way of the American has had its good effects; the natives have become more enterprising, more practical, more clever. They have acquired a keen eye for sizing up a situation. But good manners have disappeared, and the modern American view as to the 'liberty of the child' has already penetrated into Philippine circles here and there." The evils that thinking men are beginning to deplore at home are also growing in the Philippine Islands. According to official statistics, there were 7,668 public schools (6,553 primary; 1,010 intermediate; 85 secondary), with 1,128,997 pupils in 1923. The *Philippine Free Press* (December 31, 1921), even while protesting against religion in the schools, has said:

"Generally, it seems to be granted that there is quite a little immorality in the public schools at present, and there are many . . . despairing of the younger generation, and its apparently growing godlessness and lack of restraint." This undermining of morality in the public schools of the Philippines appears to be largely a result of co-education. Co-education in the tropics must end in moral disaster. Due to an inherent consciousness of expediency among the people, and because of the educational methods of the Spanish missionaries, the sexes were formerly kept separate. In most of the parishes, during the Spanish regime, there were always two separate school buildings — one for boys and one for girls.

The Young Men's Christian Association and the Protestant dormitories and hospitals are, as I have said above, working hand in hand to lure the Catholic Filipino boys and girls and students into Protestantism. It is made practically impossible for them to board in these institutions, unless they promise to take part in the Protestant morning and evening devotions, Bible reading, even *Last Supper* celebrations.⁴

It is significant that the Protestants themselves attribute most of their success to this indirect way of convert-making, and they consider these schools to be of the greatest importance. And yet, in the face of this, Dr. Wright, of the Presbyterian Church of Manila, said, in

³ See also article entitled "Miss Philippines," in the *Living age* (p. 361) for November 12, 1924.

⁴ This is a brief synopsis of an item in the *Manila Times* for Dec. 24, 1922:

'The midnight Mass will be sung as usual at St. Luke's Church, Calle Magdalena, to-night. There will be a sung Mass, with communions. The Mass will begin at 11:30. All confirmed members of the Anglican, Roman, and Greek branches of the Catholic Church are invited to be present and to make their communion at this Mass.'

a personal conversation with me: "We Protestant missionaries of America do not intend to antagonize the Catholic Church in the Philippines. We are not here to destroy, but to build up. We are only bent upon doing constructive work."

CHAPTER XXI

The Catholicity of the Filipinos

Injustice to the friars — Catholic life and practice — Love of externals — The churches and the barrios — The Filipino a southerner — The great art of prayer — Decrease and lack of priests — Nothing done by Catholics of America — The saddest fact: lack of schools.

Much has been written on the subject of Catholic life in the Philippines. I myself have read very many books and treatises concerned almost exclusively with this matter. But the longer I remained in the archipelago, the more I became convinced that many writers have done great injustice, either to the present hierarchy and clergy or to the Spanish mission friars of old, or else to the Catholic Filipinos at large. Not a few have erroneously presented matters on all three counts. Therefore, when it was first proposed that I should visit the Philippines, I was the more anxious to find out for myself the real status of the Catholic Church and its outlook for the future in the archipelago.

To form an objective idea of life and customs in general, — and much more, of Catholic life and practice in the Philippines, — one must not stop in the capital city and then generalize, for the entire country, the observations made there. This, unfortunately, has been the method of many traveling journalists and special writers in treating of the Philippines. But Manila is not the Philippines, and therefore, the Philippines are in nowise adequately represented by the things which may be observed in that city. To do justice to the Filipino,

it is necessary to go out into the country, visiting at least a number of provinces, both in the North and the South, and coming in contact with and observing the people, in their week-day and holiday habits, and in private as well as public life. It is, moreover, demanded that one should inquire into the causes and the history of whatever may be presented as odd (at least, apparently odd, at first sight) conditions and manifestations of life [In this little work I refer especially to *Catholic* aspects of life.] as we come upon them.

Wherever I have been, I have found that the Filipinos love the Catholic religion and are proud of it. If you ask them to what religious denomination they belong, they will unhesitatingly profess themselves to be Catholics and will assert their desire to die as members of the Catholic Church. They are sincere members of the Church, and Catholics to the core. The only exceptions are the comparatively few Filipinos of the upper class who have become Freemasons or have fallen a prey to the evil, rather than the good, influences of modern civilization. Aside from this small group, the Filipinos are, as stated, Catholic in thought and sentiment. This is not to say, however, that every Filipino is a practical Catholic: moreover, one is more than likely to get a wrong idea of their sort of Catholicity in witnessing one or two of their great fiestas, when thousands of people, led by banners, statues, and brass bands, march in procession to the church to assist at Mass or to attend a Confirmation or other religious service. The Filipino's Catholicity appears, in spite of all his sincere manifestations, as decidedly too sentimental. The average Filipino will never miss any grand religious demonstration; indeed, he is impressed by show-like processions, accompanied with much singing and music; and he is also pleased to hold

one novena after another, and even to carry these out with his whole family at home, practicing before a more or less primitive altar, certain devotions to a number of popular saints, such as St. Anthony and St. Roch. Many wear their rosaries or scapulars around their necks, even on the open streets and roadways. In short, it is the externals which apparently make up and characterize the Filipino's Catholicity. For the essential truths and practices of our holy religion — that is, regular church attendance on Sundays and holydays, the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist, and so forth — he manifests surprisingly little understanding.

We have been told, time and time again that much of the responsibility for this state of things is to be laid at the door of the old Spanish missionaries. It has been said that, with all their efficiency in missionary work, they utterly neglected to preach the word of God regularly and methodically, and that, above all, they failed to instruct the people and their children in the simple truths of the catechism.

Although, in general, the criticism quoted above may be deserved, it seems to me that many critics, in this instance, as well as in regard to other matters relating to the Filipino people, go too far when they utterly condemn the friars. They had their weaknesses, no doubt, and occasionally blundered and failed; but who is quite beyond criticism? The fact remains that the Philippines are Catholic today, owing to the much-slandered and calumniated friars who, ever since the discovery of the islands, thronged from Spain to the Far East, disregarding all dangers and trials and hardships of traveling (particularly in bygone days), and leaving all that was dear to them, to devote their lives to the Christianization of an uncivilized people, given over to the most gruesome pagan prac-

tices, and whose lives were entangled in continuous warfare against one another. The Spanish friars accomplished in the Philippines, in four hundred years, peacefully, by charity and Christian education, what an army of soldiers and lay civilians would never have accomplished in six hundred years with material weapons and by a severe and bloody enforcement of the laws. They have made the Philippines a civilized and Catholic nation. F. de Entralas is right in asserting that the Filipinos are the chief and most glorious of convert peoples of the world, and that this is due solely to the influence and activity of the Spanish friars (*"la primera colonia del mundo, gracias a los frailes"*). In his inaugural speech, Governor-General Wood, emphasizing the great progress which has been made in the Philippines during the last twenty-three years, since they became an American possession, did not hesitate to give due credit to Catholic Spain for making present conditions possible; and Spain in the Philippines, it must be remembered, was principally a band of Spanish missionary friars.¹ Governor Wood said: "In considering the progress made, we must not forget the work of Spain through centuries — centuries spent in implanting the Christian Faith. European forms of administration and law, thus establishing a foundation which, although covered in places, has greatly facilitated the rapid building up of representative government among a Christian, self-respecting people, free from caste distinctions, and imbued with Occidental rather than Oriental ideas of government and ideals."

¹ One of the highest Spanish colonial officials frankly stated to King Charles III, as early as 1765: "In every friar going to the Philippines you have a governor-general and an army of soldiers." It is a well-known fact that Spain had a comparatively small number of garrisons in the Philippines. The friars actually won the natives for Spain and Catholicity; they made them respect and obey the mild "leges de Indias."



Ecclesiastical and Civil Dignitaries and Priests Assembled for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Episcopacy of Bishop Hurth



A Group of Young Filipino Priests

To prove how unjust and greatly exaggerated are some of the reproaches that are constantly being directed against the friars, the fact may be mentioned that their critics blame them for having composed collections of certain "senseless" devotions and "sentimental" novenas, and for having spread the practices of them among their flocks instead of training the people in the more solid truths and practices of our holy religion. Now, in justice to the missionary friars it must be stated that many if not all of the devotions referred to — novenas and other religious practices so popular among the Filipinos even to this day — are by no means so external and "senseless" as they may at first blush appear, especially to us of a more northern clime. In fact, the most of them are found, upon closer examination, to contain a number of dogmatic truths; and thus, in reciting these prayers, the people learn, implicitly, at least, the essentials of our holy Faith. Many of these prayers are, indeed, beautiful expressions of divine and moral virtues; in fine, they are real pearls and gems of prayer. It should furthermore be remembered that, in the happy days when these prayers were composed for the people, there were no outside enemies and dangers threatening the faith and morals, as is the case today. Consequently, the people at that time were not in need of any such systematic, theoretical, and catechetical training as they need now, in order to enable the present generation to answer the attacks of Protestants and others, many of them enemies of true religion.

It must be borne in mind that the churches were built gradually, and that, even now, there does not exist a church in every town. The majority of the people live far away from church, in barrios. The roads, if there are any, are bad, and many people are obliged to make their way to church through rice fields. What it means to

travel through rice fields, especially during the long rainy season, only those who have had the experience know. These and other reasons account for the fact that Mass attendance on Sundays and holydays in the Philippines is not as regular as might be expected. It was for these reasons that the practical friars composed for the people special prayer-books containing devotions, novenas, and the like, suited to the various seasons of the ecclesiastical year. The people learned to practice these devotions at home, with their entire families; and thus they were enabled to follow the Church's feasts and fasts throughout the year.

At other times of the year, they *made up*, so to say — and they continue to do this, even nowadays, — what they had missed throughout the year. Even at the present time they are wont to flock to the parish town to attend the popular Aguinaldo Masses during the nine days in Advent preceding Christmas, church services then being held as early as three or four o'clock in the morning; and they are present at other occasions during the year, such as fiestas and, more particularly, during the whole *Semana Santa* (Holy Week). For such events they come from even the most distant barrios and then throng the parish churches, staying for days in town in order to attend the prescribed services. When Holy Week with the celebration of Easter (or some other special occasion) comes to an end, the people return home, filled with new zeal and fervor, and eagerly look forward to the next fiesta or other series of religious services when they can again free themselves from home duties and come to stay in the parish town for a few days.

The above statement will explain at least in part the apparently abnormal religious conditions in the Philippines, up to the present day. As far as the showy pro-

cessions and similar public manifestations of piety and religion are concerned, it will be well to remember: first, that a number of well-known writers have unduly exaggerated or generalized when giving a description of them; and secondly, — and this should be particularly considered, — that the Filipino is a *southerner*. He has been won for Christianity by missionaries who, having come from a southern climate themselves, knew his character and temperament, — knew therefore, what methods would be likely to impress him most and to gradually bring about his conversion. Surely none of us, Americans, will seriously attempt to assert that our methods of devotion are more pleasing to God than those of the more lively Catholic Negroes down in Tennessee, or that our way of praying and praising God is “the only way.”

It is evident, then, that it would be both hazardous and unjust to follow the radical suggestion of certain European and American theoreticians who, possessed of little or no insight into Filipino life, character, and history, urge that all those old and venerable religious practices of which the average Filipino is so fond, considering them as a precious heritage (and which, upon due consideration, are by no means so “stupid” and “superstitious” as some superficial observers may think), shall at once be entirely abrogated. Only slowly and with great caution should such practices be supplanted by others more in conformity with the spirit of the Church. By simply ignoring these devotions and novenas, while at the same time giving the people something more solid and positive, — especially by training them to the frequent reception of the Sacraments and instructing them regularly and systematically in the simple catechetical truths, — we should soon have a perfect and model Catholicity in the

islands. Of course, this presupposes a sufficient number of priests and teachers.

After all, then, it cannot be denied that the Spanish missionary friars, from the very start, taught the Filipinos the great art of prayer and thus gave them the treasure of spiritual cheerfulness and true happiness. It is, without doubt, the spirit of prayer which, more than anything else, has helped to preserve the Faith in the Philippines, up to this day, in spite of the deplorable scarcity of priests.² This same spirit has undoubtedly made the Filipino what he is, even today: "*muy catolico*" — Catholic in thought and at heart, no matter how defective his knowledge of religion may be.

In this connection, one more thought is submitted for practical consideration. History teaches us that, as a rule, it has taken hundreds of years before the leaven of Christianity has pervaded a whole nation. When we consider that it took from six to eight hundred years to Christianize any of our European nations so that no noticeable traces of paganism or superstition remained, why should we expect a perfect type of Christianity to prevail among the Filipinos after a period of only four hundred years?

The best statistical survey of the Catholic Church in the islands may be gained from the following graphic list which is based on the 1925 edition of the official *Catholic Directory*:

² I wonder if our Catholics of America, with all their theoretical knowledge of religion, would remain as faithful to the Church as have the Filipinos, if they were deprived of their priests for a period of from ten to twenty (and sometimes, more) years. The Filipinos have been thus deprived, and are even now thus deprived, to a great extent.



The Stella Maris School at Lubang. Founded in 1923: it boasts four hundred pupils, including a kindergarten enrolment of sixty-eight.



First Communicants of Maliig, on Lubang Island; they are graduates from a course of catechetical instruction. Note bush chapel in the rear.

DIOCESE	CATHOLICS	PRIESTS	
		(Secular)	(Religious)
Manila (archdiocese)	1,450,000	187	126
Calbayog (diocese)	1,078,123	68	26
Cebu "	1,099,166	131	56
Jaro "	1,000,000	88	30
Lipa "	800,000	84	21
Nueva Caceres "	845,758	130	18
Nueva Segovia "	994,000	96	61
Tuguegarao "	250,543	27	18
Zamboanga "	510,000	—	70
Palawan (prefecture apost.) ...	53,560	—	9

Many of these priests are engaged as professors in seminaries and colleges, or have other occupations; so that the average ratio is only about one priest for every ten thousand Catholics. However, there are actually parishes with as many as twenty to forty thousand souls and only one priest attending to their spiritual needs! In most provinces throughout the archipelago there are dozens of parishes which have been without a priest for ten to twenty-four years. In the province of Zambales, for instance, the province recently offered by the archbishop of Manila to the Society of the Divine Word, there are twenty parishes with an approximate total of ninety thousand Catholics; but only nine of these parishes at the present time have a resident priest. In the entire archdiocese of Manila, so the archbishop told me, there are not less than thirty-five large parishes which have been without a resident priest for the past five to twenty years.

The Province of Abra, where the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word have been laboring since 1910,

is a little larger than the states of Rhode Island and Delaware taken together. The mission is, decidedly, in a most promising and flourishing condition. There are about 75,000 inhabitants, fifteen thousand of them being Tinguians, with a missionary force of twelve Fathers to care for the whole. Our latest statistics give the following figures:

Heathen population	23,000
Schismatics and Protestants	6,000
Catholics	41,120
Priests, S.V.D.	12
Brothers, S.V.D.	3
Sisters, S.Sp.S.	12
Native Teachers (men)	29
Native Teachers (women)	26
Churches	9
Chapels	17
Schools	35
Boy pupils	1,160
Girl pupils	906
Sunday-schools for pupils of public schools	
Attendance	1,490
Baptisms (adults)	12
Baptisms (children)	1,726
Confessions	28,021
Communions	42,313
Marriages	231

How is this great lack of priests to be explained? The causes are to be traced back to the days of the revolution. The Augustinians, the Dominicans, the Recollect Fathers, and the Franciscans were in charge of most of the parishes throughout the country; and when, in consequence of the revolution and of the American occupation following the Spanish-American War, they were forced to leave their field of labor, either to return to their home country or to assume work in other parts of the

world, there were comparatively few Filipino (i. e., *native*) priests to take care of the abandoned parishes. Only gradually a number of the new missionary societies responded to the call of the bishops, and stepped in to take care of flocks that had been without shepherds for years and years. Thus, the Belgian missionaries of Scheut now have over forty priests in the field, most of them laboring in the diocese of Nueva Segovia. The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart have thirty-five Fathers in the provinces of Mindanao, and in other districts. The Mill Hill Fathers have twenty or more priests in Iloilo; and while our own Society has but twelve Fathers in the province of Abra (diocese of Nueva Segovia), with three in Manila and three in Lipa (Lubang), our numbers in the Philippines will soon be doubled or trebled. To meet present conditions, however, at least five hundred more missionaries from Europe and America — but especially from America — must go to fill the gap, if the Filipino people are to be saved from indifferentism.

It is noteworthy that there are hardly twenty foreign secular priests (including those from the United States) in the Philippines. Experience has shown that a secular priest — even one from the United States — is too isolated to lead a contented and successful priestly life in the Philippines. It is for this reason, and also for the sake of preserving a harmonious and methodical missionary procedure, as well as for the sake of economy, that all the bishops of the Philippine Islands with whom I have spoken on the subject are opposed to an increase of the European and American secular clergy, but rather prefer members of the new religious and missionary communities. They assured me that in the Philippines only priests of religious communities, linked together by bonds of vows or, at least, by the unity of a common rule, and

such as are financially supported by their respective societies, would be able to carry on apostolic work with efficiency and success.

On my journeys through the Islands, the thought came time and again to my mind: 'Why do not the various new missionary societies and new religious communities of both America and Europe (particularly, of our own United States) send members to the Philippines, where there is such a great harvest of souls — where the salvation of millions is at stake — where millions are actually ready and waiting to be ministered to, if only there were enough priests to bring the Bread of Life to them? Devoted as I am to China, as the mission field *par excellence*, I venture to ask: 'Of what use is it to send hundreds of missionaries to new districts of pagan lands, while these sheep of Christ's fold are starving and in imminent danger of becoming lost, although thousands of missionaries have, for a period of three hundred years, sacrificed life and comforts to win this nation for our holy Faith?'

Frequently the Catholics of the United States have been criticized and blamed for neglecting their duty in not having sent an army of priests to take up pastoral work in the Philippines, after the removal of the Spanish friars. Up to this time I have been unsuccessful in my efforts to find reasons for this fact — namely, that while, after the American occupation, hundreds of representatives of the Protestant sects of America hurried to the Philippines to take advantage of the situation, on the other hand (practically speaking), nothing was done by the Catholics of America to lend spiritual aid to their newly adopted brethren. In very consequence of the American occupation, was it not to be considered that Divine Providence had entrusted the abandoned Filipinos to

the charity — in both a spiritual and a financial sense — of their brethren?

The saddest and most gloomy side of Catholicity in the Philippines is that there are actually only one hundred and thirty-four primary, and seventy-five intermediate, parish schools³, against 7,668 public schools with a total enrolment of 1,128,997. The bishops of the Philippines, assembled at the First Provincial Council of Manila, in 1907, realizing the situation, ordained that —

“Pastors and others who have charge of parishes shall maintain at least one elementary school for boys and another for girls in every parish or mission station. This shall be a matter of strict obligation. If, in such parishes as are already established, the foundation of such schools shall be neglected (no acceptable excuses being tendered to the bishop in the meantime) for a period of two years from the time of the publication of this decree of the council, the pastors of said parishes may be removed from their incumbencies for this reason. With regard to parishes which shall be erected hereafter, pastors of such may be punished in like manner if they fail to provide, within two years of the establishment of the parish, schools as herein prescribed.”

But owing to the poverty of the Filipinos, and to the fact that no financial resources were available or the building of schools and the maintenance of a teaching force, almost every parish priest was able to excuse himself for not complying with the strict decree. Up to the present day, owing to the continued lack of funds, no change for the better is noticeable.

³ Altogether, there are 254 private Catholic schools; 28 of them are high schools, and 17 are colleges. The Protestants have 26 private denominational schools; besides, there are 51 schools termed *secular* — that is to say, they have no definite denominational affiliation.

At a diocesan synod held in 1911, in Vigan (Ilocos Sur), diocese of Nueva Segovia, stress was laid upon the decree mentioned above; but the action failed to produce any better results. Such being the case, is it any wonder that Catholic Filipino children are growing up without the knowledge of even the essentials of our holy Faith? The great scarcity of priests makes this condition so much the more hazardous. If the people of the Philippines, and especially the younger generation, had continued as heretofore, untouched by the evil influences of modern un-Christian civilization, the danger to their faith and morals would not have been so great; but as it is, the worst must be feared for them in the future, unless the proper steps are taken without further delay to remedy the situation. I have been in the classrooms in a number of schools in the Islands, and I have accompanied the archbishop of Manila on several occasions when he examined the children in my presence, in order to give me a "*demonstratio ad oculos*" of the utter ignorance of boys and girls from ten to eighteen years of age in the most essential religious truths. What I experienced on such occasions was beyond the most pessimistic expectation any one could have entertained who had already gained some theoretical knowledge of the condition of affairs. Upon putting the question: What is the Blessed Sacrament? or, What is Holy Mass? Prayer? one is likely to receive an answer much after this manner: "*Es cosa buena*" ('It is a good thing'), or, simply, a shrug of the shoulders. That the preparation for the reception of the Sacraments must be carried out in a rather hurried way, because of the scarcity of priests and the lack of Catholic schools, is evident. The sad consequences are all too manifest. In Manila, for instance, it happens time and again that hundreds of young people from the country, attending a university of

some city high school, have not yet been to the Sacraments, while many of them need instruction in the very rudiments of our holy religion.

From what has been said it is evident that something must be done, and must be done soon, if the faith of the people, and especially of the younger generation, is not to suffer shipwreck while under the American government which, with all the good features of modern civilization, presents so many others which are of doubtful character and which will, sooner or later, be of increasing danger to this people. The Catholic Church in the Philippines is actually in a critical state which may prove fatal if the proper steps are not soon taken to counteract the threatening dangers.

FINIS

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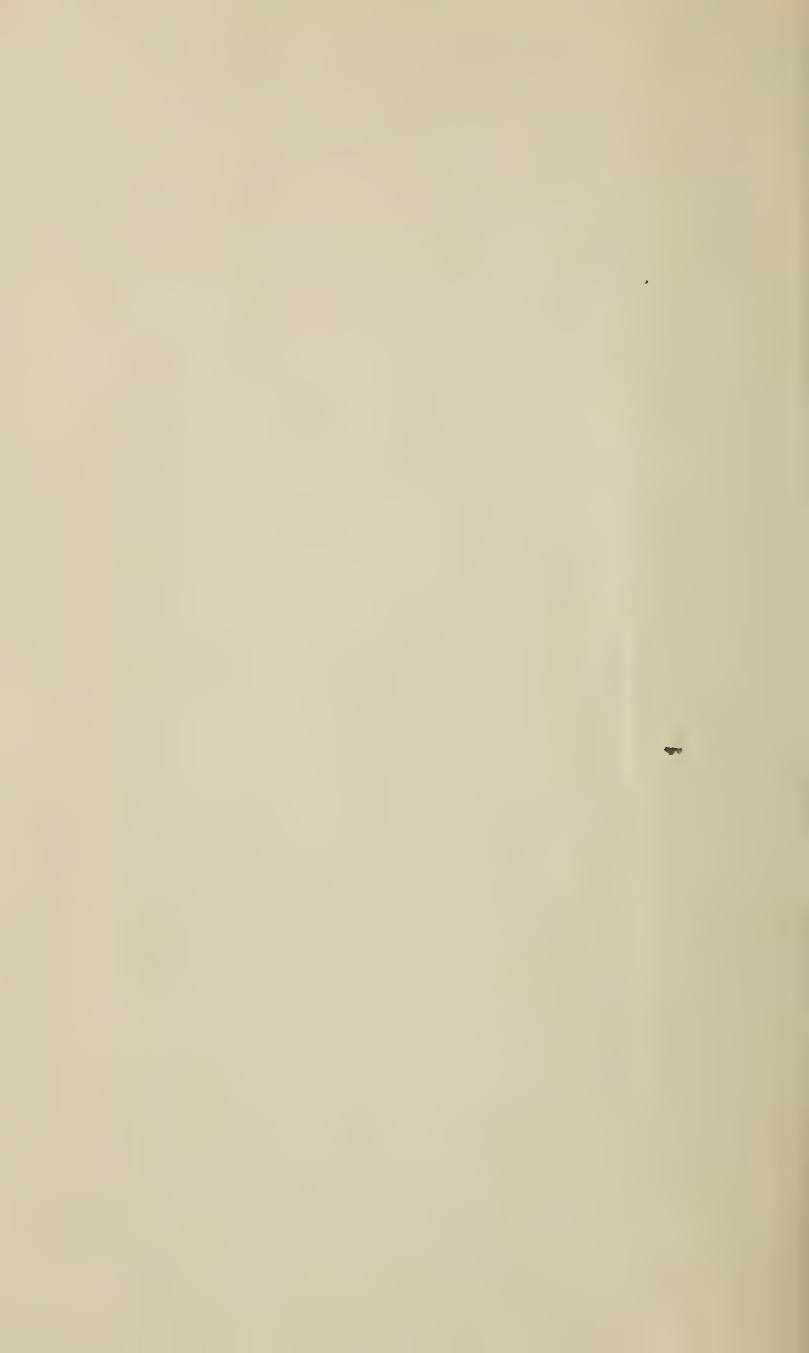
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For those desiring to make further investigation of the conditions and problems in the Philippines, reference may be made to the bibliographical list to be found in my Philippine text-book of the *Paladin Series* of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, issued from the Castle Crusade Headquarters, Shattuc Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.





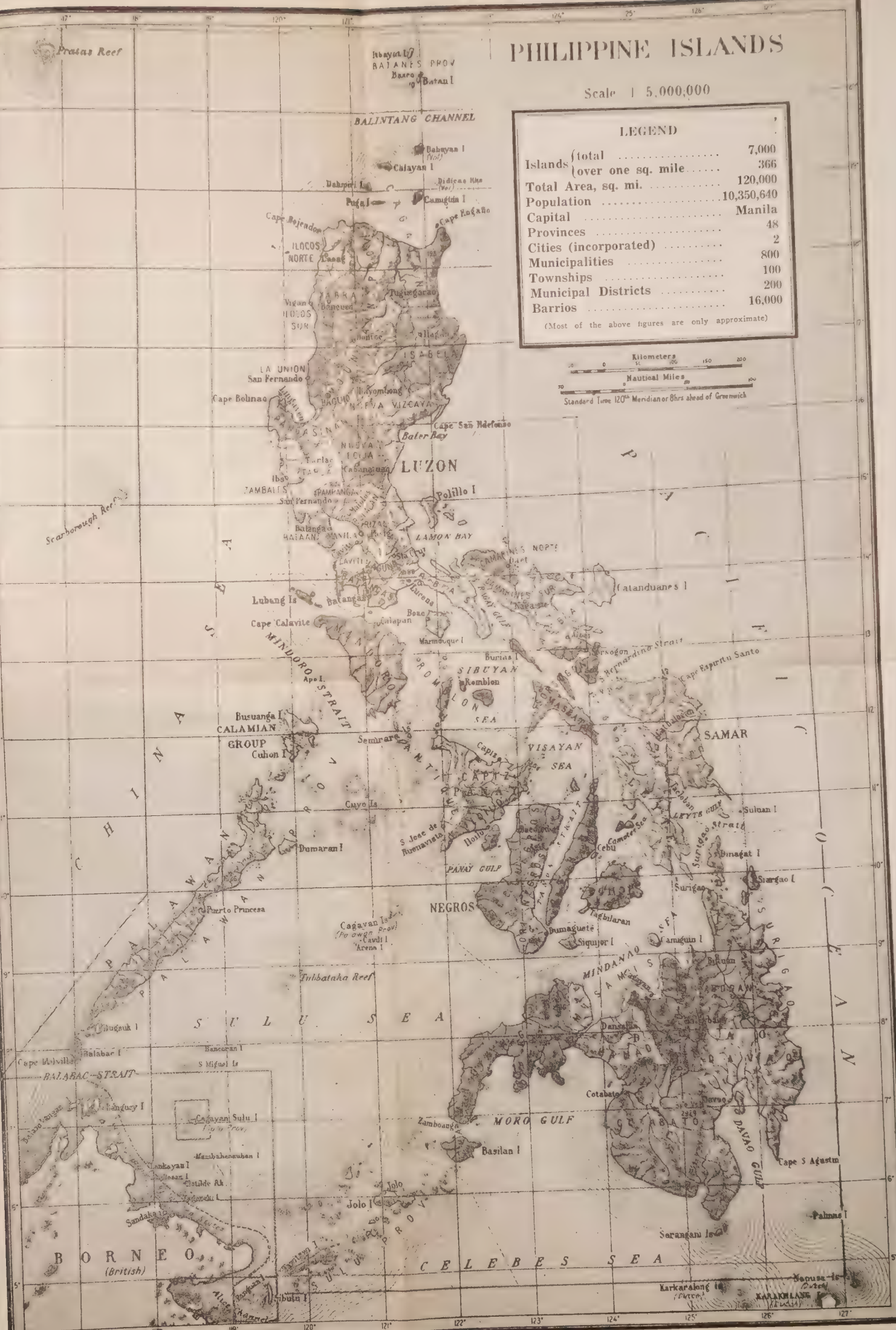
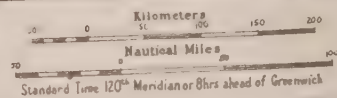
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Scale 1 5,000,000

LEGEND

Islands (total)	7,000
Islands (over one sq. mile)	366
Total Area, sq. mi.	120,000
Population	10,350,640
Capital	Manila
Provinces	48
Cities (incorporated)	2
Municipalities	800
Townships	100
Municipal Districts	200
Barrios	16,000

(Most of the above figures are only approximate)







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